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THE

PLAYS

OF

PHILIP MASSINGER,

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,

BY W. GIFFORD, ESQ.

HAUD TAMEN INVIDEAS VATI QUEM PULPITA PASCU[illegible]

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CONTAINING

INTRODUCTION, ESSAY, &c.
THE VIRGIN-MARTYR.
THE UNNATURAL COMBAT.
THE DUKE OF MILAN.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LONG,

ONE OF THE LORDS OF HIS MAJESTY'S TREASURY,

THIS EDITION

OF

THE WORKS

OF

PHILIP MASSINGER,

IS INSCRIBED,

AS A SINCERE TESTIMONY OF RESPECT FOR HIS PUBLICK CHARACTER,

AND OF

GRATITUDE FOR MANY ACTS OF FRIENDSHIP AND PERSONAL KINDNESS,

BY

HIS OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

PHILIP MASSINGER, the Author of the following Plays, was born in the year 1584. Of his mother nothing is known, but his father was Arthur Massinger,[1] a gentleman

[1] *His father was* Arthur *Massinger,*] "I cannot guess," Davies says, "from what information Oldys, in his manuscript notes, (to Langbaine,) gives the Christian name of *Arthur* to Massinger's father, nor why he should reproach Wood for calling him Philip; since Massinger himself, in the Dedication of *the Bondman,* to the earl of Montgomery, says expressly that his father *Philip* Massinger lived and died in the service of the honourable house of Pembroke." *Life of Massinger* prefixed to the last edition.

This preliminary observation augurs but ill for the accuracy of what follows. Oldys, who was a very careful writer, *got his information* from the first edition of *the Bondman,* 1623, which, it appears from this, Mr Davies never saw. In the second edition, published many years after the first, (1638,) he is, indeed, called Philip; but that is not the only errour in the Dedication, which, as well as the Play itself, is most carelessly printed.

attached to the family of Henry, second earl of Pembroke: "Many years," says the Poet, to his descendant, Philip earl of Montgomery, "my father spent in the service of your honourable house, and died a servant to it."

The writers of Massinger's life have thought it necessary to observe in this place, that the word servant carries with it no sense of degradation. This requires no proof: at a period when the great lords and officers of the court numbered inferiour nobles among their followers, we may be confident that neither the name nor the situation was looked upon as humiliating. Many considerations united to render this state of dependance respectable, and even honourable. The secretaries, clerks, and assistants, of various departments, were not then, as now, nominated by the government; but left to the choice of the person who held the employment; and as no particular dwelling was officially set apart for their residence, they were entertained in the house of their principal.

That communication, too, between noblemen of power and trust, both of a publick and private nature, which is now committed

to the post, was, in those days, managed by confidential servants, who were dispatched from one to the other, and even to the sovereign:[2] when to this we add the unbounded state and grandeur which the great men of Elizabeth's days assumed on a variety of occasions, we may form some idea of the nature of those services discharged by men of birth and fortune, and the manner in which such numbers of them were employed.

Massinger was born, as all the writers of his life agree, at Salisbury, probably at Wilton, the seat of the earl of Pembroke, in whose family he appears to have been educated. When he had reached his sixteenth year, he sustained an irreparable loss in the death of that worthy nobleman,[3] who, from

[2] An instance of this occurs with respect to Massinger's father, who was thus employed to Elizabeth: "Mr. Massinger is newly come up from the earl of Pembroke with letters to the queen, for his lordship's leave to be away this St. George's day." *Sidney Letters*, Vol. II. p. 933. The bearer of letters to Elizabeth on an occasion which she perhaps thought important, could, as Davies justly observes, be no mean person; for no monarch ever exacted from the nobility in general, and the officers of state in particular, a more rigid and scrupulous compliance to stated order, than this princess.

[3] *Death of that worthy nobleman,*] This took place on

attachment to the father, would, not improbably, have extended his powerful patronage to the young poet. He was succeeded in his titles and estates by his son William, the third earl of Pembroke; one of the brightest characters that adorned the court of Elizabeth and James. He was, says Wood, "not only a great favourer of learned and ingenious men, but was himself learned and endowed to admiration with a poetical geny, as by those amorous and poetical aires and poems of his composition doth evidently appear; some of which had musical notes set to them by Hen. Lawes and Nich. Laneare." *Ath.* I. 546.

Massinger's father continued in the service of this nobleman till his death. It is not pos-

the 19th of January, 1601. It is impossible to speak of him without mentioning, at the same time, that he was the husband of Sir Philip Sidney's sister, the all-accomplished lady for whom Jonson wrote the celebrated epitaph:

"Underneath this marble herse
"Lies the subject of all verse,
"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
"Death, ere thou hast slain another,
"Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,
"Time shall throw a dart at thee."

sible to ascertain the precise period at which this took place, but it was not later, perhaps, than 1606: in the interim he had bestowed, as Langbaine says, a liberal education on his son, and sent him to the University of Oxford, where he became a commoner of St. Alban's Hall, (1602,) in the eighteenth year of his age. Wood's account varies from this in several particulars. He says, he was entered at St. Alban's Hall in 1601, when he was in his seventeenth year, and supported there, not by his father, but the earl of Pembroke. Antony had many opportunities for ascertaining these facts, if he had desired to avail himself of them, and therefore Davies inclines to his authority. The seeming difference, he adds, between the two periods respectively assigned for Massinger's matriculation, may be *easily reconciled*, for the year then began and ended according to that mode which took place before the alteration of the style. It is seldom safe to speak by guess, and Davies had no authority for his ingenious solution; which unfortunately will not apply in the present case. The memorandum of Massinger's entrance now lies before me, and proves Wood to be incorrect; it is dated

May 14, 1602.[4] How he came to mistake in a matter where it required so little pains to be accurate, is difficult to say.

Langbaine and Wood agree in the time Massinger spent at Oxford, but differ as to the objects of his pursuit. The former observes, that during his residence there he applied himself closely to his studies; while the latter writes, that he "gave his mind more to poetry and romances for about four years or more, than to logick and philosophy, which *he ought to have done*, as he was patronized to that end." What ideas this tasteless but useful drudge had of logick and philosophy it may be vain to enquire; but, with respect to the first, Massinger's reasoning will not be found deficient either in method or effect; and it might easily be proved that he was no mean proficient in philosophy of the noblest kind: the truth is, that he must have applied himself to study with uncommon energy, for his literary acquisitions at this early period appear to be multifarious and extensive.

From the account of Wood, however, Davies concludes that the earl of Pembroke

[4] In it he is styled the son of a gentleman; "Philip Massinger, *Sarisburiensis, generosi filius.*"

was offended at this misapplication of his time to the superficial but alluring pursuits of poetry and romance, and therefore withdrew his support, which compelled the young man to quit the University without a degree; "for which," adds he, "attention to logick and philosophy was absolutely necessary; as the candidate for that honour must pass through an examination in both, before he can obtain it." *Dans le pays des aveugles*, says the proverb, *les borgnes sont rois*: and Davies, who apparently had not these valuable acquisitions, entertained probably a vast idea of their magnitude and importance. A shorter period, however, than four years, would be found amply sufficient to furnish even an ordinary mind with enough of school logick and philosophy, to pass the examination for a bachelor's degree; and I am, therefore, unwilling to believe that Massinger missed it on the score of incapacity in these notable arts.

However this may be, he certainly left the University abruptly; not, I apprehend, on account of the earl of Pembroke withholding his assistance, for it does not appear that he ever afforded any, but of a much more calamitous event, the death of

his father; from whom, I incline to think, with Langbaine, his sole support was derived.

Why the earl of Pembroke, the liberal friend and protector of literature in all its branches,[5] neglected a young man to whom his assistance was so necessary, and who, from the acknowledged services of his father, had so many and just claims on it; one, too, who would have done his patronage such singular honour, I have no means of ascertaining; that he was never indebted to it is, I fear, indisputable; since the Poet, of whose character gratitude forms a striking part, while he recurs perpetually to his hereditary obligations to the Herbert family,

[5] To this nobleman (and his younger brother, Philip) Heminge and Condell dedicated their edition of Shakspeare's Plays; to him, also, Jonson inscribed his Epigrams, "as the great example of honour and virtue," an idea on which he enlarged in one of his minor poems. It is evident that there was little cordiality between Jonson and our Author; the former could bear no rival near the throne;

——— *nunquam partitur amicum,*
Solus habet:

yet it would be unjust to accuse, or even to suspect him of doing Massinger an ill office with his father's friend, on no better grounds than his unhappy disposition.

anxiously avoids all mention of his name. I sometimes, indeed, imagine that I have discovered the cause of this alienation, but cannot flatter myself that it will be very generally or even partially allowed: not to keep the reader in suspense, I attribute it to the Poet's having, during his residence at the University, exchanged the religion of his father, for one, at this time, the object of persecution, hatred, and terrour. A close and repeated perusal of Massinger's works has convinced me that he was a Catholick. *The Virgin-Martyr, the Renegado, the Maid of Honour,* exhibit innumerable proofs of it; to say nothing of those casual intimations that are scattered over his remaining dramas: a consciousness of this might prevent him from applying to the earl of Pembroke for assistance, or a knowledge of it might determine that nobleman to withhold his hand: for it is difficult to believe that his displeasure (if he really entertained any) could arise from Massinger's attachment to an art of which he and his brother[6] were universally considered

[6] The first folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays was dedicated, by the players, to the earl of Montgomery.

as the patrons, and which, indeed, he himself cultivated with assiduity, at least, if not with success.[7]

However this be, the period of Massinger's misfortunes commenced with his arrival in London. His father had probably applied most of his property to the education of his son, and when the small remainder was exhausted, he was driven (as he more than once observes) by his necessities, and somewhat inclined, perhaps, by the peculiar bent of his talents, to dedicate himself to the service of the stage.

This expedient, though not the most prudent, nor, indeed, the most encouraging to a young adventurer, was not altogether hopeless. Men who will ever be considered as the pride and boast of their country, Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher, were solely, or in a considerable degree, dependant on it: nor were there wanting others of an inferiour rank,

[7] In 1660 was published a collection of "amorous and poetical airs and compositions," Wood tells us, "with this title: *Poems written by William Earl of Pembroke*, &c. *many of which are answered by way of repartee, by Sir Benj. Rudyard, with other Poems written by them occasionally and apart.*" Athen. Vol. I. p. 546.

such as Rowley, Middleton, Field, Decker, Shirley, and Ford; writers to whom Massinger, without any impeachment of his modesty, might consider himself as fully equal, who subsisted on the emoluments derived from dramatick writing. There was also something to tempt the ambition, or, if it must be so, the vanity, of a young adventurer, in this pursuit: literature was the sole means by which a person undistinguished by birth and fortune, could, at this time, hope to acquire the familiarity or secure the friendship of the great; and of all its branches none was so favourably received, or so liberally encouraged, as that of the drama. Tilts and tournaments, the boisterous but magnificent entertainments of the court, together with pageantries and processions, the absurd and costly mummeries of the city, were rapidly giving way to more elegant and rational amusements, to revels, masks, and plays: nor were the latter merely encouraged by the presence of the nobility; the writers of them were adopted into the number of their acquaintance, and made at once the objects of their bounty and esteem. It is gratifying to observe how the names of Shakspeare, Jonson, &c. are come

down to us in connexion with the Sidneys, the Pembrokes, the Southamptons, and other great and splendid ornaments of the courts of Elizabeth and James.

Considerations of this or a similar kind may naturally be supposed to have had their weight with Massinger, as with so many others: but whatever was the motive, Wood informs us, that "being sufficiently famed for several specimens of wit, he betook himself to making plays." Of what description these specimens were, Antony does not say; he probably spoke without much examination into a subject for which he had little relish or solicitude; and, indeed, it seems more reasonable to conclude, from the peculiar nature of Massinger's talents, that the drama was his first and sole pursuit.

It must appear singular, after what has been observed, that, with only one exception, we should hear nothing of Massinger for the long period of sixteen years, that is, from his first appearance in London, 1606, to 1622, when his *Virgin-Martyr*, the first of his printed works, was given to the publick. That his necessities would not admit of relaxation in his efforts for subsistence is certain,

and we have the testimony of a contemporary poet, as preserved by Langbaine, for the rapidity with which he usually composed:

"Ingenious Shakespeare, Massinger that knows
"The strength of plot, to write in verse and prose,
"Whose easy Pegasus will amble o'er
"Some threescore miles of fancy in a hour."

The best solution of the difficulty which occurs to me, is, that the Poet's modesty, combined with the urgency of his wants, deterred him, at first, from attempting to write alone: and that he, therefore, lent his assistance to others of a more confirmed reputation, who could depend on a ready vent for their joint productions. When men labour for the demands of the day, it is imprudent to leave much to hazard; such certainly was the case of Massinger.

Sir Aston Cockayne, the affectionate friend and patron of our author, printed a collection of, what he is pleased to call, Poems, Epigrams, &c. in 1658. Among these is one addressed to Humphrey Moseley, the publisher of Beaumont and Fletcher in folio:

"In the large book of plays you late did print
"In Beaumont and in Fletcher's name, why in't

" Did you not justice, give to each his due?
" For Beaumont of those many writ but few:
" *And Massinger in other few;* the main
" Being sweet issues of sweet Fletcher's brain.
" But how came I, you ask, so much to know?
" Fletcher's chief bosom friend inform'd me so."

Davies, for what reason I cannot discover, seems inclined to dispute that part of the assertion which relates to Massinger: he calls it vague and hearsay evidence, and adds, with sufficient want of precision, "Sir Aston was well acquainted with Massinger, who would, in all probability, have communicated to his friend a circumstance so honourable to himself." There can be no doubt of it; and we may be confident that the information *did* come from him; but Mr. Davies mistakes the drift of Sir Aston's expostulation: the fact was notorious that Beaumont and Massinger had written in conjunction with Fletcher; what he complains of is, that *the main*, the bulk of the book, should not be attributed to the latter, by whom it was undoubtedly composed. Beaumont died in 1615, and Fletcher produced in the interval between that year and the period of his own death (1625) between thirty and forty

plays: it is not, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that he was assisted in *a few* of them by Massinger, as Sir Aston affirms: it happens, however, that the fact does not rest solely on his testimony; for we can produce a melancholy proof of it, from an authentick voucher, which the enquiries set on foot by the unwearied assiduity of Mr. Malone, have occasioned to be dragged from the dust of Dulwich College:

"To our most loving friend, Mr. Philip Hinchlow, esquire, These,

"Mr. Hinchlow,

"You understand our unfortunate extremitie, and I doe not thincke you so void of cristianitie but that you would throw so much money into the Thames as wee request now of you, rather than endanger so many innocent lives. You know there is x*l.* more at least to be receaved of you for the play. We desire you to lend us v*l.* of that; which shall be allowed to you, without which we cannot be bayled, nor *I play any more* till this be dispatch'd. It will lose you xx*l.* ere the end of the next weeke, besides the

hinderance of the next new play. Pray, sir, consider our cases with humanity, and now give us cause to acknowledge you our true freind in time of neede. Wee have entreated Mr. Davison to deliver this note, as well to witness your love as our promises, and alwayes acknowledgement to be ever

"Your most thanckfull and loving friends,
"NAT. FIELD."

"The money shall be abated out of the money remayns for *the play of Mr. Fletcher and ours.* ROB. DABORNE."[8]

"I have ever found you a true loving friend to mee, and in soe small a suite, it beeinge honest, I hope you will not fail us.
"PHILIP MASSINGER."

[8] Robert Daborne is the author of two Plays, *the Christian turned Turk*, 4° 1612, and *the Poor Man's Comfort*, 4° 1655. He was a gentleman of a liberal education, master of arts, and in holy orders. His humble fortunes appear to have improved after this period, for there is extant a sermon preached by him at Waterford in Ireland, 1618, where the authors of the Biographia Dramatica think it probable that he had a living.

"*Indorsed:*

"Received by mee Robert Davison of Mr. Hinchlow, for the use of Mr. Daboerne, Mr. Feild, Mr. Messenger, the sum of v*l.*

"ROB. DAVISON."[9]

This letter tripartite, which it is impossible to read without the most poignant regret at the distress of such men, fully establishes the partnership between Massinger and Fletcher, who must, indeed, have had considerable assistance to enable him to bring forward the numerous plays attributed to his name.

We can now account for a part of the time which Massinger spent in London before his appearance in print as a professed writer for the stage: but this is not all. Among the manuscript plays collected with such care by Mr. Warburton, (Somerset, Herald,) and applied with such perseverance by his cook to the covering of his pies, were no less than twelve, said to be written by

[9] *Additions to Malone's Historical Account of the English Stage*, p. 488.

Massinger:[1] and though it is now made probable that two of the number do not belong to him, yet scattered notices of others which assuredly do, prove that he was not inactive.

Four only of the plays named in Mr. Warburton's list occur in the Office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, which is continued up

[1] *No less than twelve,* &c.] Their titles, as given by Mr. Warburton, are—

Minerva's Sacrifice.
The Forced Lady.
Antonio and Valia.
The Woman's Plot.
The Tyrant.
Philenzo and Hippolita.
The Judge.
Fast and Welcome.
Believe as you List.
The Honour of Women.
The Noble Choice. And
The Parliament of Love.

When it is added that, together with these, forty other manuscript plays of various authors were destroyed, it will readily be allowed that English literature has seldom sustained a greater loss than by the strange conduct of Mr. Warburton, who becoming the master of treasures which ages may not reproduce, *lodges them,* as he says, *in the hands of an ignorant servant,* and when, after a lapse of years, he condescends to revisit his hoards, finds

to the latest period of Massinger's life: it is, therefore, evident that they must have been written previous to its commencement:

that they have been burnt from an economical wish to save him the charges of more valuable brown paper! It is time to bring on shore the book-hunting passenger* in Locher's *Navis Stultifera*, and exchange him for one more suitable to the rest of the cargo.

Tardy, however, as Mr. Warburton was, it appears that he came in time to preserve three dramas from the general wreck;

The Second Maid's Tragedy.
The Bugbears. And
The Queen of Corsica.

These, it is said, are now in the library of the marquis of Lansdowne, where they will, probably, remain in safety till moths, or damps, or fires mingle their "forgotten dust" with that of their late companions.

When it is considered at how trifling an expense a manuscript play may be placed beyond the reach of accident, the withholding it from the press will be allowed to prove a strange indifference to the ancient literature of the country. The fact, however, seems to be, that these treasures are made subservient to the gratification of a spurious rage for notoriety: it is not that any benefit may accrue from them either to the proprietors or others, that manuscripts are now hoarded, but that A or B may be celebrated for possessing what no other letter of the alphabet can hope to acquire.

* *Spem quoque nec parvam collecta volumina præbent*
Calleo nec verbum, nec libri sentio mentem,
Attamen in MAGNO per me servantur HONORE.

these, therefore, with *the Old Law*, *the Virgin-Martyr*, *the Unnatural Combat*, and *the Duke of Milan*, which are also unnoticed in it, will sufficiently fill up the time till 1622.

Nor is this all. The hateful passion of literary avarice (a compound of vanity and envy) is becoming epidemick, and branching out in every direction. It has many of the worst symptoms of that madness which once raged among the Dutch for the possession of tulips:—here, as well as in Holland, an artificial rarity is first created, and then made a plea for extortion, or a ground for low-minded and selfish exultation. I speak not of works never intended for sale, and of which, therefore, the owner may print as few or as many as his feelings will allow, but of those which are ostensibly designed for the publick, and which, notwithstanding, prove the editors to labour under this odious disease. Here, an old manuscript is brought forward, and after a few copies are printed, the press is broken up, that there may be a pretence for selling them at a price which none but a collector can reach: there, explanatory plates are engraved for a work of general use, and, as soon as twenty or thirty impressions are taken off, destroyed with gratuitous malice, (for it deserves no other name,) that there may be a mad competition for the favoured copies! To conclude, for this is no pleasant subject, books are purchased now at extravagant rates, not because they are good, but because they are scarce, so that a fire or an enterprising trunk-maker that should take off nearly the whole of a worthless work, would instantly render the small remainder invaluable.

There are no data to ascertain the respective periods at which these plays were produced. *The Virgin-Martyr* is confidently mentioned by the former editors as the earliest of Massinger's works, probably because it was the first that appeared in print: but this drama, which they have considerably under-rated, in consequence, perhaps, of the dull ribaldry with which it is vitiated by Decker, evinces a style decidedly formed, a hand accustomed to composition, and a mind stored with the richest acquisitions of a long and successful study.

The Old Law, which was not printed till many years after Massinger's death, is said to have been written by him in conjunction with Middleton and Rowley.[a] The latter of these is ranked by the Author of *the Companion to the Play House*, in the third class of dramatick writers; higher it is impossible

[a] *The Parliament of Love* is entered on the Stationer's books as the production of William Rowley. It is now known from infinitely better authority, the Official Register of the Master of the Revels, to be the composition of Massinger: indeed, the abilities of Rowley were altogether unequal to the execution of such a work, to the style and manner of which his acknowledged performances bear not the slightest resemblance.

to place him: but the former was a man of considerable powers, who has lately been the object of much discussion, on account of the liberal use Shakspeare is supposed to have made of his recently discovered tragi-comedy of *the Witch*.[3]

It is said, by Steevens, that *the Old Law* was acted in 1599. If it be really so, Massinger's name must in future be erased from the title-page of that play, for he was, at that date, only in the fifteenth year of his age, and probably had not left the residence of his father. Steevens produces no authority for his assertion; but as he does not usually write at random, it is entitled to notice. In Act III. sc. i. of that play, in which the Clown consults the church-book on the age of his wife, the Clerk reads and comments upon it thus:—

[3] It would be unjust to mention this manuscript play without noticing, at the same time, the striking contrast which the conduct of its possessor, Mr. Isaac Reed, forms with that of those alluded to in the preceding note. *The Witch*, from the circumstance mentioned above, was a literary curiosity of the most valuable kind, yet he printed it at his own expense, and, with a liberality that has found more admirers than imitators, gratuitously distributed the copies among his friends. It is thus placed out of the reach of accident.

"Agatha, the daughter of Pollux, born in an. 1140, and NOW 'tis 1599." The observation of Steevens is probably founded upon this passage, (at least I am aware of no other,) and it will not, perhaps, be easy to conjecture why the authors should fix upon this particular year, unless it really were the current one. It is to no purpose to object that the scene is laid in a distant country, and the period of action necessarily remote, for the dramatick writers of those days confounded all climes and all ages with a facility truly wonderful. On the whole, I am inclined to attribute the greater part of *the Old Law* to Middleton and Rowley: it has not many characteristick traits of Massinger, and the style, with the exception of a few places which are pointed out by Dr. Ireland, is very unlike that of his acknowledged pieces.

It is by no means improbable that Massinger, an author in high repute, was employed by the actors to alter or to add a few scenes to a popular drama, and that his pretensions to this partnership of wit were thus recognized and established. A process like this was consonant to the manners of the age, when the players, who were usually the

proprietors, exerted, and not unfrequently abused, the privilege of interlarding such pieces as were once in vogue, from time to time, with new matter.[4] Who will say that Shakspeare's claims to many dramas which formerly passed under his name, and probably with no intent, on the part of the publishers, to deceive, had not this or a similar foundation?

What has been said of *the Virgin-Martyr* applies with equal, perhaps with greater force, to *the Unnatural Combat* and *the Duke of Milan*,

[4] A very curious instance of this occurs in the Office-book of sir Henry Herbert: "Received for the adding of a *new scene* to *the Virgin-Martyr* this 7th of July, 1624, £0. 10. 0."* Such were the the liberties taken with our old plays! *The Virgin-Martyr* had now been a twelvemonth before the publick, being printed in 1622; the *new scene*, which was probably a piece of low buffoonery, does not appear in the subsequent editions, which are mere copies of the first: had that, however, not been committed to the press previous to these additions, we may be pretty confident that the whole would have come down to us as the joint production of Massinger and Decker.

* This was sir Henry's fee; for this mean and rapacious overseer not only insisted on being paid for allowing a new play, but for every trifling addition which might subsequently be made to it.

of which the style is easy, vigorous, and harmonious, bespeaking a confirmed habit of composition, and serving, with the rest, to prove that Massinger began to write for the stage at an earlier period than has been hitherto supposed.

Massinger appears for the first time in the Office-book of the Master of the Revels, Dec. 3, 1623, on which day his play of *the Bondman* was brought forward. About this time, too, he printed *the Duke of Milan*, with a short dedication to lady Katherine Stanhope;[5] in which he speaks with great modesty of his course of studies, to which he insinuates, (what he more than once repeats

[5] *Lady Katherine Stanhope;*] Daughter of Francis lord Hastings, and first wife of Philip Stanhope, baron of Shelford, and afterwards (1628) earl of Chesterfield; a nobleman of great honour and virtue. He opposed the high court measures, till he discovered that the parliament were violently usurping on the prerogatives of the other branches of the state; when, after an ineffectual struggle to bring them into constitutional limits, and preserve peace, he joined the arms of his royal master. Shelford, the seat from which he derived his title, was burnt in the conflict, two of his sons fell in battle, and he himself suffered a long and severe imprisonment; yet he preserved his loyalty and faith, and died as he had lived, unblemished.

in his subsequent publications,) misfortune rather than choice had determined him.

In 1624, he published *the Bondman*, and dedicated it to Philip earl of Montgomery, who being present at the first representation, had shewn his discernment and good taste, by what the Author calls *a liberal suffrage* in its favour. Philip was the second son of Henry earl of Pembroke, the friend and patron of Massinger's father. At an early age he came to court, and was distinguished by the particular favour of James I. who conferred the honour of knighthood upon him; and, on his marriage[6] with lady Susan Vere,[7] daughter of

[6] *On his marriage*] There is an account of this marriage in a letter from sir Dudley Carlton to Mr. Winwood, which is preserved in the second volume of his *Memoires*, and which, as affording a very curious picture of the grossness that prevailed at the court of James I. may not be unworthy of insertion: "On St. John's day we had the marriage of sir Philip Herbert and the lady Susan performed at Whitehall, with all the honour could be done a great favourite. The court was great; and for that day put on the best braverie. The prince and duke of Holst led the bride to church; the queen followed her from thence. The king gave her; and she, in her tresses and trinkets, brided and bridled it so handsomely, and indeed became herself so well, that the king said if he were unmarried, he would not give her but keep her

Edward earl of Oxford, and grandaughter of William lord Burleigh, gave him lands to

himself. The marriage dinner was kept in the great chamber, where the prince and the duke of Holst, and the great lords and ladies, accompanied the bride. The ambassadour of Venice was the only bidden guest of strangers, and he had place above the duke of Holst, which the duke took not well. But after dinner he was as little pleased himself; for being brought into the closet to retire himself, he was then suffered to walk out, his supper unthought of. At night there was a mask in the hall, which, for conceit and fashion, was suitable to the occasion. The actors were, the earl of Pembroke, the lord Willoby, sir Samuel Hays, sir Thomas Germain, sir Robert Cary, sir John Lee, sir Richard Preston, and sir Thomas Bager. There was no small loss that night of chaines and jewels, and many great ladies were made shorter by the skirts, and were very well served, that they could keep cut no better. The presents of plate and other things given by the noblemen were valued at £2.500.; but that which made it a good marriage was a gift of the king's of £500. land. for the bride's joynture. They were lodged in the council chamber, where the king, in his shirt and night-gown, gave them a *reveille-matin* before they were up, and spent a good time in or upon the bed; chuse which you will believe. No ceremony was omitted of bride-cakes, points, garters, and gloves, which have been ever since the livery of the court, and at night there was sewing into the sheet, casting off the bride's left hose, with many other petty sorceries.* Jan. 1605."

* There is an allusion to one of these 'petty sorceries" in the speech of Mirtilla, *Guardian*, Act III. sc. ii.

a considerable amount, and soon afterwards created him a baron and an earl.[8]

[7] *Lady Susan Vere,*] To this lady Jonson addressed the poem beginning,

"Were they that named you prophets? did they see,
"Even in the dew of grace, what you would be?
"Or did our times require it, to behold
"A new *Susanna* equal to that old?" &c. *Epig.* civ. The *dew of grace* is an elegant and beautiful periphrasis for the baptismal sprinkling.

[8] Davies, after noticing the favours heaped on him, as recorded by lord Clarendon, petulantly adds, "But Clarendon, perhaps, did not know the real cause of lord Herbert's advancement. The behaviour of the Scots on James's accession to the throne of England was generally obnoxious and much resented. At a meeting of English and Scotch at a horse-race near Croydon, a sudden quarrel arose between them, occasioned by a Mr. Ramsey's striking Philip lord Herbert in the face with a switch. The English would have made it a national quarrel, and Mr. John Pinchbeck rode about the field with a dagger in his hand, crying, *Let us break our fast with them here, and dine with them in London.* But Herbert not resenting it, the king was so charmed with his peaceable disposition, that he made him a knight, a baron, a viscount, and an earl, in one day." *Life of Massinger*, p. liii. This is taken from Osborne, one of those gossipping talemongers in which the times of James so greatly abounded, and who, with Weldon, Wilson, Peyton, Sanderson, and others, contributed to propagate an infinite number of scandalous stories, which should have been left *sub lodice*, where

This dedication, which is sensible, modest, and affecting, serves to prove that whatever might be the unfortunate circumstance which

most of them perhaps had birth. What reliance may be placed on them, in general, is sufficiently apparent from the assertion of Osborne. The fact is, that Herbert had long been a knight, and was never a viscount. He was married in the beginning of 1605, (he was then sir Philip,) and created baron Herbert of Shurland in the Isle of Sheppy, and earl of Montgomery, June 4th, in the same year: and so far were these titles from being the reward of what Osborne calls his cowardice at Croydon, that they were all conferred on him two years before that event took place. Osborne himself allows that if Montgomery had not, by his forbearance, "stanched the blood then ready to be spilt, not only that day, but all after, must have proved fatal to the Scots, so long as any had staid in England, the royal family excepted, which, in respect to majesty, or their own safety, they must have spared, or the kingdom been left to the misery of seeing so much blood laid out as the trial of so many crabbed titles would have required." The prevention of these horrours might, in some minds, have raised feelings favourable to the temperance of the young earl; but Osborne, whose object, and whose office, was calumny, contrives to convert it into a new accusation: "they could not be these considerations," he says, "that restrained Herbert, who wanted leisure, no less than capacity, to use them, though laid in his way by others"!

Memoirs of King James.

deprived the Author of the patronage and protection of the elder branch of the Herberts, he did not imagine it to be of a disgraceful nature; or he would not, in the face of the publick, have appealed to his connexions with the family: at the same time, it is manifest that some cause of alienation existed, otherwise he would scarcely have overlooked so fair an opportunity of alluding to the characteristick generosity of the earl of Pembroke, whom, on this as on every other occasion, he scrupulously forbears to name, or even to hint at.

This dedication, which was kindly received, led the way to a closer connexion, and a certain degree of familiarity, for which, perhaps, the approbation, so openly expressed, of *the Bondman*, might be designed by Montgomery as an overture: at a subsequent period,[9] Massinger styles the earl his "most singular good lord and patron," and speaks of the greatness of his obligations:

"——— mine being more
"Than they could owe, who since, or heretofore,

[9] On the loss of his eldest son, who died of the small-pox at Florence, Jan. 1635.

" Have labour'd with exalted lines to raise
" Brave piles or rather pyramids of praise
" To Pembroke,[1] and his family."

What pecuniary advantages he derived from the present address, cannot be known; whatever they were, they did not preclude the necessity of writing for the stage, which he continued to do with great industry, seldom producing less than two new pieces annually. In 1629, his occasions, perhaps, again pressing upon him, he gave to the press *the Renegado* and *the Roman Actor*, both of which had now been several years before the publick. The first of these he inscribed to lord Berkeley in a short address, composed with taste and elegance. He speaks with some complacency of the merits of the piece, but trusts that he shall live " to tender his humble thankfulness in some higher strain:" this confidence in his abilities, the pleasing concomitant of true genius, Massinger often felt and expressed. The latter play he presented to sir Philip Knyvet and sir Thomas Jeay,[2] with a desire,

[1] Montgomery had now succeeded to the title and estates of his elder brother, who deceased April 10, 1630.

[2] Sir Thomas Jeay was himself a poet: several commendatory copies of verses by him are prefixed to Mas-

as he says, that the world might take notice of his being indebted to their support for power to compose the piece: he expatiates on their kindness in warm and energetick language, and accounts for addressing "the most perfect birth of his Minerva" to them, from their superiour demands on his gratitude.

Little more than four years had elapsed since *the Bondman* was printed; in that period Massinger had written seven plays, all of which, it is probable, were favourably received: it therefore becomes a question, what were the emoluments derived from the stage, which could thus leave a popular and successful writer to struggle with adversity?

There seem to have been two methods of disposing of a new piece; the first, and perhaps the most general, was to sell the copy to one of the theatres; the price cannot be exactly ascertained, but appears to have fluctuated between ten and twenty pounds, seldom falling short of the former, and still more seldom, I believe, exceeding the latter. In

singer's Plays. He calls the Author his worthy friend, and gives many proofs that his esteem was founded on judgment, and his kindness candid and sincere.

this case, the author could only print his play by permission of the proprietors, a favour which was sometimes granted to the necessities of a favourite writer, and to none, perhaps, more frequently than to Massinger. The other method was by offering it to the stage for the advantage of a benefit, which was commonly taken on the second or third night, and which seldom produced, there is reason to suppose, the net sum of twenty pounds. There yet remain the profits of publication: Mr. Malone, from whose *Historical Account of the English Stage*, (one of the most instructive essays that ever appeared on the subject,) many of these notices are taken, says, that, in the time of Shakspeare, the customary price was twenty nobles; (£6. 13*s*. 4*d*.) if, at a somewhat later period, we fix it at thirty, (£10.) we shall not probably be far from the truth. The usual dedication fee, which yet remains to be added, was forty shillings: where any connexion subsisted between the parties, it was doubtless increased.

We may be pretty confident, therefore, that Massinger seldom, if ever, received for his most strenuous and fortunate exertions,

more than fifty pounds a year; this indeed, if regularly enjoyed, would be sufficient, with decent economy, to have preserved him from absolute want: but nothing is better known than the precarious nature of dramatick writing. Some of his pieces might fail of success, (indeed, we are assured that they actually did so,) others might experience a "thin third day;" and a variety of circumstances, not difficult to enumerate, contribute to diminish the petty sum which we have ventured to state as the maximum of the poet's revenue. Nor could the benefit which he derived from the press be very extensive, as of the seventeen dramas which make up his printed works, (exclusive of *the Parliament of Love*, which now appears for the first time,) only twelve were published during his life, and of these, two (*the Virgin-Martyr* and *the Fatal Dowry*) were not wholly his own.

In 1630, he printed *the Picture*, which had appeared on the stage the preceding year. This play was warmly supported by many of the "noble Society of the Inner Temple," to whom it is addressed. These gentlemen were so sensible of the extraord nary merits of this admirable performance, that they gave

the Author leave to particularize their names at the head of the dedication, an honour which he declined, because, as he modestly observes, and evidently with an allusion to some of his contemporaries, he "had rather enjoy the real proofs of their friendship, than, mountebank-like, boast their numbers in a catalogue."

In 1631 Massinger appears to have been unusually industrious, for he brought forward three pieces in little more than as many months. Two of these, *Believe as you List*, and *the Unfortunate Piety*, are lost, the third is *the Emperor of the East*, which was published in the following year, and inscribed to lord Mohun, who was so much pleased with the perusal of the Author's printed works, that he commissioned his nephew, sir Aston Cockayne,[3] to express his high

[3] This is the only place in which Massinger makes any mention of sir Aston, who was not less delighted with *the Emperor of the East* than his uncle, and who, in a copy of verses which he prefixed to it, calls Massinger his *worthy friend*. It is to the praise of sir Aston Cockayne that he not only maintained his esteem and admiration of Massinger during the Poet's life, but preserved an affectionate regard for his memory, of which his writings furnish many proofs. He was, as I

opinion of them, and to present the writer "with a token of his love and intended favour."

The Fatal Dowry was printed in 1632. I once supposed this to be the play which is mentioned above by the name of *the Unfortunate Piety*, as it does not appear under its present title in the Office-book of sir Henry Herbert; but I now believe it to have been written previously to 1623. His coadjutor in this play was Nathaniel Field, of whom I can give the reader but little account. His name stands at the head of the principal comedians who performed *Cynthia's Revels*, and he is joined with Heminge, Condell, Burbadge, and others, in the preface to the folio edition of Shakspeare. He was also the author of two comedies, *A Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612, and *Amends for Ladies*, 1618. Mr. Reed, however, conjectures the writer of these plays, the assistant of Massinger in *the Fatal Dowry*, to be a distinct person from

have supposed Massinger to be, a Catholick, and suffered much for his religion. I will not take upon myself to say that this community of faith strengthened their mutual attachment, though I do not think it altogether improbable.

the actor above mentioned, and "a Nath. Field, M. A. fellow of New Coll. who wrote some Latin verses printed in *Oxon. Academiæ Parentalia*, 1625, and who, being of the same University with Massinger, might there join with him in the composition of the play ascribed to them."[4] It is seldom safe to differ from Mr. Reed on subjects of this nature, yet I still incline to think that Field the actor was the person meant. There is no authority for supposing that Massinger wrote plays at College; and if there were, it is not likely that *the Fatal Dowry* should be one of them. But Mr. Reed's chief reason for his assertion is, that no contemporary author speaks of Field as a writer: this argument, in the refutation of which I can claim no merit, is now completely disproved by the discovery of the letter to Mr. Henslowe. Mr. Malone too thinks that the person who wrote the two comedies here mentioned, and assisted Massinger, could not be Field the actor, since the first of them was printed in 1612, at which time he must have been a youth, having performed as one of the children of the revels in Jonson's *Silent Woman*,

[4] *Old Plays*, Vol. XII. p. 350.

1609.[5] I know not to what age these children were confined, but Barkstead, who was one of them, and who, from his situation in the list, was probably younger than Field, published, in 1611, a poem called *Hiren (Irene) the Fair Greek*, consisting of 114 stanzas, which is yet earlier than the date of *Woman's a Weathercock.*

Mr. Malone conjectures that the affecting letter (p. xv.) was written between 1612 and 1615: if we take the latest period, Field will then be not far from his twenty-eighth year, a period sufficiently advanced for the production of any work of fancy. I have sometimes felt a pang at imagining that the play on which they were then engaged, and for which they solicit a trifling advance in such moving terms, was *the Fatal Dowry*, one of the noblest compositions that ever graced the English stage! Even though it should not be so, it is yet impossible to be

[5] It had probably escaped Mr. Malone's observation, that Field appears as the principal performer in *Cynthia's Revels*, acted in 1599 or 1600. He could not then have well been less than twelve years old, and at the time mentioned by Mr. Malone, as too early for the production of his first play, must have been turned of one-and-twenty.

unaffected when we consider that those who actually did produce it, were in danger of perishing in goal for want of a loan of five pounds!

In the following year Massinger brought forward *the City Madam*. As this play was undoubtedly disposed of to the performers, it remained in manuscript till the distress brought on the stage by the persecution of the Puritans induced them to commit it to the press. The person to whom we are indebted for its appearance was Andrew Pennycuicke, an actor of some note. In the dedication to the countess of Oxford,[6] he observes, with a spirited reference to the restrictions then laid on the drama, "In that age when *wit and learning were not conquered by injury and violence*, this poem was the object of love and commendations:" he then adds "the encouragement I had to prefer this dedication to your powerful protection proceeds from the universal fame of the deceased author,[7]

[6] *Countess of Oxford,* &c.] Ann, first wife of Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last earl of Oxford. She was a distant relation of the Pembroke family.

[7] *The deceased author,*] *The City Madam* was printed in 1659. This sufficiently proves the absurdity

who (although he composed many) wrote none amiss, and this may justly be ranked among his best." Pennycuicke might have gone further; but this little address is sufficient to shew in what estimation the poet was held by his "fellows." He had now been dead nineteen years.

About this time too (1632) Massinger printed *the Maid of Honour*, with a dedication to sir Francis Foljambe[8] and sir Thomas Bland, which cannot be read without sorrow. He observes, that these gentlemen, who appear to have been engaged in an amicable suit at law, had continued, for many years, the patron of him and his despised studies,

of the account given by Langbaine, Jacob, Whincop, and Cibber, who concur in placing his death in 1669, and who, certainly, never perused his works with any attention; nor is that of Chetwood more rational, who asserts that he died 1659, since his epitaph is printed among the poems of sir Aston Cockayne, which were published in 1658, and written much earlier. It is, therefore, worse than a waste of time to repeat from book to book such palpable errours.

[8] *Sir Francis Foljambe*, &c.] I suspect that sir Francis was also a Catholick. From the brief account of this ancient family which is given in Lodge's *Illustrations*, they appear to have suffered severely on account of their religion, to which they were zealously attached.

and he calls upon the world to take notice, as from himself, that he *had not to that time subsisted*, but that he was supported by their frequent courtesies and favours.

It is not improbable, however, that he was now labouring under the pressure of more than usual want; as the failure of two of his plays had damped his spirits, and materially checked the prosecution of his dramatick studies. No account of the unsuccessful pieces is come down to us: their names do not occur in the Office-book of sir H. Herbert, nor should we have known the circumstance, had not the Author, with a modesty which shames some of his contemporaries, and a deference to the judgment of the publick, which becomes all who write for it, recorded the fact in the prologue to *the Guardian*. 'To this, probably, we owe the publication of *A New Way to pay Old Debts*, which was now first printed with a sensible and manly address to the earl of Caernarvon, who had married lady Sophia Herbert, the sister of his patron, Philip earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. "I was born," he says, "a devoted servant to the thrice noble family of your incomparable lady, and am most ambitious, but with a becoming distance, to

be known to your lordship." All Massinger's patrons appear to be persons of worth and eminence. Philip had not at this time tarnished the name of Pembroke by ingratitude, and the earl of Caernarvon was a man of unimpeachable honour and integrity. He followed the declining fortunes of his royal master, and fell at Newbury, where he commanded the cavalry, after defeating that part of the parliamentary army to which he was opposed. In his last moments, says Fuller, as he lay on the field, a nobleman of the royal party desired to know if he had any request to make to the king, to whom he was deservedly dear, comforting him with the assurance that it would be readily granted. His reply was such as became a brave and conscientious soldier: I will not die with a suit in my mouth, but to the King of kings!

Flattered by the success of *the Guardian*, which was licensed on the 31st of October 1633, Massinger exerted himself with unusual energy, and produced three plays before the expiration of the following year. One of them, the delightful comedy of *A Very Woman*, is come down to us; of the

others, nothing is known but the names, which are registered by the Master of the Revels. In 1635, it does not appear that he brought any thing forward; but in 1636 he wrote *the Bashful Lover*, and printed *the Great Duke of Florence*, which had now been many years on the stage, with a dedication to sir Robert Wiseman of Thorrells Hall, in Essex. In this, which is merely expressive of his gratitude for a long continuation of kindness, he acknowledges, "and with a zealous thankfulness, that, for many years, he had but faintly subsisted, if he had not often tasted of his bounty." In this precarious state of dependance passed the life of a man who is charged with no want of industry, suspected of no extravagance, and whose works were, at that very period, the boast and delight of the stage!

The Bashful Lover is the latest play of Massinger's writing which we possess, but there were three others posterior to it, of which the last, *the Anchoress of Pausilippo*, was acted Jan. 26, 1640, about six weeks before his death. Previous to this, he sent to the press one of his early plays, *the Unnatural Combat*, which he inscribed to Anthony

Sentleger, (whose father, sir Wareham, had been his particular admirer,) being, as he says, ambitious to publish his many favours to the world. It is pleasant to find the Author, at the close of his blameless life, avowing, as he here does, with an amiable modesty, that the noble and eminent persons to whom his former works were dedicated, did not think themselves disparaged by being "celebrated as the patrons of his humble studies, in the first file of which," he continues, "I *am confident* you shall have no cause to blush, to find your name written."

Massinger died on the 17th of March, 1640. He went to bed in good health, says Langbaine, and was found dead in the morning in his own house on the Bankside. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, and the comedians paid the last sad duty to his name, by attending him to the grave.

It does not appear, from the strictest search, that a stone, or inscription of any kind, marked the place where his dust was deposited: even the memorial of his mortality is given with a pathetick brevity, which accords but too well with the obscure and humble passages of his life: "March 20, 1639-40,

buried Philip Massinger, A STRANGER"! No flowers were flung into his grave, no elegies "soothed his hovering spirit," and of all the admirers of his talents and his worth, none but sir Aston Cockayne dedicated a line to his memory. It would be an abuse of language to honour any composition of sir Aston with the name of poetry, but the steadiness of his regard for Massinger may be justly praised. In that collection of doggrel rhymes, which I have already mentioned, (p. xiii.) there is "an epitaph on Mr. John Fletcher, and Mr. Philip Massinger, who lie both buried in one grave in St. Mary Overy's church, in Southwark:

"In the same grave was Fletcher buried, here
"Lies the stage poet, Philip Massinger;
"Plays they did write together, were great friends,
"And now one grave includes them in their ends.
"To whom on earth nothing could part, beneath
"Here in their fame they lie, in spight of death."

It is surely somewhat singular that of a man of such eminence nothing should be known. What I have presumed to give is merely the history of the successive appearance of his works; and I am aware of no source from whence any additional

information can be derived: no anecdotes are recorded of him by his contemporaries, few casual mentions of his name occur in the writings of the time, and he had not the good fortune which attended many of less eminence, to attract attention at the revival of dramatick literature from the deathlike torpor of the Interregnum.[9] But though we are ignorant of every circumstance respecting Massinger, but 'that he lived and died,'[1] we may yet form to ourselves some idea of his personal character from the incidental hints scattered through his works. In what light he was regarded may be collected from the recommendatory poems prefixed to his several plays, in which the language of his panegyrists, though warm, expresses an attachment apparently derived not so much

[9] One exception we shall hereafter mention. Even in this the Poet's ill fate pursued him, and he was flung back into obscurity, that his spoils might be worn without detection.

[1] It is seriously to be lamented that sir Aston Cockayne, instead of wasting his leisure in measuring out dull prose which cannot be read, had not employed a part of it in furnishing some notices of the dramatick poets, with whom he was so well acquainted, and whom he professes so much to admire.

from his talents as his virtues: he is, as Davies has observed, their *beloved, much-esteemed, dear, worthy, deserving, honoured, long-known, and long-loved friend*, &c. &c. All the writers of his life unite in representing him as a man of singular modesty, gentleness, candour, and affability; nor does it appear that he ever made or found an enemy. He speaks indeed of opponents on the stage, but the contention of rival candidates for popular favour must not be confounded with personal hostility. With all this, however, he appears to have maintained a constant struggle with adversity; since not only the stage, from which, perhaps, his natural reserve prevented him from deriving the usual advantages, but even the bounty of his particular friends, on which he chiefly relied, left him in a state of absolute dependance. Jonson, Fletcher, Shirley, and others, not superiour to him in abilities, had their periods of good fortune, their bright as well as their stormy hours; but Massinger seems to have enjoyed no gleam of sunshine; his life was all one wintry day, and "shadows, clouds, and darkness," rested upon it.

Davies finds a servility in his dedications which I have not been able to discover: they are principally characterised by gratitude and humility, without a single trait of that gross and servile adulation which distinguishes and disgraces the addresses of some of his contemporaries. That he did not conceal his misery, his editors appear inclined to reckon among his faults; he bore it, however, without impatience, and we only hear of it when it is relieved. Poverty made him no flatterer, and, what is still more rare, no maligner of the great: nor is one symptom of envy manifested in any part of his compositions.

His principles of patriotism appear irreprehensible: the extravagant and slavish doctrines which are found in the dramas of his great contemporaries make no part of his creed, in which the warmest loyalty is skilfully combined with just and rational ideas of political freedom. Nor is this the only instance in which the rectitude of his mind is apparent; the writers of his day abound in recommendations of suicide; he is uniform in the reprehension of it, with a single exception, to which, perhaps, he was

led by the peculiar turn of his studies.[2] Guilt of every kind is usually left to the punishment of divine justice: even the wretched Malefort excuses himself to his son on his supernatural appearance, because the latter was *not marked out by heaven* for his mother's avenger; and the young, the brave, the pious Charalois accounts his death fallen upon him by the will of heaven, because "*he made himself a judge in his own cause.*"

But the great, the glorious distinction of Massinger, is the uniform respect with which he treats religion and its ministers, in an age when it was found necessary to add regulation to regulation, to stop the growth of impiety on the stage. No priests are introduced by him, "to set on some quantity of barren spectators" to laugh at their licentious follies; the sacred name is not lightly invoked, nor daringly sported with; nor is Scripture

[2] See *the Duke of Milan*, Vol. I. p. 252. The frequent violation of female chastity, which took place on the irruption of the barbarians into Italy, gave rise to many curious disquisitions among the fathers of the church, respecting the degree of guilt occurred in preventing it by self-murder. Massinger had these, probably, in his thoughts.

profaned by buffoon allusions lavishly put into the mouths of fools and women.

To this brief and desultory delineation of his mind, it may be expected that something should here be added of his talents for dramatick composition; but this is happily rendered unnecessary. The kindness of Dr. Ferriar has allowed me to annex to this Introduction the elegant and ingenious *Essay on Massinger*, first printed in the third volume of the *Manchester Transactions;* and I shall presently have to notice, in a more particular manner, the value of the assistance which has been expressly given to me for this work. These, if I do not deceive myself, leave little or nothing to be desired on the peculiar qualities, the excellencies and defects, of this much neglected and much injured writer.

Mr. M. Mason has remarked the general harmony of his numbers, in which, indeed, Massinger stands unrivalled. He seems, however, inclined to make a partial exception in favour of Shakspeare; but I cannot admit of its propriety. The claims of this great poet on the admiration of mankind are innumerable, but rhythmical modulation is not one of them:

nor do I think it either wise or just to hold him forth as supereminent in every quality which constitutes genius: Beaumont is as sublime, Fletcher as pathetick, and Jonson as nervous:—nor let it be accounted poor or niggard praise, to allow him only an equality with these extraordinary men in their peculiar excellencies, while he is admitted to possess many others, to which they make no approaches. Indeed, if I were asked for the discriminating quality of Shakspeare's mind, that by which he is raised above all competition, above all prospect of rivalry, I should say it was WIT. To wit Massinger has no pretensions, though he is not without a considerable portion of humour; in which, however, he is surpassed by Fletcher, whose style bears some affinity to his own: there is, indeed, a morbid softness in the poetry of the latter, which is not visible in the flowing and vigorous metre of Massinger, but the general manner is not unlike.[3]

[3] There is yet a peculiarity which it may be proper to notice, as it contributes, in a slight degree, to the fluency of Massinger's style; it is, the resolution of his words (and principally of those which are derived from the Latin through the medium of the French) into their

With Massinger terminated the triumph of dramatick poetry; indeed, the stage itself survived him but a short time. The nation was convulsed to its centre by contending factions, and a set of austere and gloomy fanaticks, enemies to every elegant amusement, and every social relaxation, rose upon the ruins of the state. Exasperated by the ridicule with which they had long been covered by the stage, they persecuted the actors with unrelenting severity, and consigned them, together with the writers, to hopeless obscurity and wretchedness. Taylor died in the extreme of poverty, Shirley opened a little school, and Lowin, the boast of the stage, kept an alehouse at Brentford:

Balneolum Gabiis, furnos conducere Romæ
Tentarunt!———

Others, and those the far greater number,

component syllables. *Virtuous, partial, nation,* &c. &c. he usually makes dactyls, (if it be not pedantick to apply terms of measure to a language acquainted only with accent,) passing over the last two syllables with a gentle but distinct enunciation. This practice, indeed, is occasionally adopted by all the writers of his time, but in Massinger it is frequent and habitual. This singularity may slightly embarrass the reader at first, but a little acquaintance will shew its advantages, and render it not only easy but delightful.

joined the royal standard, and exerted themselves with more gallantry than good fortune in the service of their old and indulgent master.

We have not yet, perhaps, fully estimated, and certainly not yet fully recovered, what was lost in that unfortunate struggle. The arts were rapidly advancing to perfection under the fostering wing of a monarch who united in himself taste to feel, spirit to undertake, and munificence to reward. Architecture, painting, and poetry, were by turns the objects of his paternal care. Shakspeare was his "closet companion,"[4] Jonson his poet, and in conjunction with Inigo Jones, his favoured architect, produced those mag-

[4] *His "closet companion,"*] Milton, and certainly with no symptoms of disapprobation,) mentions, as a fact universally known, the fondness of the unfortunate Charles for the plays of Shakspeare: and it appears from those curious particulars collected from sir Henry Herbert by Mr. Malone, that his attachment to the drama, and his anxiety for its perfection, began with his reign. The plot of *the Gamester*, one of the best of Shirley's pieces, was given to him by the king; and there is an anecdote recorded by the Master of the Revels, which shews that he was not inattentive to the success of Massinger.

"At Greenwich this 4 of June (1638) Mr. W. Murray

nificent entertainments which, though modern refinement may affect to despise them, modern splendour never reached even in thought.[5]

gave mee power from the king to allow of *the King and the Subject*, and tould mee that he would warrant it:

"Monies! We'll raise supplies what way we please,
"And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which
"We'll mulct you as we shall think fit. The Cæsars
"In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws
"But what their swords did ratify, the wives
"And daughters of the senators bowing to
"Their will, as deities," &c.

"This is a peece taken out of Philip Messenger's play called *the King and the Subject*, and enterd here for ever to bee rememberd by my son and those that cast their eyes on it, in honour of king Charles, my master, who readinge over the play at Newmarket, set his marke upon the place with his own hande, and in thes words:—*This is too insolent, and to bee changed.*

"Note, that the poett makes it the speech of a king, Don Pedro of Spayne, and spoken to his subjects."

[5] That the exhibition of those masks was attended with a considerable degree of expense, cannot be denied: and yet a question may be modestly started, whether a thousand pounds might not have been as rationally and as creditably laid out on one of them at Tibbald's, Althorpe, or Ludlow Castle, as on a basket of unripe fruit!

But we are fallen indeed! The festival of the knights of the Bath, presented an opportunity for a mask appro-

That the tyranny of the commonwealth should sweep all this away, was to be expected: the circumstance not less to be wondered at than regretted is, that when the revival of monarchy afforded an opportunity for restoring every thing to its pristine place, no advantage should be taken of it. Such, however, was the horrour created in the general mind, by the perverse and unsocial government from which they had so fortunately escaped, that the people appear to have anxiously avoided all retrospect; and with Prynne and Vicars, to have lost sight of Shakspeare and "his fellows." Instead, therefore, of taking up dramatick poetry (for to this my subject confines me) where it abruptly ceased in the labours of Massinger, they elicited, as it were, a manner of their own, or fetched it from the heavy monotony of their continental neighbours. The ease, the elegance, the simplicity, the copiousness of the former period,

priate to the subject, in which taste should have united with grandeur. Whose talents were employed on the great occasion I cannot pretend to say; but assuredly the frequenters of Bartholomew fair were never invited to so vile and senseless an exhibition, as was produced at Ranelagh for the entertainment of the nobility and gentry of the united kingdom.

were as if they had never been; and jangling and blustering declamation took place of nature, truth, and sense. Even criticism, which, in the former reign, had been making no inconsiderable progress under the influence and direction of the great masters of Italy, was now diverted into a new channel, and only studied in the puny and jejune canons of their unworthy followers, the French.

The Restoration did little for Massinger; this, however, will the less surprise us, when we find that he but shared the fortune of a greater name. It appears from a list of revived plays preserved by Downes the prompter, that of twenty-one, two only[6] were written by Shakspeare! *The Bondman* and *the Roman Actor* were at length brought forward by Betterton, who probably conceived them to be favourable to his fine powers of declamation. We are told by Downes, that he gained "great applause" in them: his success, however, did not incite him to the revival of the rest, though he might have found among the number ample scope for the display of his highest talents. I can find but two more of

[6] *Two only*] And of these two, one was *Titus Andronicus*.

Massinger's plays which were acted in the period immediately following the Restoration, *the Virgin-Martyr* and *the Renegado;* I have, indeed, some idea that *the Old Law* should be added to the scanty list; but having mislaid my memorandums, I cannot affirm it.

The time, however, arrived when he was to be remembered. Nicholas Rowe, a man gifted by nature with taste and feeling, disgusted at the tumid vapidity of his own times, turned his attention to the poets of a former age, and, among the rest, to Massinger. Pleased at the discovery of a mind congenial to his own, he studied him with attention, and endeavoured to form a style on his model. Suavity, ease, elegance, all that close application and sedulous imitation could give, Rowe acquired from the perusal of Massinger: humour, richness, vigour, and sublimity, the gifts of nature, were not to be caught, and do not, indeed, appear in any of his multifarious compositions.

Rowe, however, had discrimination and judgment: he was alive to the great and striking excellencies of the Poet, and formed the resolution of presenting him to the world in a correct and uniform edition. It is told in

the preface to *the Bondman*, (printed in 1719,) and there is no reason to doubt the veracity of the affirmation, that Rowe had revised the whole of Massinger's works, with a view to their publication: unfortunately, however, he was seduced from his purpose by the merits of *the Fatal Dowry*. The pathetick and interesting scenes of this domestick drama have such irresistible power over the best feelings of the reader, that he determined to avail himself of their excellence, and frame a second tragedy on the same story. How he altered and adapted the events to his own conceptions is told by Mr. Cumberland, with equal elegance and taste, in the Essay which follows the original piece.[7]

[7] See Vol. III. p. 453. A few words may yet be hazarded on this subject. The moral of *the Fatal Dowry* is infinitely superiour to that of *the Fair Penitent*, which, indeed, is little better than a specious apology for adultery. Rowe has lavished the most seducing colours of his eloquence on Lothario, and acted, throughout the piece, as if he studied to frame an excuse for Calista: whereas Massinger has placed the crime of Beaumelle in an odious and proper light. Beaumelle can have no followers in her guilt:—no frail one can urge that she was misled by her example; for Novall has nothing but personal charms, and even in these he is surpassed by Charalois. For the unhappy husband of Calista, Rowe

Pleased with the success of his performance,[s] Rowe conceived the ungenerous idea of appropriating the whole of its merits; and, from that instant, appears not only to have given up all thoughts of Massinger, but to have avoided all mention of his name. In the base and servile dedication of his tragedy to the dutchess of Ormond, while he founds his claim to her patronage on the interesting nature of the scenes, he suffers not a hint to

evinces no consideration, while Massinger has rendered Charalois the most interesting character that was ever produced on the stage.

Beaumelle, who falls a sacrifice, in some measure, to the artifices of her maid, the profligate agent of young Novall, is much superiour to Calista. Indeed, the impression which she made on Rowe was so strong, that he named his tragedy after her, and not after the heroine of his own piece: Beaumelle is truly the Fair Penitent, whereas Calista is neither more nor less than a haughty and abandoned strumpet.

[s] *The success of his performance,*] This was somewhat problematical at first. For though *the Fair Penitent* be now a general favourite with the town, it experienced considerable opposition on its appearance, owing, as Downes informs us, "to the flatness of the fourth and fifth acts." The poverty of Rowe's genius is principally apparent in the last; of which the plot and the execution are equally contemptible.

escape him that he was indebted for them to any preceding writer.

It may seem strange that Rowe should flatter himself with the hope of evading detection: that hope, however, was not so extravagant as it may appear at present. Few of our old dramas were then on sale: those of Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher, indeed, had been collected; depredations on them, therefore, though frequently made, were attended with some degree of hazard; but the works of Massinger, few of which had reached a second edition, lay scattered in single plays, and might be appropriated without fear. What printed copies or manuscripts were extant, were chiefly to be found in private libraries, not easily accessible, nor often brought to sale; and it is not, perhaps, too much to say that more old plays may now be found in the hands of a single bookseller, than, in the days of Rowe, were supposed to be in existence.

The Fair Penitent was produced in 1703, and the Author, having abandoned his first design, undertook to prepare for the press the works of a poet more worthy, it must be confessed, of his care, but not in equal want

of his assistance, and, in 1709, gave the publick the first octavo edition of Shakspeare.

What might have been the present rank of Massinger, if Rowe had completed his purpose, it would be presumptuous to determine: it may, however, be conjectured that, reprinted with accuracy, corrected with judgment, and illustrated with ingenuity, he would, at least, have been more generally known,[9] and suffered to occupy a station of

[9] *More generally known,*] It does not appear from Johnson's observations on *the Fair Penitent,* that he had any knowledge of Massinger; Steevens, I have some reason to think, took him up late in life; and Mr. Malone observes to me, that he only consulted him for verbal illustrations of Shakspeare. This is merely a subject for regret; but we may be allowed to complain a little of those who discuss his merits without examining his works, and traduce his character on their own misconceptions. Capell, whose dull fidelity forms the sole claim on our kindness, becomes both inaccurate and unjust the instant he speaks of Massinger; he accuses him of being one of the props of Jonson's throne, in opposition to the pretensions of Shakspeare!* The reverse of this is the truth: he was the admirer and imitator of Shakspeare; and it is scarcely possible to look into one of his prologues, without discovering some allusion, more or less concealed, to the overweening pride and

* See his *Introduction to Shakspeare's Plays,* Vol. I. p. 14.

greater respectability than he has hitherto been permitted to assume.

Massinger, thus plundered and abandoned by Rowe, was, after a considerable lapse of

arrogance of Jonson. This disinclination to the latter was no secret to his contemporaries, while his partiality to the former was so notorious, that in a mock romance, entitled *Wit and Fancy in a Maze*, or *Don Zara del Fogo*, 12mo. 1656, (the knowledge of which was obligingly communicated to me by the Rev. W. Todd,) where an uproar amongst the English poets is described, Massinger is expressly introduced as "one of the life-guards to Shakspeare." So much for the sneer of Capell!—but Massinger's ill fate still pursues him. In a late Essay on the stage, written with considerable ingenuity, the author, in giving a chronological history of dramatick writers from Sackville downwards, overlooks Massinger till he arrives at our own times. He then recollects that he was one of the fathers of the drama; and adds, that "his style was *rough*, manly, and vigorous, that he pressed upon his subject with a *severe* but masterly hand, that his *wit* was *caustic*, &c. If this gentleman had ever looked into the poet he thus characterises, he must have instantly recognised his errour. Massinger has no *wit*, and his humour, in which he abounds, is of a light and frolick nature; he presses not on his subject with *severity*, but with fullness of knowledge; and his style is so far from *roughness*, that its characteristick excellence is a sweetness beyond example. "Whoever," says Jolinson, "wishes to attain an English style familiar but not coarse, and elegant

time, taken up by Thomas Coxeter, of whom I know nothing more than is delivered by Mr. Egerton Brydges, in his useful and ingenious additions to the *Theatrum Poetarum*.[1] "He was born of an ancient and respectable family, at Lechlade, in Gloucestershire, in 1689, and educated at Trinity College, Oxford, where he wore a civilian's gown, and about 1710, abandoning the civil law, and every other profession, came to London. Here continuing without any settled purpose, he became acquainted with booksellers and authors, and amassed materials for a biography of our old poets. He had a curious collection of old plays, and was the first who formed the scheme adopted by Dodsley, of publishing a selection of them," &c.

Warton too calls Coxeter a faithful and industrious amasser of our old English lite-

but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." Whoever would add to these the qualities of simplicity, purity, sweetness, and strength, must devote his hours to the study of Massinger.

[1] I take the offered opportunity to express my thanks to this gentleman for the obliging manner in which he transmitted to me the manuscript notes of Oldys and others, copied into his edition of Langbaine, formerly in the possession of Mr. Steevens.

rature, and this praise, whatever be its worth, is all that can be fairly said to belong to him:[2] as an editor he is miserably deficient; though it appears that he was not without assistance which, in other hands, might have been turned to some account. "When I left London," says the accurate and ingenious Oldys, "in the year 1724, to reside in Yorkshire, I left in the care of the Rev. Mr. Burridge's family, with whom I had several years lodged, amongst many other books, a copy of this Langbaine, in which I had written several notes and references to further the knowledge of these poets. When I returned to London in 1730, I understood my books had been dispersed; and afterwards becoming acquainted with Mr. Coxeter, I found that he had bought my Langbaine of a bookseller, as he was a great collector of plays and poetical books. This must have been of

[2] Johnson told Boswell that "a Mr. Coxeter, whom he knew, had collected about five hundred volumes of poets whose works were most known; but that, upon his death, Tom Osborne bought them, and they were dispersed, which he thought a pity; as it was curious to see any series complete, and in every volume of poems something good might be found." Boswell's *Life*, &c. Vol. II. p. 452.

service to him, and he has kept it so carefully from my sight, that I never could have the opportunity of transcribing into this I am now writing, the notes I had collected in that. Whether I had entered any remarks upon Massinger, I remember not; but he had communications from me concerning him, when he was undertaking to give us a new edition of his plays, which is not published yet. He (Mr. Coxeter) died on the 10th (or 19th, I cannot tell which) of April, being Easter Sunday, 1747, of a fever which grew from a cold he caught at an auction of books over Exeter Change, or by sitting up late at the tavern afterwards.[3]"

On the death of Coxeter, his collections for the purposed edition of Massinger fell into the hands of a bookseller of the name of Dell, who gave them to the world in 1759. From the publisher's preface it appears that Coxeter did not live to complete his design. "The late ingenious Mr. Coxeter," he says, "had corrected and collated all the various editions;[4] and, if I may judge from his

[3] Manuscript notes on Langbaine, in the British Museum.

[4] This is also asserted in the title-page: but it is not so.

copies, he had spared no diligence and care to make them as correct as possible. Several ingenious observations and notes he had likewise prepared for his intended edition, which are all inserted in the present. Had he lived to have completed his design, I dare say he would have added many more, and that his work would have met with a very favourable reception from every person of true taste and genius."

As Dell professes to have followed Coxeter's papers, and given all his notes, we may form no inadequate idea of what the edition would have been. Though educated at the University, Coxeter exhibits no proofs of literature. To critical sagacity he has not the smallest pretension; his conjectures are void alike of ingenuity and probability, and his historical references at once puerile and incorrect. Even his parallel passages (the easiest part of an editor's labour) are more calculated to produce a smile at the collector's expense, than to illustrate his author; while every page of his work bears the strongest impression of imbecility. The praise of fidelity may be allowed him; but in doing this, the unfortunate Dell must be charged (how

justly I know not) with the innumerable errours which over-run and deform the edition. I need not inform those who are conversant with old copies, that the printers were less attentive to the measure of the original, than to filling up the line, and saving their paper: this Coxeter attempted to remedy; his success, however, was but partial; his vigilance relaxed, or his ear failed him, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of verses are given in the cacophanous and unmetrical state in which they appear in the early editions. A few palpable blunders are removed, others, not less remarkable, are continued, and where a word is altered, under the idea of improving the sense, it is almost invariably for the worse. Upon the whole, Massinger appeared to less advantage than in the old copies.

Two years afterwards, (1761,) a second edition[5] of this work was published by Mr.

[5] *A second edition*] So, at least, it insinuates: but Mr. Waldron, of Drury Lane Theatre, (a most friendly and ingenious man, to whose small but curious library I am much indebted,) who is better acquainted with the adroitness of booksellers than I pretend to be, informs me that it is only Dell's with a new title-page.

Thomas Davies, accompanied by an *Essay on the Old English Dramatic Writers*, furnished by Mr. Colman, and addressed to David Garrick, Esq. to whom Dell's edition was also inscribed.

It may tend to mortify those, who after bestowing unwearied pains on a work, look for some trifling return of praise, to find the approbation, which should be reserved for themselves, thoughtlessly lavished on the most worthless productions. Of this publication, the most ignorant and incorrect (if we except that of Mr. M. Mason, to which we shall speedily arrive) that ever issued from the press, bishop Percy thus speaks: "Mr. Coxeter's VERY CORRECT EDITION of Massinger's Plays has lately been published in 4 vols. 8vo. by Mr. T. Davies, (which T. Davies was many years an actor on Drury-lane stage, and I believe still continues so, notwithstanding his shop.) To this edition is prefixed a superficial letter to Mr. Garrick, written by Mr. Colman, but giving not the least account of Massinger, or of the old editions from whence this was composed. 'Tis great pity Mr. Coxeter did not live to finish it himself." It is manifest that his lordship never compared a

single page of this "correct edition," with the old copies: and I mention the circumstance, to point out to writers of eminence the folly, as well as the danger, of deciding at random on any subject which they have not previously considered.

It will readily be supposed that a publication like this was not much calculated to extend the celebrity, or raise the reputation, of the Poet; it found, however, a certain quantity of readers, and was now growing scarce, when it fell by accident into the hands of John Monck Mason, Esq.

In 1777 he was favoured by a friend, as he tells the story, with a copy of Massinger. He received from it a high degree of pleasure, and having contracted a habit of rectifying, in the margin, the mistakes of such books as he read, he proceeded in this manner with those before him; his emendations were accidentally discovered by two of his acquaintance, who expressed their approbation of them in very flattering terms, and requested the author to give them to the publick.[6]

Mr. M. Mason was unfortunate in his friends: they should have considered (a mat-

[6] Preface to Mr. M. Mason's edition, p. ii.

ter which had completely escaped him) that the great duty of an editor is fidelity: that the ignorance of Coxeter in admitting so many gross faults could give no reasonable mind the slightest plea for relying on his general accuracy, and that however high they might rate their friend's sagacity, it was not morally certain that when he displaced his predecessor's words to make room for his own, he fell upon the genuine text. Nothing of this, however, occurred to them, and Mr. M. Mason was prevailed upon, in evil hour, to send his corrected Coxeter to the press.

In a preface which accords but too well with the rest of the work, he observes, that he had "never heard of Massinger till about two years before he reprinted him."[7] It must be confessed that he lost no time in boasting of his

[7] Yet *it is strange* (he adds) that a writer of such evident excellence should be so little known. Preface, p. i. As some alleviation of Mr. M. Mason's amazement, I will tell him a short story: "Tradition says, that on a certain time, a man, who had occasion to rise very early, was met by another person, who expressed his astonishment at his getting up at so unseasonable an hour: the man answered, O master wonder-monger! as you *have done the same thing*, what reason have you to be surprised?"

acquaintance:—it appears, however, to have been but superficial. In the second page he asserts, that the whole of Massinger's plays were published while the author was living! This is a specimen of the care with which he usually proceeds: the life of the Author, prefixed to his own edition, tells that he died in 1640, and in the list which immediately follows it, no less than four plays are given in succession, which were not published till near twenty years after that period!

The oscitancy of Mr. M. Mason is so great, that it is impossible to say whether he supposed there was any older edition than that before him. He talks indeed of Massinger, but he always means Coxeter; and it is beyond any common powers of face to hear him discourse of the verbal and grammatical inaccuracies of an author whose works he probably never saw, without a smile of pity or contempt.

He says, "I have admitted into the text all my own *amendments*, in order that those who may wish to give free scope to their fancy and their feelings, and without turning aside to verbal criticism, may read these plays in that which appears to me the most perfect state;" (what intolerable conceit!) "but for

the satisfaction of more critical readers, I have directed that the words rejected by me should be inserted in the margin."[8] This is not the case; and I cannot account, on any common principles of prudence, for the gratuitous temerity with which so strange an assertion is advanced: not one in twenty is noticed, and the reader is misled on almost every occasion.

I do not wish to examine the preface further; and shall therefore conclude with observing, that Mr. M. Mason's edition is infinitely worse than Coxeter's. It rectifies a few mistakes, and suggests a few improvements; but, on the other hand, it abounds in errours and omissions, not only beyond that, but, perhaps, beyond any other work that ever appeared in print. Nor is this all: the ignorant fidelity of Coxeter has certainly given us many absurd readings of the old printers or transcribers; this, however, is far more tolerable than the mischievous ingenuity of Mr. M. Mason: the words he has *silently* introduced bear a specious appearance of truth, and are therefore calculated to elude the vigilance of many readers, whom the text of Coxeter would have startled, and compelled

[8] Preface, p. ix.

to seek the genuine sense elsewhere. To sum up the account between the two editions, both bear the marks of ignorance, inexperience, and inattention; in both the faults are incredibly numerous; but where Coxeter drops words, Mr. M. Mason drops lines, and where the former omits lines, the latter leaves out whole speeches!

After what I have just said, the reader, perhaps, will feel an inclination to smile at the concluding sentence of Mr. M. Mason's Preface: "I FLATTER MYSELF, THAT THIS EDITION OF MASSINGER WILL BE FOUND MORE CORRECT (AND CORRECTNESS IS THE ONLY MERIT IT PRETENDS TO) THAN THE BEST OF THOSE WHICH HAVE AS YET BEEN PUBLISHED OF ANY OTHER ANCIENT DRAMATICK WRITER."![9]

The genuine merits of the Poet, however, were strong enough to overcome these wretched remoras. The impression was become scarce, and though never worth the paper on which it was printed, sold at an extravagant price, when a new edition was proposed to me by Mr. Evans of Pall-Mall. Massinger was a favourite; and I had frequently lamented, with many others, that he

[9] Preface, p. xi.

had fallen into such hands. I saw, without the assistance of the old copies, that his metre was disregarded, that his sense was disjointed and broken, that his dialogue was imperfect, and that he was encumbered with explanatory trash which would disgrace the pages of a sixpenny magazine; and in the hope of remedying these, and enabling the Author to take his place on the same shelf, I will not say with Shakspeare, but with Jonson, Beaumont, and his associate Fletcher, I readily undertook the labour.

My first care was to look round for the old editions. To collect these is not at all times possible, and, in every case, is a work of trouble and expense; but the kindness of individuals supplied me with all that I wanted. Octavius Gilchrist, a gentleman of Stamford,[1] no sooner heard of my design, than he obligingly sent me all the copies which he possessed; the Rev. P. Bayles of Colchester (only known to me by this act of kindness)

[1] I must not omit that Mr. Gilchrist, (whose name will occur more than once in the ensuing pages,) together with his copies of Massinger transmitted a number of useful and judicious observations on the Poet, derived from his extensive acquaintance with our old historians.

presented me with a small but choice selection; and Mr. Malone, with a liberality which I shall ever remember with gratitude and delight, furnished me, unsolicited, with his invaluable collection,* among which I found all the

* For this, I owe Mr. Malone my peculiar thanks: but the admirers of Massinger must join with me in expressing their gratitude to him for an obligation of a more publick kind; for the communication of that beautiful fragment, which now appears in print for the first time, *the Parliament of Love*. From *the History of the English Stage*, prefixed to Mr. Malone's edition of Shakspeare, I learned that "four acts of an unpublished drama by Massinger were still extant in manuscript." As I anxiously wished to render this Edition as perfect as possible, I wrote to Mr. Malone, with whom I had not the pleasure of being personally acquainted, to know where it might be found; in return he informed me that the manuscript was in his possession: its state, he added, was such, that he doubted whether much advantage could be derived from it, but that I was entirely welcome to make the experiment. Of this permission, which I accepted with singular pleasure, I instantly availed myself, and received the manuscript. It was, indeed, in a forlorn condition: several leaves were torn from the beginning, and the top and bottom of every page wasted by damps, to which it had formerly been exposed. On examination, however, I had the satisfaction to find, that a considerable part of the first act, which was supposed to be lost, yet existed, and that a certain degree of attention, which I was not unwilling to bestow on it, might recover nearly the whole of the remainder. How

first editions:[3] these, with such as I could procure in the course of a few months from

I succeeded may be seen in the second volume; where the reader will find such an account, as was consistent with the brevity of my plan, of the singular institution on which the fable is founded. Perhaps the subject merits no further consideration: I would, however, just observe, that, since the article was printed, I have been furnished by my friend, the Rev. R. Nares, with a curious old volume, called *Arresta Amorum*, or *Arrets d'Amour*, written in French by Martial d'Auvergne, who died in 1508. It is not possible to imagine any thing more frivolous than the causes, or rather appeals, which are supposed to be heard in this Court of Love. What is, however, somewhat extraordinary is, that these miserable trifles are commented upon by Benoit le Court, a celebrated jurisconsult of those times, with a degree of seriousness which would not disgrace the most important questions. Every Greek and Roman writer, then known, is quoted with profusion, to prove some trite position dropt at random: occasion is also taken to descant on many subtile points of law, which might not be altogether, perhaps, without their interest. I have nothing further to say of this elaborate piece of foolery, which I read with equal wearisomeness and disgust, but which serves, perhaps, to shew that these Parliaments of Love, though confessedly imaginary, occupied much of the publick attention, than that it had probably fallen into Massinger's hands, as the scene between Bellisant and Clarindore (Vol. II. p. 278) seems to be founded on the first appeal which is heard in the *Arrets d'Amour*.

[3] I have no intention of entering into the dispute

the booksellers, in addition to the copies in the Museum, and in the rich collection of his Majesty, which I consulted from time to time, form the basis of the present work.

With these aids I sat down to the business of collation: it was now that I discovered, with no less surprise than indignation, those alterations and omissions of which I have already spoken; and which I made it my first care to reform and supply. At the outset, finding it difficult to conceive that the variations in Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason were the effect of ignorance or caprice, I imagined that an authority for them might be somewhere found, and therefore collated not only every edition, but even several copies of the same edition;* what began in necessity was continued by choice, and every play has

respecting the comparative merits of the first and second folios of Shakspeare. Of Massinger, however, I may be allowed to say that I constantly found the earliest editions the most correct. A palpable errour might be, and, indeed, sometimes was removed in the subsequent ones, but the spirit, and what I would call the raciness, of the author only appeared complete in the original copies.

* In some of these plays I discovered that an errour had been detected after a part of the impression was

undergone, at least, five close examinations with the original text. On this strictness of revision rests the great distinction of this edition from the preceding ones, from which it will be found to vary in an infinite number of places: indeed, accuracy, as Mr. M. Mason says, is all the merit to which it pretends; and though I would not provoke, yet I see no reason to deprecate the consequences of the severest scrutiny.

There is yet another distinction. The old copies rarely specify the place of action: such, indeed, was the poverty of the stage, that it admitted of little variety. A plain curtain hung up in a corner, separated distant regions; and if a board were advanced with Milan or Florence written upon it, the delusion was complete. "A table with pen and ink thrust in," signified that the stage was a counting-house; if these were withdrawn, and two stools put in their places, it was then a tavern. Instances of this may be found in the margin of all our old plays, which seem to be copied from the prompter's books; and Mr. Malone might have pro-

worked off, and consequently corrected, or what was more frequently the case, exchanged for another.

duced from his Massinger alone, more than enough to satisfy the veriest sceptick, that the notion of scenery, as we now understand it, was utterly unknown to the stage. Indeed, he had so much the advantage of the argument without these aids, that I have always wondered how Steevens could so long support, and so strenuously contend for, his most hopeless cause. But he was a wit and a scholar; and there is some pride in shewing how dexterously a clumsy weapon may be wielded by a practised swordsman. With all this, however, I have ventured on an arrangement of the scenery. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason attempted it in two or three plays, and their ill success, in a matter of no extraordinary difficulty, proves how much they mistook their talents, when they commenced the trade of editorship, with little more than the negative qualities of heedlessness and inexperience.[s]

I come now to the notes. Those who are accustomed to the crowded pages of our

[s] *Heedlessness and inexperience.*] Those who recollect the boast of Mr. M. Mason, will be somewhat surprised, perhaps, even after all which they have heard, at learning that, in so simple a matter as marking the *exits*, this

modern editors, will probably be somewhat startled at the comparative nakedness of

gentleman blunders at every step. If Pope were now alive, he need not apply to his black-letter plays for such niceties as *exit omnes, enter three witches solus,** &c. Mr. M. Mason's edition, which he "flatters himself will be found more correct than the best of those which have been yet published of any other ancient dramatick writer," would furnish abundance of them. His copy of *the Fatal Dowry* now lies before me, and, in the compass of a few pages, I observe, *Exit Officers with Novall,* (196,) *Exit Charalois, Creditors, and Officers,* (200,) *Exit Romont and Servant,* (215,) *Exit Novall senior, and Pontalier,* (258,) &c. *All exit,* occurs in *the Emperor of the East;* (311;) *Exit Gentlemen,* (224,) and *Exit Tiberio and Stephano,* (245,) in *the Duke of Milan:* these last blunders are voluntary on the part of the editor: Coxeter, whom he usually follows, reads *Ex.* for *Exeunt,* the filling up, therefore, is solely due to his own ingenuity! Similar instances might be produced from every play. I would not infer from this that Mr. M. Mason is unacquainted with the meaning of so common a word; but if we relieve him from the charge of ignorance, what becomes of his accuracy? Indeed, it is difficult to say on what precise exertion of this faculty his claims to favour were founded. Sometimes characters come in that never go out, and go out that never come in; at other times they speak before they enter, or after they have left the stage, nay, "to make it the more gracious," after they are asleep or dead!

* See his Preface to Shakspeare.

If this be an errour, it is a voluntary one. I never could conceive why the readers of our old dramatists should be suspected of labouring under a greater degree of ignorance than those of any other class of writers; yet, from the trite and insignificant materials amassed for their information, it is evident that a persuasion of this nature is uncommonly prevalent. Customs which are universal; and expressions "familiar as household words" in every

Here one mode of spelling is adopted, there another; here Coxeter is servilely followed, there capriciously deserted; here the scenes are numbered, there continued without distinction; here *asides* are multiplied without necessity, there suppressed with manifest injury to the sense; while the page is every where encumbered with marginal directions, which, being intended solely for the property-man, who, as has been already mentioned, had but few properties at his disposal, can now only be regarded as designed to excite a smile at the expense of the author. Nor is this all: the absurd scenery introduced by Coxeter is continued in despite of common sense; the lists of dramatis personæ are imperfectly given in every instance; and even that of *the Fatal Dowry*, which has no description of the characters, is left by Mr. M. Mason as he found it, though nothing can be more destructive of that uniformity which the reader is led to expect from the bold pretensions of his preface. I hope it is needless to add that these irregularities will not be found in the present volumes.

mouth, are illustrated, that is to say, overlaid, by an immensity of parallel passages, with just as much wisdom and reach of thought as would be evinced by him who, to explain any simple word in this line, should empty upon the reader all the examples to be found under it in Johnson's Dictionary!

This cheap and miserable display of minute erudition grew up, in great measure, with Warton:—peace to his manes! the cause of sound literature has been fearfully avenged upon his head: and the knight-errant who, with his attendant Bowles, the dullest of all mortal squires, sallied forth in quest of the original proprietor of every common word in Milton, has had his copulatives and disjunctives, his *buts* and his *ands*, sedulously ferretted out from all the school-books in the kingdom. As a prose writer, he will long continue to instruct and delight; but as a poet, he is buried—lost. He is not of the race of the Titans, nor does he possess sufficient vigour to shake off the weight of incumbent mountains.

However this may be, I have proceeded on a different plan. Passages that only exercise the memory, by suggesting similar thoughts

and expressions in other writers, are, if somewhat obvious, generally left to the reader's own discovery. Uncommon and obsolete words are briefly explained, and, where the phraseology was doubtful or obscure, it is illustrated and confirmed, by quotations from contemporary authors. In this part of the work, no abuse has been attempted of the reader's patience: the most positive that could be found, are given, and a scrupulous attention is every where paid to brevity; as it has been always my persuasion,

> "That where one's proofs are aptly chosen,
> "Four are as valid as four dozen."

I do not know whether it may be proper to add here, that the freedoms of the Author (of which, as none can be more sensible than myself, so none can more lament them) have obtained little of my solicitude: those, therefore, who examine the notes with a prurient eye, will find no gratification of their licentiousness. I have called in no Amner to drivel out gratuitous obscenities in uncouth language;[6] no Collins (whose name should

[6] *In uncouth language;*] It is singular that Mr. Steevens, who was so well acquainted with the words of

be devoted to lasting infamy) to ransack the annals of a brothel for secrets "better hid;"[7] where I wished not to detain the reader, I have been silent, and instead of aspiring to the fame of a licentious commentator, sought only for the quiet approbation with which the father or the husband may reward the faithful editor.

But whatever may be thought of my own notes, the critical observations that follow each play, and, above all, the eloquent and masterly delineation of Massinger's character, subjoined to *the Old Law*, by the companion of my youth, the friend of my maturer years, the inseparable and affectionate associate of my pleasures and my pains, my graver and

our ancient writers, should be so ignorant of their style. The language which he has put into the mouth of Amner is a barbarous jumble of different ages, that never had, and never could have, a prototype.

[7] One book which (not being, perhaps, among the archives so carefully explored for the benefit of the youthful readers of Shakspeare) seems to have escaped the notice of Mr. Collins, may yet be safely commended to his future researches, as not unlikely to reward his pains. He will find in it, among many other things equally valuable, that, "*The knowledge of wickedness is not wisdom*, neither, at any time, the counsel of sinners prudence." *Eccles.* xix. 22.

my lighter studies, the Rev. Dr. Ireland,[8] will, I am persuaded, be received with peculiar pleasure, if precision, vigour, discrimination, and originality, preserve their usual claims to esteem.

The head of Massinger, prefixed to this volume, was copied by my young friend, Lascelles Hoppner, from the print before the three octavo plays published by H. Moseley, 1655.[9] Whether it be really the "vera effigies" of the Poet, I cannot pretend to say: it was produced sufficiently near his time to be accurate, and it has not the air of a fancy portrait. There is, I believe, no other.

[8] Prebendary of Westminster, and vicar of Croydon, in Surrey.

[9] The date in the plate is 1623. This mistake of the engraver, which was not discovered till it was printed off, the reader will have the goodness to correct with the pen.

ESSAY ON THE DRAMATICK WRITINGS OF MASSINGER.

By JOHN FERRIAR, M.D.

Manchester, October 25, 1786.

- - - - *Res antiquæ laudis et artis*
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes. Virg.

It might be urged, as a proof of our possessing a superfluity of good plays in our language, that one of our best dramatick writers is very generally disregarded. But whatever conclusion may be drawn from this fact, it will not be easy to free the publick from the suspicion of caprice, while it continues to idolize Shakspeare, and to neglect an author not often much inferiour, and sometimes nearly equal, to that wonderful poet. Massinger's fate has, indeed, been hard, far beyond the common topicks of the infelicity

of genius. He was not merely denied the fortune for which he laboured, and the fame which he merited; a still more cruel circumstance has attended his productions: literary pilferers have built their reputation on his obscurity, and the popularity of their stolen beauties has diverted the publick attention from the excellent original.

An attempt was made in favour of this injured Poet, in 1761, by a new edition of his works, attended with a critical dissertation on the old English dramatists, in which, though composed with spirit and elegance, there is little to be found respecting Massinger. Another edition appeared in 1773, but the Poet remained unexamined. Perhaps Massinger is still unfortunate in his vindicator.

The same irregularity of plot, and disregard of rules, appear in Massinger's productions, as in those of his cotemporaries. On this subject, Shakspeare has been so well defended, that it is unnecessary to add any arguments in vindication of our Poet. There is every reason to suppose that Massinger did not neglect the ancient rules from ignorance, for he appears to be one of our most learned writers, (notwithstanding the insipid sneer of

Antony Wood;[1]) and Cartwright, who was confessedly a man of great erudition, is not more attentive to the unities, than any other poet of that age. But our Author, like Shakspeare, wrote for bread: it appears, from different parts of his works,[2] that much of his life had passed in slavish dependance, and penury is not apt to encourage a desire of fame.

One observation, however, may be risked, on our irregular and regular plays; that the former are more pleasing to the taste, and the latter to the understanding: readers must determine, then, whether it is better to feel, or to approve. Massinger's dramatick art is too great to allow a faint sense of propriety to dwell on the mind, in perusing his pieces; he inflames or sooths, excites the strongest terrour, or the softest pity, with all the energy and power of a true poet.

But if we must admit, that an irregular plot subjects a writer to peculiar disadvantages, the force of Massinger's genius will appear more evidently, from this very con-

[1] *Athenæ Oxon.* Vol. I.

[2] See particularly the dedication of *the Maid of Honour*, and *Great Duke of Florence*.

cession. The interest of his pieces is, for the most part, strong and well defined; the story, though worked up to a studied intricacy, is, in general, resolved with as much ease and probability as its nature will permit; attention is never disgusted by anticipation, nor tortured with unnecessary delay. These characters are applicable to most of Massinger's own productions; but in those which he wrote jointly with other dramatists, the interest is often weakened, by incidents which that age permitted, but which the present would not endure. Thus, in *the Renegado*,[3] the honour of Paulina is preserved from the brutality of her Turkish master, by the influence of a relick, which she wears on her breast: in *the Virgin-Martyr*, the heroine is attended, through all her sufferings, by an angel disguised as her page; her persecutor is urged on to destroy her by an attendant fiend, also in disguise. Here our anxiety for the distressed, and our hatred of the wicked, are completely stifled, and we are more easily affected by some burlesque passages which follow, in the same legendary strain. In the last quoted play, the attendant angel picks

[3] This play was written by Massinger alone.

the pockets of two debauchees, and Theophilus overcomes the devil by means of a cross composed of flowers, which Dorothea had sent him from Paradise.

The story of *the Bondman* is more intricate than that of *the Duke of Milan*, yet the former is a more interesting play; for in the latter, the motives of Francisco's conduct, which occasions the distress of the piece, are only disclosed in narration, at the beginning of the fifth act: we therefore consider him, till that moment, as a man absurdly and unnaturally vicious: but in *the Bondman*, we have frequent glimpses of a concealed splendour in the character of Pisander, which keep our attention fixed, and exalt our expectation of the catastrophe. A more striking comparison might be instituted between *the Fatal Dowry* of our Author, and Rowe's copy of it in his *Fair Penitent;* but this is very fully and judiciously done, by the author of *the Observer*,[4] who has proved sufficiently, that the interest of *the Fair Penitent* is much weakened, by throwing into narration what Massinger had forcibly represented on the stage. Yet Rowe's play is rendered much

[4] No. LXXXVIII. LXXXIX. XC.

more regular by alteration. Farquhar's *Inconstant*, which is taken from our Author's *Guardian*, and Fletcher's *Wild-goose Chace*, is considerably less elegant and less interesting, by the plagiary's indiscretion; the lively, facetious Durazzo of Massinger is transformed into a nauseous buffoon, in the character of Old Mirabel.

The art and judgment with which our Poet conducts his incidents are every where admirable. In *the Duke of Milan*, our pity for Marcelia would inspire a detestation of all the other characters, if she did not facilitate her ruin by the indulgence of an excessive pride. In *the Bondman*, Cleora would be despicable when she changes her lover, if Leosthenes had not rendered himself unworthy of her, by a mean jealousy. The violence of Almira's passion in the *Very Woman*, prepares us for its decay. Many detached scenes in these pieces possess uncommon beauties of incident and situation. Of this kind are, the interview between Charles V. and Sforza,[1] which, though notoriously contrary to true history, and very deficient in the representation of the emperor, arrests our attention, and

[1] *Duke of Milan*, Act II.

awakens our feelings in the strongest manner; the conference of Matthias and Baptista, when Sophia's virtue becomes suspected;[6] the pleadings in *the Fatal Dowry*, respecting the funeral rites of Charalois; the interview between don John, disguised as a slave, and his mistress, to whom he relates his story;[7] but, above all, the meeting of Pisander and Cleora,[8] after he has excited the revolt of the slaves, in order to get her within his power. These scenes are eminently distinguished by their novelty, correctness, and interest; the most minute critick will find little wanting, and the lover of truth and nature can suffer nothing to be taken away.

It is no reproach of our Author, that the foundation of several, perhaps all, of his plots may be traced in different historians, or novellists; for in supplying himself from these sources, he followed the practice of the age. Shakspeare, Jonson, and the rest, are not more original, in this respect, than our Poet; if Cartwright may be exempted, he is the only exception to this remark. As the minds of an audience, unacquainted with the models of antiquity, could only be affected by imme-

[6] *Picture.* [7] *A Very Woman.* [8] *Bondman.*

diate application to their passions, our old writers crowded as many incidents, and of as perplexing a nature as possible, into their works, to support anxiety and expectation to their utmost height. In our reformed tragick school, our pleasure arises from the contemplation of the writer's art; and instead of eagerly watching for the unfolding of the plot, (the imagination being left at liberty by the simplicity of the action,) we consider whether it be properly conducted. Another reason, however, may be assigned for the intricacy of those plots, namely, the prevailing taste for the manners and writings of Italy. During the whole of the sixteenth, and part of the seventeenth century, Italy was the seat of elegance and arts, which the other European nations had begun to admire, but not to imitate. From causes which it would be foreign to the present purpose to enumerate, the Italian writers abounded in complicated and interesting stories, which were eagerly seized by a people not well qualified for invention;[9] but

[9] Cartwright and Congreve, who resemble each other strongly in some remarkable circumstances, are almost our only dramatists who have any claim to originality in their plots.

the richness, variety, and distinctness of character which our writers added to those tales, conferred beauties on them which charm us at this hour, however disguised by the alterations of manners and language.

Exact discrimination and consistency of character appear in all Massinger's productions; sometimes, indeed, the interest of the play suffers by his scrupulous attention to them. Thus, in *the Fatal Dowry*, Charalois's fortitude and determined sense of honour are carried to a most unfeeling and barbarous degree; and Francisco's villainy, in *the Duke of Milan*, is cold and considerate beyond nature. But here we must again plead the sad necessity under which our Poet laboured, of pleasing his audience at any rate. It was the prevailing opinion, that the characters ought to approach towards each other as little as possible. This was termed *art*, and in consequence of this, as Dr. Hurd observes,[1] some writers of that time have founded their characters on abstract ideas, instead of copying from real life. Those delicate and beautiful shades of manners, which we admire in Shakspeare, were reckoned inaccuracies by his

[1] *Essay on the Provinces of the Drama.*

contemporaries. Thus Cartwright says, in his verses to Fletcher, speaking of Shakspeare, whom he undervalues, "*nature was all his art.*"

General manners must always influence the stage; unhappily, the manners of Massinger's age were pedantick. Yet it must be allowed that our Author's characters are less abstract than those of Jonson or Cartwright, and that, with more dignity, they are equally natural with those of Fletcher. His conceptions are, for the most part, just and noble. We have a fine instance of this in the character of Dioclesian, who, very differently from the ranting tyrants by whom the stage has been so long possessed, is generous to his vanquished enemies, and persecutes from policy as much as from zeal. He attracts our respect, immediately on his appearance, by the following sentiments:

> - - - - In all growing empires,
> Even cruelty is useful; some must suffer,
> And be set up examples to strike terrour
> In others, though far off: but, when a state
> Is raised to her perfection, and her bases
> Too firm to shrink, or yield, we may use mercy,
> And do't with safety:
>
> *Virgin Martyr*, Act. I. sc. i.

Sforza is an elevated character, cast in a different mould; brave, frank, and generous, he is hurried, by the unrestrained force of his passions, into fatal excesses in love and friendship. He appears with great dignity before the emperor, on whose mercy he is thrown, by the defeat of his allies, the French, at the battle of Pavia. After recounting his obligations to Francis, he proceeds:

- - - If that, then, to be grateful
For courtesies received, or not to leave
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards, - - - -
- - - - - - - -
- - - Sforza brings his head
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,
For a forestall'd remission: that were poor,
And would but shame thy victory; for conquest
Over base foes, is a captivity,
And not a triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,
More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,
This crown upon my head, and to my side
This sword was girt; and witness truth, that, now
'Tis in another's power when I shall part
With them and life together, I'm the same:
My veins then did not swell with pride; nor now
Shrink they for fear.

The Duke of Milan, Act III. sc. ii.

In the scene where Sforza enjoins Francisco to dispatch Marcelia, in case of the emperor's proceeding to extremities against him, the Poet has given him a strong expression of horrour at his own purpose. After disposing Francisco to obey his commands without reserve, by recapitulating the favours conferred on him, Sforza proceeds to impress him with the blackest view of the intended deed:

> - - - But you must swear it;
> And put into the oath all joys or torments
> That fright the wicked, or confirm the good;
> Not to conceal it only, that is nothing,
> But, whensoe'er my will shall speak, Strike now,
> To fall upon't like thunder.
> - - - - - - -
> - - - Thou must do, then,
> What no malevolent star will dare to look on,
> It is so wicked: for which men will curse thee
> For being the instrument; and the blest angels
> Forsake me at my need, for being the author:
> For 'tis a deed of night, of night, Francisco!
> In which the memory of all good actions
> We can pretend to, shall be buried quick:
> Or, if we be remember'd, it shall be
> To fright posterity by our example,
> That have outgone all precedents of villains
> That were before us;
>
> *The Duke of Milan*, Act I. sc. ult.

If we compare this scene, and especially the

passage quoted, with the celebrated scene between king John and Hubert, we shall perceive this remarkable difference, that Sforza, while he proposes to his brother-in-law and favourite, the eventual murder of his wife, whom he idolizes, is consistent and determined; his mind is filled with the horrour of the deed, but born to the execution of it by the impulse of an extravagant and fantastick delicacy: John, who is actuated solely by the desire of removing his rival in the crown, not only fears to communicate his purpose to Hubert, though he perceives him to be

> A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
> Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame;

but after he has sounded him, and found him ready to execute whatever he can propose, he only hints at the deed. Sforza enlarges on the cruelty and atrocity of his design; John is afraid to utter *his*, in the view of the sun: nay, the sanguinary Richard hesitates in proposing the murder of his nephews to Buckingham. In this instance then, as well as that of Charalois, our Poet may seem to deviate from nature, for ambition is a stronger passion than love, yet Sforza decides with more

promptness and confidence than either of Shakspeare's characters. We must consider, however, that timidity and irresolution are characteristicks of John, and that Richard's hesitation appears to be assumed, only in order to transfer the guilt and odium of the action to Buckingham.

It was hinted before, that the character of Pisander, in *the Bondman*, is more interesting than that of Sforza. His virtues, so unsuitable to the character of a slave, the boldness of his designs, and the steadiness of his courage, excite attention and anxiety in the most powerful manner. He is perfectly consistent, and, though lightly shaded with chivalry, is not deficient in nature or passion. Leosthenes is also the child of nature, whom perhaps we trace in some later jealous characters. Cleora is finely drawn, but to the present age, perhaps, appears rather too masculine: the exhibition of characters which should wear an unalterable charm, in their finest and almost insensible touches, was peculiar to the prophetick genius of Shakspeare.[2] Massinger

[2] If Massinger formed the singular character of sir Giles Over-reach from his own imagination, what should we think of his sagacity, who have seen this poetical

has given a strong proof of his genius, by introducing in a different play, a similar character, in a like situation to that of Pisander, yet with sufficient discrimination of manners and incident: I mean don John, in the *Very Woman*, who, like Pisander, gains his mistress's heart, under the disguise of a slave. Don John is a model of magnanimity, superiour to Cato, because he is free from pedantry and ostentation. I believe he may be regarded as an original character. It was easy to interest our feelings for all the characters already described, but no writer, before Massinger, had attempted to make a player the hero of tragedy. This, however, he has executed, with surprising address, in *the Roman Actor.* It must be confessed that Paris, the actor, owes much of his dignity to incidents: at the opening of the play, he defends his profession successfully before the senate; this artful introduction raises him in our ideas, above the level of his situation, for the Poet has "graced him with all the power of words;" the empress's passion for him places him in a still more distinguished light, and he meets his

phantom realised in our days? Its apparent extravagance required this support.

death from the hand of the emperor himself, in a mock-play. It is, perhaps, from a sense of the difficulty of exalting Paris's character, and of the dexterity requisite to fix the attention of the audience on it, that Massinger says, in the dedication of this play, that "he ever held it the most perfect birth of his Minerva." I know not whether it is owing to design, or to want of art, that Romont, in *the Fatal Dowry*, interests us as much as Charalois, the hero. If Charalois surrenders his liberty to procure funeral rites for his father, Romont previously provokes the court to imprison him, by speaking with too much animation in the cause of his friend. Romont, though insulted by Charalois, who discredits his report of Beaumelle's infidelity, flies to him with all the eagerness of attachment, when Charalois is involved in difficulties by the murder of Novall and his wife, and revenges his death, when he is assassinated by Pontalier. Rowe, who neglected the finest parts of this tragedy in his plagiarism, *(the Fair Penitent,)* has not failed to copy the fault I have pointed out. His Horatio is a much finer character than his Altamont, yet he is but a puppet when compared with

Massinger's Romont. Camiola, *(the Maid of Honour,)* is a most delightful character; her fidelity, generosity, dignity of manners, and elevation of sentiments, are finely displayed, and nobly sustained throughout. It is pity that the Poet thought himself obliged to debase all the other characters in the piece in order to exalt her. There is an admirable portrait of Old Malefort, in that extravagant composition, *the Unnatural Combat.* The Poet seems to equal the art of the writer whom he here imitates:

> - - - I have known him
> From his first youth, but never yet observed,
> In all the passages of his life and fortunes,
> Virtues so mix'd with vices: valiant the world speaks him,
> But with that, bloody; liberal in his gifts too,
> But to maintain his prodigal expense,
> A fierce extortioner; an impotent lover
> Of women for a flash, but, his fires quench'd,
> Hating as deadly: Act. III. sc. ii.

Almira and Cardenes, in the *Very Woman,* are copied from nature, and therefore never obsolete. They appear like many favourite characters in our present comedy, amiable in their tempers, and warm in their attachments, but capricious, and impatient of control.

Massinger, with unusual charity, has introduced a physician in a respectable point of view, in this play. We are agreeably interested in Durazzo,[3] who has all the good nature of Terence's Micio, with more spirit. His picture of country sports may be viewed with delight even by those who might not relish the reality:

> - - - rise before the sun,
> Then make a breakfast of the morning dew,
> Served up by nature on some grassy hill;
> You'll find it nectar,

In *the City Madam*, we are presented with the character of a finished hypocrite, but so artfully drawn, that he appears to be rather governed by external circumstances, to which he adapts himself, than to act, like Moliere's Tartuffe, from a formal system of wickedness. His humility and benevolence, while he appears as a ruined man, and as his brother's servant, are evidently produced by the pressure of his misfortunes, and he discovers a tameness, amidst the insults of his relations, that indicates an inherent baseness of disposition.[4]—When he is informed that his brother

[3] *The Guardian.*

[4] See particularly his soliloquy, Act III. sc. ii.

has retired from the world, and has left him his immense fortune, he seems at first to apprehend a deception:

> - - - O my good lord!
> This heap of wealth which you possess me of,
> Which to a worldly man had been a blessing,
> And to the messenger might with justice challenge
> A kind of adoration, is to me
> A curse I cannot thank you for; and much less
> Rejoice in that tranquillity of mind
> My brother's vows must purchase. I have made
> A dear exchange with him: he now enjoys
> My peace and poverty, the trouble of
> His wealth conferr'd on me, and that a burthen
> Too heavy for my weak shoulders. Act. III. sc. ii.

On receiving the will, he begins to promise unbounded lenity to his servants, and makes professions and promises to the ladies who used him so cruelly in his adversity, which appear at last to be ironical, though they take them to be sincere. He does not display himself till he has visited his wealth, the sight of which dazzles and astonishes him so far as to throw him off his guard, and to render him insolent. Massinger displays a knowledge of man not very usual with dramatick writers, while he represents the same person as prodigal of a small fortune in his

youth, servile and hypocritical in his distresses, arbitrary and rapacious in the possession of wealth suddenly acquired: for those seeming changes of character depend on the same disposition variously influenced; I mean, on a base and feeble mind, incapable of resisting the power of external circumstances. In order, however, to prepare us for the extravagances of this character, after he is enriched, the Poet delineates his excessive transports on viewing his wealth, in a speech which cannot be injured by a comparison with any soliloquy in our language:

'Twas no fantastick object, but a truth,
A real truth; nor dream: I did not slumber,
And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon't! it did endure the touch,
I saw and felt it! Yet what I beheld
And handled oft, did so transcend belief,
(My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er,)
I faintly could give credit to my senses.
Thou dumb magician,—[*Taking out a key.*]—that without a charm
Did'st make my entrance easy, to possess
What wise men wish, and toil for! Hermes' moly,
Sibylla's golden bough, the great elixir,
Imagined only by the alchymist,
Compared with thee are shadows,—thou the substance,
And guardian of felicity! No marvel,

My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,
Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress
To be hugg'd ever! In by-corners of
This sacred room, silver in bags, heap'd up
Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold
That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.
There needs no artificial light; the splendour
Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness
By that still-burning lamp for ever banish'd!
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,
Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth
A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place
Heaven's abstract, or epitome!—rubies, sapphires,
And ropes of oriental pearl; these seen, I could not
But look on gold with contempt.[5] And yet I found
What weak credulity could have no faith in,
A treasure far exceeding these: here lay
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting;
Here a sure deed of gift for a market-town,

[5] In these quotations, the present edition has been hitherto followed. Dr. Ferriar, it appears, made use of Mr. M. Mason's, to whose vitiated readings it is necessary to recur on the present occasion, as the Doctor founds on them his exception to the general excellence of Massinger's versification. The reader who wishes to know how these lines were really given by the Poet, must turn to Vol. IV. p. 66, where he will find them to be as flowing and harmonious as any part of the speech.
EDITOR.

If not redeem'd this day, which is not in
The unthrift's power: there being scarce one shire
In Wales or England, where my monies are not
Lent out at usury, the certain hook
To draw in more. I am sublimed! gross earth
Supports me not; I walk on air!—Who's there?

Enter Lord LACY, *with Sir* JOHN FRUGAL, *Sir* MAURICE LACY, *and* PLENTY, *disguised as Indians.*

Thieves! raise the street! thieves! Act III. sc. iii.

It was a great effort by which such a train of violent emotions and beautiful images was drawn, with the strictest propriety, from the indulgence of a passion to which other poets can only give interest in its anxieties and disappointments. Every sentiment in this fine soliloquy is touched with the hand of a master; the speaker, overcome by the splendour of his acquisitions, can scarcely persuade himself that the event is real; "it is no fantasy, but a truth; a real truth, no dream; he does not slumber;" the natural language of one who strives to convince himself that he is fortunate beyond all probable expectation; for "he could wake ever to gaze upon his treasure:" again he reverts to his assurances; "it did endure the touch; he saw and felt it." These broken exclamations and anxious

repetitions, are the pure voice of nature. Recovering from his astonishment, his mind dilates with the value of his possessions, and the Poet finely directs the whole gratitude of this mean character to the key of his stores. In the description which follows, there is a striking climax in sordid luxury; that passage where

> Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth
> A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
> Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place
> Heaven's abstract, or epitome!

though founded on a false idea in natural history, long since exploded, is amply excused by the singular and beautiful image which it presents. The contemplation of his enormous wealth, still amplified by his fancy, transports him at length to a degree of frenzy; and now seeing strangers approach, he cannot conceive them to come upon any design but that of robbing him, and with the appeasing of his ridiculous alarm this storm of passion subsides, which stands unrivalled in its kind, in dramatick history. The soliloquy possesses a very uncommon beauty, that of forcible description united with passion and character. I should scarcely hesitate to prefer the de-

scription of sir John Frugal's counting-house to Spenser's house of riches.

It is very remarkable, that in this passage, the versification is so exact, (two lines only excepted[6]) and the diction so pure and elegant, that, although much more than a century has elapsed since it was written, it would be perhaps impossible to alter the measure or language without injury, and certainly very difficult to produce an equal length of blank verse, from any modern poet, which should bear a comparison with Massinger's, even in the mechanical part of its construction. This observation may be extended to all our Poet's productions: majesty, elegance, and sweetness of diction predominate in them. It is needless to quote any single passage for proof of this, because none of those which I am going to introduce will afford any exception to the remark. Independent of character, the writings of this great Poet abound with noble passages. It is only in the productions of true poetical genius that we meet with successful allusions to sublime natural objects; the attempts of an inferiour writer, in this kind, are either borrowed or disgusting. If Massinger

[6] But see the note, p. cvii.

were to be tried by this rule alone, we must rank him very high; a few instances will prove this. Theophilus, speaking of Diocle-sian's arrival, says,

> - - - - The marches of great princes,
> Like to the motions of prodigious meteors,
> Are step by step observed;
> *Virgin Martyr*, Act I. sc. i.

The introductory circumstances of a threaten-ing piece of intelligence, are

> - - - but creeping billows,
> Not got to shore yet: *Ib.* Act II. sc. ii.

In the same play, we meet with this charming image, applied to a modest young nobleman:

> The sunbeams which the emperor throws upon him,
> Shine there but as in water, and gild him
> Not with one spot of pride: *Ib.* sc. iii.

No other figure could so happily illustrate the peace and purity of an ingenuous mind, un-corrupted by favour. Massinger seems fond of this thought; we meet with a similar one in *the Guardian:*

> I have seen those eyes with pleasant glances play
> Upon Adorio's, like Phœbe's shine,
> Gilding a crystal river; Act IV. sc. i.

There are two parallel passages in Shakspeare,

to whom we are probably indebted for this, as well as for many other fine images of our Poet. The first is in the *Winter's Tale:*

> He says he loves my daughter;
> I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon
> Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
> As 'twere, my daughter's eyes. Act IV. sc. iv.

The second is ludicrous:

> *King.* Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
> (Those clouds remov'd) upon our wat'ry eyne.
> *Ros.* O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
> Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.
> *Love's Labour's Lost,* Act V. sc. ii.

The following images are applied, I think, in a new manner:

> - - - - as the sun,
> Thou did'st rise gloriously, kept'st a constant course
> In all thy journey; and now, in the evening,
> When thou should'st pass with honour to thy rest,
> Wilt thou fall like a meteor?
> *Virgin-Martyr,* Act V. sc. ii.

> O summer friendship,
> Whose flattering leaves that shadow'd us in our
> Prosperity, with the least gust drop off
> In the autumn of adversity.
> *Maid of Honour,* Act III. sc. i.

In the last quoted play, Camiola says, in perplexity,

> - - - - - What a sea
> Of melting ice I walk on! Act III. sc. iv.

A very noble figure, in the following passage, seems borrowed from Shakspeare:

> - - - - What a bridge
> Of glass I walk upon, over a river.
> Of certain ruin, *mine own weighty fears*
> *Cracking what should support me!*
> *The Bondman,* Act IV. sc. iii.

> I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
> As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
> As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
> On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.
> *Henry IV.* Part I. Act I. sc. iii.

It cannot be denied that Massinger has improved on his original: he cannot be said to borrow, so properly as to imitate. This remark may be applied to many other passages: thus Harpax's menace,

> - - - I'll take thee - - and hang thee
> In a contorted chain of isicles
> In the frigid zone:
> *The Virgin-Martyr,* Act V. sc. i.

is derived from the same source with that

passage in *Measure for Measure*, where it is said to be a punishment in a future state,

- - - - - to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.

Again, in *the Old Law*, we meet with a passage similar to a much celebrated one of Shakspeare's, but copied with no common hand:

- - - In my youth
I was a soldier, no coward in my age;
I never turn'd my back upon my foe;
I have felt nature's winters, sicknesses,
Yet ever kept a lively sap in me
To greet the cheerful spring of health again.
Act I. sc. i.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.[7] *As You Like It*, Act II. sc. iii.

[7] In an expression of Archidamas, in *the Bondman*, we discover, perhaps, the origin of an image in *Paradise Lost*:

- - - O'er our heads, with sail-stretch'd wings,
Destruction hovers. *The Bondman*, Act I. sc. iii.

Milton says of Satan,

- - - *His sail-broad vanns*
He spreads for flight.

Our Poet's writings are stored with fine sentiments, and the same observation which has been made on Shakspeare's, holds true of our Author, that his sentiments are so artfully introduced, that they appear to come uncalled, and to force themselves on the mind of the speaker.[3] In the legendary play of *the Virgin-Martyr*, Angelo delivers a beautiful sentiment, perfectly in the spirit of the piece:

- - - Look on the poor
With gentle eyes, for in such habits, often,
Angels desire an alms.

When Francisco, in *the Duke of Milan*, succeeds in his designs against the life of Marcelia, he remarks with exultation, that

When he's a suitor, that brings cunning arm'd
With power, to be his advocates, the denial
Is a disease as killing as the plague,
And chastity a clue that leads to death.

Act IV. sc. ii.

Pisander, in *the Bondman*, moralizes the insolence of the slaves to their late tyrants, after the revolt, in a manner that tends strongly to interest us in his character:

Here they, that never see themselves, but in
The glass of servile flattery, might behold
The weak foundation upon which they build

[3] Mrs. Montagu's *Essay on Shakspeare.*

Their trust in human frailty. Happy are those,
That knowing, in their births, they are subject to
Uncertain change, are still prepared, and arm'd
For either fortune: a rare principle,
And with much labour, learn'd in wisdom's school!
For, as these bondmen, by their actions, shew
That their prosperity, like too large a sail
For their small bark of judgment, sinks them with
A fore-right gale of liberty, ere they reach
The port they long to touch at: so these wretches,
Swollen with the false opinion of their worth,
And proud of blessings left them, not acquired;
That did believe they could with giant arms
Fathom the earth, and were above their fates,
Those borrow'd helps, that did support them, vanish'd,
Fall of themselves, and by unmanly suffering,
Betray their proper weakness. Act III. sc. iii.

His complaint of the hardships of slavery must not be entirely passed over:

- - - - The noble horse,
That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils
Neigh'd courage to his rider, and brake through
Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord
Safe to triumphant victory; old or wounded
Was set at liberty, and freed from service.
The Athenian mules, that from the quarry drew
Marble, hew'd for the temples of the gods,
The great work ended, were dismiss'd, and fed
At the publick cost; nay, faithful dogs have found
Their sepulchres; but man, to man more cruel,
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave.
Ib. Act IV. sc. ii.

The sense of degradation in a lofty mind, hurried into vice by a furious and irresistible passion, is expressed very happily in *the Renegado*, by Donusa:

\- - - - What poor means
Must I make use of now! and flatter such,
To whom, till I betray'd my liberty,
One gracious look of mine would have erected
An altar to my service! Act II. sc. i.

Again,

\- - - O that I should blush
To speak what I so much desire to do!

When Mathias, in *the Picture*, is informed by the magical skill of his friend, that his wife's honour is in danger, his first exclamations have at least as much sentiment as passion:

\- - - - - - It is more
Impossible in nature for gross bodies,
Descending of themselves, to hang in the air;
Or with my single arm to underprop
A falling tower; nay, in its violent course
To stop the lightning, than to stay a woman
Hurried by two furies, lust and falsehood,
In her full career to wickedness!
\- - - - -
\- - - I am thrown
From a steep rock headlong into a gulph
Of misery, and find myself past hope,
In the same moment that I apprehend
That I am falling. Act IV. sc. i.

But if Massinger does not always exhibit the liveliest and most natural expressions of passion; if, like most other poets, he sometimes substitutes declamation for those expressions; in description at least he puts forth all his strength, and never disappoints us of an astonishing exertion. We may be content to rest his character, in the description of passion, on the following single instance. In the *Very Woman*, Almira's lover, Cardenes, is dangerously wounded in a quarrel, by don John Antonio, who pays his addresses to her. Take, now, a description of Almira's frenzy on this event, which the prodigal author has put into the mouth of a chambermaid:

- - - If she slumber'd, straight,
As if some dreadful vision had appear'd,
She started up, her hair unbound, and, with
Distracted looks staring about the chamber,
She asks aloud, *Where is Martino? where*
Have you conceal'd him? sometimes names Antonio,
Trembling in every joint, her brows contracted,
Her fair face as 'twere changed into a curse,
Her hands held up thus; and, as if her words
Were too big to find passage through her mouth,
She groans, then throws herself upon her bed,
Beating her breast. Act II. sc. iii.

To praise or to elucidate this passage, would

be equally superfluous; I am acquainted with nothing superiour to it, in descriptive poetry, and it would be hardy to bring any single instance in competition with it. Our Poet is not less happy in his descriptions of inanimate nature, and his descriptions bear the peculiar stamp of true genius in their beautiful conciseness. What an exquisite picture does he present in the compass of less than two lines!

> - - - yon hanging cliff, that glasses
> His rugged forehead in the neighbouring lake,
> *Renegado*, Act II. sc. v.

Thus also Dorothea's description of Paradise:

> *There's* a perpetual spring, perpetual youth:
> No joint-benumbing cold, or scorching heat,
> Famine, nor age, have any being there.
> *The Virgin Martyr*, Act IV. sc. iii.

After all the encomiums on a rural life, and after all the soothing sentiments and beautiful images lavished on it, by poets who never lived in the country, Massinger has furnished one of the most charming unborrowed descriptions that can be produced on the subject:

> Happy the golden mean! had I been born
> In a poor sordid cottage, not nurs'd up

With expectation to command a court,
I might, like such of your condition, sweetest,
Have ta'en a safe and middle course, and not,
As I am now, against my choice, compell'd
Or to lie grovelling on the earth, or raised
So high upon the pinnacles of state,
That I must either keep my height with danger,
Or fall with certain ruin - - - -
- - - - we might walk
In solitary groves, or in choice gardens;
From the variety of curious flowers
Contemplate nature's workmanship, and wonders;
And then, for change, near to the murmur of
Some bubbling fountain, I might hear you sing,
And, from the well-tuned accents of your tongue,
In my imagination conceive
With what melodious harmony a quire
Of angels sing above their Maker's praises.
And then with chaste discourse, as we return'd,
Imp feathers to the broken wings of time:—

- - - - walk into
The silent groves, and hear the amorous birds
Warbling their wanton notes; here, a sure shade
Of barren sicamores, which the all-seeing sun
Could not pierce through; near that, an arbour hung
With spreading eglantine; there, a bubbling spring
Watering a bank of hyacinths and lilies;

The Great Duke of Florence, Act I. sc. i. and Act IV. sc. ii.

Let us oppose to these peaceful and inglori-

ous images, the picture of a triumph by the same masterly hand:

> - - - when she views you,
> Like a triumphant conqueror, carried through
> The streets of Syracusa, the glad people
> Pressing to meet you, and the senators
> Contending who shall heap most honours on you;
> The oxen, crown'd with garlands, led before you,
> Appointed for the sacrifice; and the altars
> Smoaking with thankful incense to the gods:
> The soldiers chanting loud hymns to your praise,
> The windows fill'd with matrons and with virgins,
> Throwing upon your head, as you pass by,
> The choicest flowers, and silently invoking
> The queen of love, with their particular vows,
> To be thought worthy of you.
>
> *The Bondman*, Act III. sc. iv.

Every thing here is animated, yet every action is appropriated: a painter might work after this sketch, without requiring an additional circumstance.

The speech of young Charalois, in the funeral procession, if too metaphorical for his character and situation, is at least highly poetical:

> How like a silent stream shaded with night,
> And gliding softly with our windy sighs,
> Moves the whole frame of this solemnity!
> - - - - - -

Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove
Of death, thus hollowly break forth.
The Fatal Dowry, Act II. sc. i.

It may afford some consolation to inferiour genius, to remark that even Massinger sometimes employs pedantick and overstrained allusions. He was fond of displaying the little military knowledge he possessed, which he introduces in the following passage, in a most extraordinary manner: one beautiful image in it must excuse the rest:

\- - - were Margaret only fair,
The cannon of her more than earthly form,
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,
And ramm'd with bullets of her sparkling eyes,
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses
Could batter none, but that which guards your sight.
But - - - - - -
\- - when you feel her touch, and breath
Like a soft western wind, when it glides o'er
Arabia, creating gums and spices;
And in the van, the nectar of her lips,
Which you must taste, bring the battalia on,
Well arm'd, and strongly lined with her discourse,
\- - - - - - -
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,
To follow such a Venus.
A New Way to pay Old Debts, Act III. sc. i.

What pity, that he should ever write so extra-

vagantly, who could produce this tender and delicate image, in another piece:

> What's that? oh, nothing but the whispering wind
> Breathes through yon churlish hawthorn, that grew rude,
> As if it chid the gentle breath that kiss'd it.
>
> *The Old Law*, Act IV. sc. ii.

I wish it could be added to Massinger's just praises, that he had preserved his scenes from the impure dialogue which disgusts us in most of our old writers. But we may observe, in defence of his failure, that several causes operated at that time to produce such a dialogue, and that an author who subsisted by writing was absolutely subjected to the influence of those causes. The manners of the age permitted great freedoms in language; the theatre was not frequented by the best company; the male part of the audience was by much the more numerous; and, what perhaps had a greater effect than any of these, the women's parts were performed by boys. So powerful was the effect of those circumstances, that Cartwright is the only dramatist of that age whose works are tolerably free from indecency. Massinger's errour, perhaps, appears more strongly, because his in-

delicacy has not always the apology of wit; for, either from a natural deficiency in that quality, or from the peculiar model on which he had formed himself, his comick characters are less witty than those of his cotemporaries, and when he attempts wit, he frequently degenerates into buffoonery. But he has shewed, in a remarkable manner, the justness of his taste, in declining the practice of quibbling; and as wit and a quibble were supposed, in that age, to be inseparable, we are perhaps to seek, in his aversion to the prevailing folly, the true cause of his sparing employment of wit.

Our Poet excels more in the description than in the expression of passion; this may be ascribed, in some measure, to his nice attention to the fable: while his scenes are managed with consummate skill, the lighter shades of character and sentiment are lost in the tendency of each part to the catastrophe.

The prevailing beauties of his productions are dignity and elegance; their predominant fault is want of passion.

The melody, force, and variety of his versification are every where remarkable: admitting the force of all the objections which are made to the employment of blank verse in

comedy, Massinger possesses charms sufficient to dissipate them all. It is indeed equally different from that which modern authors are pleased to style blank verse, and from the flippant prose so loudly celebrated in the comedies of the day. The neglect of our old comedies seems to arise from other causes, than from the employment of blank verse in their dialogue; for, in general, its construction is so natural, that in the mouth of a good actor it runs into elegant prose. The frequent delineations of perishable manners, in our old comedy, have occasioned this neglect, and we may foresee the fate of our present fashionable pieces, in that which has attended Jonson's, Fletcher's, and Massinger's: they are either entirely overlooked, or so mutilated, to fit them for representation, as neither to retain the dignity of the old comedy, nor to acquire the graces of the new.

The changes of manners have necessarily produced very remarkable effects on theatrical performances. In proportion as our best writers are further removed from the present times, they exhibit bolder and more diversified characters, because the prevailing manners admitted a fuller display of sentiments, in the

common intercourse of life. Our own times, in which the intention of polite education is to produce a general, uniform manner, afford little diversity of character for the stage. Our dramatists, therefore, mark the distinctions of their characters, by incidents more than by sentiments, and abound more in striking situations than interesting dialogue. In the old comedy, the catastrophe is occasioned, in general, by a change in the mind of some principal character, artfully prepared, and cautiously conducted; in the modern, the unfolding of the plot is effected by the overturning of a screen, the opening of a door, or by some other equally dignified machine.

When we compare Massinger with the other dramatick writers of his age, we cannot long hesitate where to place him. More natural in his characters, and more poetical in his diction, than Jonson or Cartwright, more elevated and nervous than Fletcher, the only writers who can be supposed to contest his pre-eminence, Massinger ranks immediately under Shakspeare himself.

It must be confessed, that in comedy Massinger falls considerably beneath Shakspeare; his wit is less brilliant, and his ridicule less

delicate and various; but he affords a specimen of elegant comedy,[9] of which there is no archetype in his great predecessor. By the rules of a very judicious critick,[1] the characters in this piece appear to be of too elevated a rank for comedy; yet though the plot is somewhat embarrassed by this circumstance, the diversity, spirit, and consistency of the characters render it a most interesting play. In tragedy, Massinger is rather eloquent than pathetick; yet he is often as majestick, and generally more elegant than his master; he is as powerful a ruler of the understanding, as Shakspeare is of the passions: with the disadvantage of succeeding that matchless poet, there is still much original beauty in his works; and the most extensive acquaintance with poetry will hardly diminish the pleasure of a reader and admirer of Massinger.

[9] *The Great Duke of Florence.*

[1] See the *Essay on the Provinces of the Dra....*

COMMENDATORY VERSES ON MASSINGER.

Upon this Work [The Duke of Milan] *of his beloved Friend the Author.*

I AM snapt already, and may go my way;
The poet-critick's come; I hear him say
This youth's mistook, the author's work's a play.

He could not miss it, he will straight appear
At such a bait; 'twas laid on purpose there
To take the vermin, and I have him here.

Sirrah! you will be nibbling; a small bit,
A syllable, when you're in the hungry fit,
Will serve to stay the stomach of your wit.

Fool, knave, what worse, for worse cannot deprave thee;
And were the devil now instantly to have thee,
Thou canst not instance such a work to save thee,

'Mongst all the ballets which thou dost compose,
And what thou stylest thy Poems, ill as those,
And void of rhyme and reason, thy worse prose:

Yet like a rude jack-sauce in poesy,
With thoughts unblest, and hand unmannerly,
Ravishing branches from Apollo's tree;

Thou mak'st a garland, for thy touch unfit,
And boldly deck'st thy pig-brain'd sconce with it,
As if it were the supreme head of wit:

The blameless Muses blush; who not allow
That reverend order to each vulgar brow,
Whose sinful touch profanes the holy bough.

Hence, shallow prophet, and admire the strain
Of thine own pen, or thy poor cope-mate's vein;
This piece too curious is for thy coarse brain.

Here wit, more fortunate, is join'd with art,
And that most sacred frenzy bears a part,
Infused by nature in the Poet's heart.

Here may the puny wits themselves direct,
Here may the wisest find what to affect,
And kings may learn their proper dialect.

On then, dear friend, thy pen, thy name, shall spread,
And shouldst thou write, while thou shalt not be read,
The Muse must labour, when thy hand is dead.

W. B.[1]

[1] W. B.] 'Tis the opinion of Mr. Reed, that the initials W. B. stand for William Brown, the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*. I see no reason to think otherwise, except that Ben Jonson, whom W. B. seems to attack all through this Poem, had greatly celebrated Brown's *Pastorals*; but indeed Jonson was so capricious in his temper, that we must not suppose him to be very constant in his friendships. DAVIES.

This is a pretty early specimen of the judgment which Davies brought to the elucidation of his work. Not a line, not a syllable of this little poem can, by any violence, be tortured into a reflection on Jonson, whom he supposes to be "attacked all through it"! In 1622, when it was written, that great poet was at the height of his reputation, the envy, the admiration, and the terrour, of his contemporaries; would a "young" writer

The Author's Friend to the Reader, on the Bondman.

THE printer's haste calls on; I must not drive
My time past six, though I begin at five.
One hour I have entire, and 'tis enough,
Here are no gipsy jigs, no drumming-stuff,
Dances, or other trumpery to delight,
Or take, by common way, the common sight.
The author of this poem, as he dares
To stand the austerest censure, so he cares
As little what it is; his own best way
Is to be judge, and author of his play:
It is his knowledge makes him thus secure;
Nor does he write to please, but to endure.
And, reader, if you have disburs'd a shilling,
To see this worthy story, and are willing
To have a large increase, if ruled by me,
You may a merchant and a poet be.
'Tis granted for your twelve-pence you did sit,
And see, and hear, and understand not yet.

presume to term such a man "fool, knave," &c.? would he—but the enquiry is too absurd for further pursuit.

I know not the motives which induced Mr. Reed to attribute these stanzas to W. Brown; they may, I think, with some probability, be referred to W. Basse, a minor poet, whose tribute of praise is placed at the head of the commendatory verses on Shakspeare; or to W. Barksted, author of *Myrrha the Mother of Adonis*, a poem, 1607. Barksted was an actor, as appears from a list of "the principal comedians" who represented Jonson's *Silent Woman*; and therefore not less likely than the author of *Britannia's Pastorals* to say, that,

"——— in the way of poetry, now-a-days,
"Of all that are call'd *works* the best are plays."

There is not much to be said for these introductory poems, which must be viewed rather as proofs of friendship than of talents. In the former editions they are given with a degree of ignorance and inattention truly scandalous.

The author, in a Christian pity, takes
Care of your good, and prints it for your sakes,
That such as will but venture sixpence more,
May know what they but saw and heard before:
'Twill not be money lost, if you can read,
(There's all the doubt now,) but your gains exceed,
If you can understand, and you are made
Free of the freest and the noblest trade;
And in the way of poetry, now-a-days,
Of all that are call'd works the best are plays.

W. B.

To my honoured Friend, Master PHILIP MASSINGER, *upon his* Renegado.

DABBLERS in poetry, that only can
Court this weak lady, or that gentleman,
With some loose wit in rhyme;
Others that fright the time
Into belief, with mighty words that tear
A passage through the ear;
Or nicer men,
That through a perspective will see a play,
And use it the wrong way,
(Not worth thy pen,)
Though all their pride exalt them, cannot be
Competent judges of thy lines or thee.

I must confess I have no publick name
To rescue judgment, no poetick flame
To dress thy Muse with praise,
And Phœbus his own bays;
Yet I commend this poem, and dare tell
The world I liked it well;

And if there be
A tribe who in their wisdoms dare accuse
This offspring of thy Muse,
Let them agree
Conspire one comedy, and they will say,
'Tis easier to commend than make a play.

JAMES SHIRLEY.[2]

To his worthy Friend, Master PHILIP MASSINGER, *on his Play call'd* the Renegado,

THE bosom of a friend cannot breathe forth
A flattering phrase to speak the noble worth
Of him that hath lodged in his honest breast
So large a title: I, among the rest
That honour thee, do only seem to praise,
Wanting the flowers of art to deck that bays
Merit has crown'd thy temples with. Know, friend,
Though there are some who merely do commend
To live i' the world's opinion, such as can
Censure with judgment, no such piece of man
Makes up my spirit; where desert does live,
There will I plant my wonder, and there give
My best endeavours to build up his story
That truly merits. I did ever glory
To behold virtue rich; though cruel Fate
In scornful malice does beat low their state
That best deserve; when others, that but know
Only to scribble, and no more, oft grow

[2] JAMES SHIRLEY.] A well-known dramatick writer. His works, which are very voluminous, have never been collected in an uniform edition, though highly deserving of it. He assisted Fletcher in many of his plays; and some, say his biographers, thought him equal to that great poet. He died in 1666.

Great in their favours, that would seem to be
Patrons of wit, and modest poesy:
Yet, with your abler friends, let me say this,
Many may strive to equal you, but miss
Of your fair scope; this work of yours men may
Throw in the face of envy, and then say
To those, that are in great men's thoughts more blest,
Imitate this, and call that work your best.
Yet wise men, in this, and too often, err,
When they their love before the work prefer.
If I should say more, some may blame me for't,
Seeing your merits speak you, not report.

DANIEL LAKYN.

To his dear Friend the Author, on the Roman Actor.

I AM no great admirer of the plays,
Poets, or actors, that are now-a-days;
Yet, in this work of thine, methinks, I see
Sufficient reason for idolatry.
Each line thou hast taught Cæsar is as high
As he could speak, when groveling flattery,
And his own pride (forgetting heaven's rod)
By his edicts styled himself great Lord and God.
By thee, again the laurel crowns his head,
And, thus revived, who can affirm him dead?
Such power lies in this lofty strain as can
Give swords and legions to Domitian:
And when thy Paris pleads in the defence
Of actors, every grace and excellence
Of argument for that subject, are by thee
Contracted in a sweet epitome.
Nor do thy women the tired hearers vex
With language no way proper to their sex.

Just like a cunning painter thou let'st fall
Copies more fair than the original.
I'll add but this: from all the modern plays
The stage hath lately born, this wins the bays;
And if it come to trial, boldly look
To carry it clear, thy witness being thy book.
T. J.[3]

In PHILIPPI MASSINGERI, *Poetæ elegantiss.* Actorem Romanum, *typis excusum.*

Δεκαστικον.

ECCE Philippinæ celebrata Tragœdia Musæ,
Quam Roseus Britonum Roscius[4] egit, adest.
Semper fronde ambo vireant Parnasside, semper
Liber ab invidiæ dentibus esto, liber.
Crebra papyrivori spernas incendia pæti,
Thus, vænum expositi tegmina suta libri:
Nec metuas raucos, Momorum sibila, rhoncos,
Tam bardus nebulo si tamen ullus erit.
Nam toties festis, actum, placuisse theatris
Quod liquet, hoc, cusum, crede, placebit, opus.
THO. GOFF.[5]

[3] T. J.] Coxeter gives these initials to sir Thomas Jay, or Jeay, to whom the play is dedicated: (see p. xxxi.) he is, probably, right. Sir Thomas, who was "no great admirer" of the plays of his days, when Jonson, Shirley, Ford, &c. were in full vigour, would not, I suspect, be altogether enraptured if he could witness those of ours!

[4] *Roscius.*] This was Joseph Taylor, whose name occurs in a subsequent page.

[5] THO. GOFF.] Goff was a man of considerable learning, and highly celebrated for his oratorical powers, which he turned to the best of purposes, in the service of the church. He also wrote several plays; but these do no honour to his memory, being full of the most ridiculous bombast.

To his deserving Friend, Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER, *upon his Tragedy,* the Roman Actor.

PARIS, the best of actors in his age,
Acts yet, and speaks upon our Roman stage
Such lines by thee, as do not derogate
From Rome's proud heights, and her then learned state.
Nor great Domitian's favour; nor the embraces
Of a fair empress, nor those often graces
Which from th' applauding theatres were paid
To his brave action, nor his ashes laid
In the Flaminian way, where people strow'd
His grave with flowers, and Martial's wit bestow'd
A lasting epitaph; not all these same
Do add so much renown to Paris' name
As this that thou present'st his history
So well to us: for which, in thanks, would he
(If that his soul, as thought Pythagoras,
Could into any of our actors pass)
Life to these lines by action gladly give,
Whose pen so well has made his story live.

THO. MAY.[6]

Upon Mr. MASSINGER *his* Roman Actor.

To write is grown so common in our time,
That every one who can but frame a rhyme,
However monstrous, gives himself that praise
Which only he should claim, that may wear bays

[6] THO. MAY.] May translated *Lucan* into English verse, and was a candidate for the office of Poet Laureat with sir William Davenant. He wrote several plays; his Latin *Supplement to Lucan* is much admired by the learned. DAVIES.

By their applause whose judgments apprehend
The weight and truth of what they dare commend.
In this besotted age, friend, 'tis thy glory
That here thou hast outdone the Roman story.
Domitian's pride; his wife's lust unabated
In death; with Paris, merely were related
Without a soul, until thy abler pen
Spoke them, and made them speak, nay act again
In such a height, that here to know their deeds,
He may become an actor that but reads.

JOHN FORD.[7]

Upon Mr. MASSINGER'S Roman Actor.

LONG'ST thou to see proud Cæsar set in state,
His morning greatness, or his evening fate,
With admiration here behold him fall,
And yet outlive his tragick funeral:
For 'tis a question whether Cæsar's glory
Rose to its height before, or in this story;
Or whether Paris, in Domitian's favour,
Were more exalted, than in this thy labour.
Each line speaks him an emperor, every phrase
Crowns thy deserving temples with the bays;
So that reciprocally both agree,
Thou liv'st in him, and he survives in thee.

ROBERT HARVEY.

[7] JOHN FORD.] Ford was a very good poet. We have eleven plays of his writing, none of which are without merit. The writers of his time opposed him, with some success, to Jonson.

To his long-known and loved Friend, Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER, *upon his* Roman Actor.

IF that my lines, being placed before thy book,
Could make it sell, or alter but a look
Of some sour censurer, who's apt to say,
No one in these times can produce a play
Worthy his reading, since of late, 'tis true,
The old accepted are more than the new:
Or, could I on some spot o'the court work so,
To make him speak no more than he doth know;
Not borrowing from his flatt'ring flatter'd friend
What to dispraise, or wherefore to commend:
Then, gentle friend, I should not blush to be
Rank'd 'mongst those worthy ones which here I see
Ushering this work; but why I write to thee
Is, to profess our love's antiquity,
Which to this tragedy must give my test,
Thou hast made many good, but this thy best.

JOSEPH TAYLOR.

To Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER, *my much-esteem'd Friend, on his* Great Duke of Florence.

ENJOY thy laurel! 'tis a noble choice,
Not by the suffrages of voice
Procured, but by a conquest so achieved,
As that thou hast at full relieved
Almost neglected poetry, whose bays,
Sullied by childish thirst of praise,

Wither'd into a dullness of despair,
Had not thy later labour (heir
Unto a former industry) made known
This work, which thou mayst call thine own,
So rich in worth, that th' ignorant may grudge
To find true virtue is become their judge.

GEORGE DONNE.

To the deserving Memory of this worthy Work, [the Great Duke of Florence,] *and the Author, Mr.* PHILIP MASSINGER.

ACTION gives many poems right to live;
This piece gave life to action; and will give
For state and language, in each change of age,
To time delight, and honour to the stage.
Should late prescription fail which fames that seat,
This pen might style the Duke of Florence Great.
Let many write, let much be printed, read
And censur'd; toys, no sooner hatch'd than dead.
Here, without blush to truth of commendation,
Is proved, how art hath outgone imitation.

JOHN FORD.

To my worthy Friend the Author, upon his Tragi-Comedy the Maid of Honour.

WAS not thy Emperor enough before
For thee to give, that thou dost give us more?
I would be just, but cannot: that I know
I did not slander, this I fear I do.

But pardon me, if I offend; thy fire
Let equal poets praise, while I admire.
If any say that I enough have writ,
They are thy foes, and envy at thy wit.
Believe not them, nor me; they know thy lines
Deserve applause, but speak against their minds.
I, out of justice, would commend thy play,
But (friend, forgive me) 'tis above my way.
One word, and I have done, (and from my heart
Would I could speak the whole truth, not the part,
Because 'tis thine,) it henceforth will be said,
Not the Maid of Honour, but the Honour'd Maid.

ASTON COCKAINE.[8]

To his worthy Friend, Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER, *upon his Tragi-Comedy styled* the Picture.

METHINKS I hear some busy critick say,
Who's this that singly ushers in this play?
'Tis boldness, I confess, and yet perchance
It may be construed love, not arrogance.
I do not here upon this leaf intrude,
By praising one to wrong a multitude.
Nor do I think, that all are tied to be
(Forced by my vote) in the same creed with me,
Each man hath liberty to judge; free will,
At his own pleasure, to speak good or ill.
But yet your Muse already's known so well
Her worth will hardly find an infidel.
Here she hath drawn a picture, which shall lie
Safe for all future times to practise by;
Whate'er shall follow are but copies, some
Preceding works were types of this to come.

[8] ASTON COCKAINE.] See the Introduction *passim*.

'Tis your own lively image, and sets forth,
When we are dust, the beauty of your worth.
He that shall duly read, and not advance
Aught that is here, betrays his ignorance:
Yet whosoe'er beyond desert commends,
Errs more by much than he that reprehends;
For praise misplaced, and honour set upon
A worthless subject, is detraction.
I cannot sin so here, unless I went
About to style you only excellent.
Apollo's gifts are not confined alone
To your dispose, he hath more heirs than one,
And such as do derive from his blest hand
A large inheritance in the poets' land,
As well as you; nor are you, I assure
Myself, so envious, but you can endure
To hear their praise, whose worth long since was known,
And justly too preferr'd before your own.
I know you'd take it for an injury,
(And 'tis a well-becoming modesty,)
To be parallel'd with Beaumont, or to hear
Your name by some too partial friend writ near
Unequall'd Jonson; being men whose fire,
At distance, and with reverence, you admire.
Do so, and you shall find your gain will be
Much more, by yielding them priority,
Than, with a certainty of loss, to hold
A foolish competition: 'tis too bold
A task, and to be shunn'd: nor shall my praise,
With too much weight, ruin what it would raise.

THOMAS JAY.

To my worthy Friend, Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER, *upon his Tragi-Comedy called* the Emperor of the East.

SUFFER, my friend, these lines to have the grace,
That they may be a mole on Venus' face.
There is no fault about thy book but this,
And it will shew how fair thy Emperor is,
Thou more than poet! our Mercury, that art
Apollo's messenger, and dost impart
His best expressions to our ears, live long
To purify the slighted English tongue,
That both the nymphs of Tagus and of Po
May not henceforth despise our language so.
Nor could they do it, if they e'er had seen
The matchless features of the Fairy Queen;
Read Jonson, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, or
Thy neat-limned pieces, skilful Massinger.
Thou known, all the Castilians must confess
Vego de Carpio thy foil, and bless
His language can translate thee, and the fine
Italian wits yield to this work of thine.
Were old Pythagoras alive again,
In thee he might find reason to maintain
His paradox, that souls by transmigration
In divers bodies make their habitation:
And more, than all poetick souls yet known,
Are met in thee, contracted into one.
This is a truth, not an applause: I am
One that at furthest distance views thy flame,
Yet may pronounce, that, were Apollo dead,
In thee his poesy might all be read.
Forbear thy modesty: thy Emperor's vein
Shall live admired, when poets shall complain

It is a pattern of too high a reach,
And what great Phœbus might the Muses teach.
Let it live, therefore, and I dare be bold
To say, it with the world shall not grow old.

ASTON COCKAINE.

A Friend to the Author, and Well-wisher to the Reader, on the Emperor of the East.

WHO with a liberal hand freely bestows
His bounty on all comers, and yet knows
No ebb, nor formal limits, but proceeds
Continuing his hospitable deeds,
With daily welcome shall advance his name
Beyond the art of flattery; with such fame
May yours, dear friend, compare. Your Muse hath been
Most bountiful, and I have often seen
The willing seats receive such as have fed,
And risen thankful; yet were some misled
By NICETY, when this fair banquet came
(So I allude) their stomachs were to blame,
Because that excellent, sharp, and poignant sauce
Was wanting, they arose without due grace,
Lo! thus a second time he doth invite you:
Be your own carvers, and it may delight you.

JOHN CLAVELL.

To my true Friend and Kinsman, PHILIP MASSINGER, *on his* Emperor of the East.

I TAKE not upon trust, nor am I led
By an implicit faith: what I have read
With an impartial censure I dare crown
With a deserved applause, howe'er cried down
By such whose malice will not let them be
Equal to any piece limn'd forth by thee.
Contemn their poor detraction, and still write
Poems like this, that can endure the light,
And search of abler judgments. This will raise
Thy name; the others' scandal is thy praise.
This, oft perused by grave wits, shall live long,
Not die as soon as past the actor's tongue,
The fate of slighter toys; and I must say,
'Tis not enough to make a passing play
In a true poet: works that should endure
Must have a genius in them strong as pure,
And such is thine, friend: nor shall time devour
The well-form'd features of thy Emperor.

WILLIAM SINGLETON.

To the ingenious Author, Master PHILIP MASSINGER, *on his Comedy called* A New Way to Pay Old Debts.

'Tis a rare charity, and thou couldst not
So proper to the time have found a plot:
Yet whilst you teach to pay, you lend; the age
We wretches live in, that to come the stage,
The thronged audience that was thither brought,
Invited by your fame, and to be taught

This lesson; all are grown indebted more,
And when they look for freedom, ran in score.
It was a cruel courtesy to call
In hope of liberty, and then, inthrall.
The nobles are your bondmen, gentry, and
All besides those that did not understand.
They were no men of credit, bankrupts born,
Fit to be trusted with no stock but scorn.
You have more wisely credited to such,
That though they cannot pay, can value much.
I am your debtor too, but, to my shame,
Repay you nothing back but your own fame.

HENRY MOODY.[9] Miles.

To his Friend the Author, on A New Way to Pay Old Debts.

You may remember how you chid me, when
I rank'd you equal with those glorious men,
Beaumont and Fletcher: if you love not praise,
You must forbear the publishing of plays.
The crafty mazes of the cunning plot,
The polish'd phrase, the sweet expressions, got
Neither by theft nor violence; the conceit
Fresh and unsullied; all is of weight,
Able to make the captive reader know
I did but justice when I placed you so.

[9] HENRY MOODY.] Sir Henry Moody plays on the title of the piece. He has not much of the poet in him, but appears to be a friendly, good-natured man. A short poem of his is prefixed to the folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher. He was one of the gentlemen who had honorary degrees conferred on them by Charles I. on his return to Oxford from the battle of Edgehill.

A shamefaced blushing would become the brow
Of some weak virgin writer; we allow
To you a kind of pride, and there where most
Should blush at commendations, you should boast.
If any think I flatter, let him look
Off from my idle trifles on thy book.

THOMAS JAY. Miles.

A LIST

OF

MASSINGER'S PLAYS.

*Those marked thus * are in the present Edition.*

1. The Forced Lady, T. This was one of the plays destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

2. The Secretary.† This play is lost.

3. The Noble Choice, C.
4. The Wandering Lovers, C.
5. Philenzo and Hippolita, T. C.

} Entered on the Stationers' books by H. Moseley, Sept. 9, 1653; but not printed. These were among the plays destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

6. Antonio and Vallia,‡ C.
7. The Tyrant, T.
8. Fast and Welcome, C.

} Entered on the Stationers' books by H. Moseley, June 29, 1660, but not printed. These too were among the plays destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

9. The Woman's Plot, C. Acted at court 1621. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

10. *The Old Law, C.

† The Secretary.] This drama, which no collection of plays has hitherto mentioned, is quoted in Poole's *Parnassus*. I regret the loss of this piece very much, as, from its being selected by Joshua, it was probably of singular merit.

‡ In that most curious M S. Register discovered at Dulwich College, and subjoined by Mr. Malone to his *Historical Account of the English Stage*, is the following entry "R. 20 of June, 1595, at *antony and vallea* ol. xxs. od." If this be the play entered by Moseley, Massinger's claims can only arise from his having revised and altered it; for he must have been a mere child when it was first produced. See the Introduction, p. xxiii.

11. *The Virgin-Martyr, T. Acted by the servants of his Majesty's revels. Quarto, 1622; Quarto, 1631; Quarto, 1661.

12. *The Unnatural Combat, T. Acted at the Globe. Quarto, 1639.

13. *The Duke of Milan, T. Acted at Black-Friars. Quarto, 1623; Quarto, 1638.

14. *The Bondman, T. C. Acted Dec. 3, 1623, at the Cockpit, Drury Lane. Quarto, 1624; Quarto, 1638.

15. *The Renegado, T. C. Acted April 17, 1624, at the Cockpit, Drury Lane. Quarto, 1630.

16. *The Parliament of Love, C. Acted Nov. 3, 1624, at the Cockpit, Drury Lane.

17 The Spanish Viceroy, C. Acted in 1624. Entered on the Stationers' books Sept. 9, 1653, by H. Moseley, but not printed. This was one of the plays destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

18. *The Roman Actor, T. Acted October 11, 1626, by the King's company. Quarto, 1629.

19. The Judge. Acted June 6, 1627, by the King's company. This play is lost.

20. *The Great Duke of Florence. Acted July 5, 1627, at the Phœnix, Drury Lane. Quarto, 1636.

21. The Honour of Women. Acted May 6, 1628. This play is lost.

22. *The Maid of Honour, T. C.† Acted at the Phœnix, Drury Lane. Date of its first appearance uncertain. Quarto, 1632.

23. *The Picture, T. C. Acted June 8, 1629, at the Globe. Quarto, 1630.

24. Minerva's Sacrifice, T. Acted Nov. 3, 1629, by the King's company. Entered on the Stationers' books Sept. 9, 1653, but not printed. This was one of the plays destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

† Mr. Malone thinks this to be the play immediately preceding it, with a new title. This is, however, extremely doubtful.

25. *The Emperor of the East, T. C. Acted March 11, 1631, at Black-Friars. Quarto, 1632.

26. Believe as you List, C. Acted May 7, 1631. Entered on the Stationers' books Sept. 9, 1653, and again June 29, 1660, but not printed. This also was one of the plays destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

27. The Unfortunate Piety, T. Acted June 13, 1631, by the King's company. This play is lost.

28. *The Fatal Dowry, T. Acted by the King's company. Quarto, 1632.

29. *A New Way to pay Old Debts, C. Acted at the Phœnix, Drury Lane. Quarto, 1633

30. *The City Madam, C. Acted May 25, 1632, by the King's company. Quarto, 1659.

31. *The Guardian, C. Acted October 31, 1633, by the King's company. Octavo, 1655.

32. The Tragedy of Cleander. Acted May 7, 1634, by the King's company. This play is lost.

33. *A Very Woman, T. C. Acted June 6, 1634, by the King's company. Octavo, 1655.

34. The Orator. Acted June 10, 1635, by the King's company. This play is lost.

35. *The Bashful Lover, T. C. Acted May 9, 1636, by the King's company. Octavo, 1655.

36. The King and the Subject.† Acted June 5, 1638, by the King's company. This play is lost.

37. Alexius, or the Chaste Lover. Acted Sept. 25, 1639, by the King's company. This play is lost.

38. The Fair Anchoress of Pausilippo. Acted Jan. 26, 1640, by the King's company. This play is lost.

† The title of this play, sir H Herbert tells us, was changed. Mr. Malone conjectures it was named *the Tyrant*, one of Warburton's unfortunate collection.

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

A.

ABRAM MEN, iii. 521.
absurd, iii. 273.
abase, iii. 63.
acts of parliament, iv. 465.
actuate, ii. 392.
aerie, i. 274.
- - - iii. 25.
affects, ii. 29.
alba regalis, iii. 183.
altar, ii. 271.
a many, i. 35.
amorous, ii. 459.
Amsterdam, ii. 125.
Anaxarete, ii. 376.
angel (bird), i. 36.
ape, ii. 60.
apostata, i. 93.
- - - - - - i. 111.
- - - - - - i. 140.
- - - - - - i. 145.
apple, iii. 317.
Argiers, i. 139.
arrearages, iii. 155.
as (as if), iii. 521.
astrology, iv. 38.
atheism, iii. 65.
atonement, i. 313.
Aventine, ii. 329.

B.

bake-house, ii. 301.
bandog, i. 44.
banquet, i. 167.
banquet iv. 29.
banqueting-house, ii. 13.
bar, ii. 264.
barathrum, iii. 539.
barley-break, i. 103.
bases, iii. 141.
basket, iii. 438.
- - - - - iii. 498.
battalia, iii. 140.
battle of Sabla, iv. 366.
beadsmen, iv. 25.
- - - - - - - iv. 56.
bearing dishes, iii. 581.
Beaumelle, iii. 382.
becco, iii. 226.
bees, iv. 38.
beetles, i. 279.
beg estates, iii. 250.
beglerbeg, ii. 180.
Bellona, iii. 148.
bells ring backward, i. 236.
bend the body, i. 275.
- - - - - - - - - - iv. 407.
beneath the salt, iv. 7.
beso las manos, ii. 487.
betake, iv. 87.
bind with, iv. 136.
bird-bolts, iv. 167.
birthright, ii. 39.
Biscan, iv. 316.
bisognion, iii. 67.
blacks, iii. 372.
blasphémous, ii. 469.
bloods, iii. 425.

blue gown, iv. 110.
braches, i. 209.
- - - - - iii. 481.
- - - - - iv. 53.
brave, ii. 208.
braveries, ii. 11.
- - - - - - ii. 256.
bravery, i. 207.
- - - - - iii. 144.
- - - - - iv. 482.
Breda, iii. 491.
Brennus, iii. 448.
broadside (to shew), ii. 229.
brother in arms, iii. 39.
buck, i. 88.
bug, iii. 544.
bullion, iii. 380.
buoy'd, iii. 501.
burial denied, iii. 360.
burse, iv. 50.
bury money, iv. 533.
but, ii. 131.
- - - iii. 322.
- - - iii. 335.
Butler, dr. iv. 491.

C.

calver'd salmon, iii. 53.
- - - - - - - - - iv. 202.
camel, iii. 384.
cancelier, iv, 137.
canters, iii. 484.
Caranza, i. 152.
- - - - - - iv. 175.
carcanet, iv. 92.
- - - - - - iv. 239.
caroch, ii. 133.
- - - - - iii. 93.
carouse, i. 237.
carpet knights, iii. 46.
caster, iv. 79.
casting, iii. 214.
cast suit, iii. 201.
cater, iv. 34.
cautelous, ii. 45.
cavallery, iii. 42.
censure, ii. 106.
- - - - - ii. 509.
ceruse, iv. 77.
chamber, ii. 238.
chapel fall, ii. 114.
chapines, ii. 133.
Charles the robber, iv. 158.
charms on rubies, ii. 456.
cheese-trenchers, iv. 485.
chiaus, ii. 180.
chine evil, iii. 198.
choice and richest, ii. 145.
chreokopia, iv. 461.
chuffs, i. 279.
church-book, iv. 464.
circular, iii. 281.
civil, ii. 215.
- - - iv. 18.
clap-dish, ii. 254.
clemm'd, ii. 362.
close breeches, iii. 416.
clubs, ii. 140.
- - - - iv. 16.
coats, iv. 504.
Colbrand, iii. 416.
colon, i. 132.
- - - - iii. 142.
come aloft, ii. 60.
comfort, iv. 366.
coming in, i. 281.
commence, i. 305.
- - - - - - - iii. 272.
commodities, ii. 50.
come off, i. 209.
commoner, i. 73.
comparison, iii. 152.
comrogues, iv. 71.
conceited, ii. 46.
conclusions, i. 306.
conduit, ii. 301.
conquering Romans, ii. 61.
consort, iii. 137.
- - - - - iii. 417.
constable, to steal a, iii. 8.
constant in, i. 7.
constantly, ii. 497.
cocks' shops, iii. 518.

Corinth ii. 12.
corsives, ii. 401.
- - - - - iii. 332.
counsel, i. 281.
- - - - - ii. 392.
counterfeit gold thread, iii. 505
courtesy, ii. 460.
courtship, i. 302.
- - - - - - - i. 295.
- - - - - - - ii. 240.
- - - - - - - ii. 497.
- - - - - - - iv. 240.
courtsies, iii. 573.
cow-eyes, i. 195.
- - - - - iii. 272.
crack, i. 129.
crincomes, iv. 204.
crone, i. 130.
crosses, ii. 159.
crowd, iv. 563.
crowns o'the sun, i. 131.
- - - - - - - - - ii. 272.
cry absurd! iii. 273.
cry aim, ii. 27.
- - - - - ii. 129.
Cupid and Death, i. 91.
cullions, iv. 161.
cunning, iv. 155.
curiosity, iv. 9.
Curious Impertinent, iii. 408.
curiousness, i. 189.
- - - - - - - - ii. 240.
cypress, iv. 403.

D.

dag, iii. 419.
dalliance, i. 81.
danger, iii. 366.
- - - - - iv. 105.
dead pays, i. 207.
death, the, i. 249.
deck, iv. 171.
decline, iii. 13.
deduct, iv. 501.
deep ascent, iv. 399.
deer of ten, iii. 302.
defeature, ii. 72.
defensible, iv. 132.
degrees, ii. 371.
Delphos, iii. 448.
demeans, iii. 114.
denying burial, iii. 360.
depart, ii. 134.
dependencies, iii. 9.
- - - - - - - - - iv. 123.
deserved me, iii. 561.
Diana, i. 315.
disbecome, iii. 446.
discourse and reason, i. 149.
- - - - - - - - - - - - iv. 57.
disclose, ii. 25.
dispartations, ii. 165.
dissolve, i. 319.
- - - - - ii. 377.
distaste, i. 187.
- - - - - ii. 131.
divert, ii. 436.
doctor, go out, i. 306.
doctrine, iii. 11.
- - - - - - iii. 286.
drad, i. 22.
drawer-on, iv. 152.
dresser, cook's drum, i. 166.
- - - - - - - - - - - - iv. 172.
drum, iv. 24.
drum-wine, iv. 50.
Dunkirk, i. 292.

E.

elenchs, iii. 273.
elysium, i. 94.
empirick, iii. 310.
enghle, iv. 70.
entradas, iv. 218.
equal, i. 133.
equal mart, iv, 389.
estridge, iii. 42.
extend, iii. 577.
- - - - - iv. 106.
eyasses, iii. 214.

F.

faith, i. 61.
fame, iv. 330.
far-fetch'd, iv. 162.
fault, ii. 97.
- - - - iv. 515.
fautors, ii. 108.
fear, iii. 560.
fellow, iii. 164.
festival exceedings, iii. 211.
- - - - - - - - - - - iv. 12.
fetch in, ii. 385.
fewterer, iii. 32.
- - - - - - iii. 213.
Fielding, iv. 84.
fineness, ii. 188.
Fiorinda, ii. 426.
flies, i. 35.
flower de luce, iii. 16.
for, i. 101.
forks, ii. 479.
forms, i. 177.
fore-right, ii. 229.
forth, iii. 326.
frequent, ii. 329.
- - - - - - ii. 338.
frippery, iv. 11.
fur, iv. 13.

G.

gabel, iii. 257.
gallant of the last edition, iv. 14
galley foist, iii. 380.
galliard, iv. 518.
garden-house, ii. 13.
gauntlets, i. 181.
Gay, iii. 373.
gazet, iii. 52.
gemonies, ii. 331.
gimcrack, i. 317.
Giovanni, ii. 426.
glad to, i. 34
glorious, i. 142.
- - - - - - i 197.
- - - - - - ii. 438.
go by, iii. 89.
God be wi' you, iv. 48.
gods to friend, ii. 333.
gold and store, iii. 153.
- - - - - - - - - iv. 79.
golden arrow, ii. 378.
- - - - - - - - - iv. 134.
go less, iv. 64.
- - - - - iv. 415.
golls, iv. 71.
go near, ii. 156.
good, iv. 67.
good fellows, iv. 217.
- - - - - - - - iv. 225.
good lord, iii. 236.
good man, iii. 365.
good mistress, ii. 337.
goody wisdom, iii. 377.
Gorgon, iv. 365.
governor's place, i. 24.
Granson, iii. 364.
Great Britain, i. 100.
green apron, ii. 126.
Gresset, iv. 361.
grim sir, i. 176.
grub up forests, iv. 160.
guard, iii. 127.
guarded, ii. 325.

H.

hairy comet, i. 139.
hand, ii. 192.
hawking, iii. 214.
heats, ii. 29.
hecatombaion, iv. 503.
Hecuba, ii. 381.
hell, iv. 7.
high forehead, i. 129.
hole, iv. 7.
horned moons, ii. 159.
hose, ii. 479.
humanity, iii. 370.
hunt's up, i. 270.
hurricano, i. 225.

I.

Jane of apes, ii. 63.

jewel, iv. 213.
---- iv. 308.
imp, ii. 227.
--- ii. 415.
--- ii. 434.
impotence, ii. 403.
------- iv. 256.
impotent, i. 172.
Indians, iv. 99.
induction, iii. 431.
ingles, iv. 70.
interess, i. 239.
Iphis, ii. 376.

K.

ka me ka thee, iv. 33.
katexochên, iv. 166.
keeper of the door, ii. 293.
knock on the dresser, i. 166.

L.

Lachrymæ, iii. 10.
------ iii. 225.
lackeying, i. 9.
lady Compton, iv. 43.
lady of the lake, iii. 51.
lanceprezado, iii. 51.
lapwing's cunning, iv. 541.
lavender, iii 575.
lavolta, ii. 489.
----- iv. 54.
leaden dart, i. 19.
leaguer, iii. 117.
----- iii. 398.
leege, iii. 303.
Lent, ii. 211.
l'envoy, iv. 417.
----- iv. 438.
leper, ii. 254.
lets, i. 25.
--- i. 219.
lightly, ii. 66.
line, i. 37.
little, i. 263.
--- iii. 152.
lively grave, iii. 371.
living funeral, ii. 84.
looking-glasses at the girdle, iv. 8.
lost, ii. 224.
loth to depart, iv. 532.
lottery, ii. 307.
lovers perjuries, ii. 463.
Ludgate, iv. 22.
Luke, iv. 98.
lye abroad, ii. 124.

M.

M. for master, iv. 83.
magick picture, iii. 120.
magnificent, iii. 267.
Mahomet, ii. 123.
Malefort, i. 135.
Mammon, ii. 359.
mandrakes, i. 127.
mankind, iv. 53.
marginal fingers, iii. 409.
marmoset, iv. 51.
Mars, iii. 148.
Marseilles, i. 131.
------ ii. 243.
masters of dependencies, iii. 9.
Mephostophilus, iii. 222.
mermaid, iv. 531.
Minerva, ii. 411.
miniver cap, iv. 91.
mirror of knighthood, iv. 141.
mistress, i. 185.
----- ii. 244.
mistress' colours, ii. 105.
moppes, ii. 60.
Morat, iii. 364.
more, iii. 151.
most an end, iv. 278.
musick, iii. 422.
musick-master, iii. 422.

N.

Nancy, iii. 364.
never-falling, iii. 252.

Nell of Greece, iv. 529.
niggle, iii. 337.
nightingale, ii. 438.
nimming, iv. 213.
no cunning quean, ii. 9.
north passage, iv. 47.
Novall, iii. 413.
number his years, ii. 348.

O.

October, ii. 33.
oil of angels, i. 290.
oil of talc, iv. 77.
Olympus, iii. 555.
Ovid, iv. 414.
outcry, iv. 24.
owe, ii. 88.
owes, i. 18.
---- ii. 153.

P.

packing, ii. 478.
padder, iii. 510
pale-spirited, iii. 509.
Pandarus, iv. 167.
paned hose, ii. 479.
------- iv. 481.
pantofle, sworn to, i. 175.
parallel, i. 312.
----- iii. 23.
parle, iv. 363.
parted, i. 40.
----- ii. 495.
parts, iii. 75.
pash, i. 38.
passionately, iv. 508.
passions, iv. 463.
------ iv. 569.
pastry fortifications, iii. 491.
Patch, iii. 541.
---- iii. 578.
Pavia, battle of, i. 240.
peat, iii. 36.
peevish, i. 71.
peevishness, iii. 566.
perfected, i. 189.
persever, i. 7.
------ iii. 104.
personate, ii. 497.
----- iii. 115.
Pescara, i. 252.
physicians, iv. 262.
piety, iv. 385.
pine-tree, i. 266.
pip, iii. 377.
place, iv. 137.
play my prize, iii. 564.
plumed victory, i. 154.
plurisy, i. 196.
Plymouth cloak, iii. 482.
---------- iv. 80.
Pontalier, iii. 404.
poor John, ii. 124.
------- iii. 162.
porter's lodge, i. 292.
--------- iii. 489.
ports, i. 8.
possessed, ii. 465.
power of things, ii. 321.
practice, ii. 304.
------ ii. 517.
practick, iii. 273.
precisian, iii. 481.
prest, iv. 63.
pretty, iii. 64.
prevent, iii. 568.
----- iv. 470.
prevented, ii. 145.
prodigious, i. 125.
progress, iv. 126.
provant sword, iii. 10.
providence, iii. 530.
pull down the side, i. 150.
---------- ii. 494.
puppet, i. 266.
purer, i. 257.
purge, iii. 162.
put on, i. 303.
----- iii. 350.
----- iii. 537.
----- iv. 103.

Q.

quality, ii. 339.
- - - - - iii. 141.
- - - - - iii. 422.
- - - - - iv. 517.
quirpo, iii. 380.
quited, iv. 498.

R.

rag, iii. 398.
Ram Alley, iii. 518.
remarkable, i. 157.
relick, ii. 130.
remember, ii. 84.
- - - - - - - ii. 261.
- - - - - - - iv. 169.
re-refine, iii. 254.
resolved, i. 275.
- - - - - - iii. 224.
rest on it, ii. 20.
riches of catholick king, iv, 413.
ride, iv. 54.
rivo, ii. 174.
roarer, ii. 142.
Roman, iv. 82.
roses, iv. 11.
- - - - iv. 93.
rouse, i. 237.
- - - - ii. 48.
royal merchant, ii. 154.
rubies, ii. 456.

S.

Sabla, battle of, iv. 366.
sacer, iii. 318.
sacratus, iii. 318.
sacred badge, ii. 207.
sacrifice, iii. 373.
sail-stretch'd, i. 141.
- - - - - - - - ii. 11.
sainted, iii. 207.
St. Dennis, ii. 252.
sanzacke, ii. 180.
salt, above the, i. 170.
scarabs, i. 279.
scenery, iv. 21.
scholar, iii. 118.
scirophorion, iv. 503.
scotomy, iv. 521.
sea-rats, iv. 324.
Sedgely curse, iv. 20.
seisactheia, iv. 461.
servant, i. 185.
- - - - - i. 192.
- - - - - iv. 143.
shadows, i. 165.
shall be, is, iv. 149.
shape, ii. 111.
- - - - ii. 369.
- - - - ii. 377.
- - - - iii. 294.
- - - - iv. 326.
she-Dunkirk, i. 292.
sheriff's basket, iv. 12.
shining shoes, iv. 161.
sir Giles Mompesson, iii. 505.
skills not, i. 237.
- - - - - - ii. 318.
- - - - - - ii. 327.
sleep on either ear, iv. 150.
small legs, iv. 280.
softer neck, i. 191.
so, ho, birds, iii. 214.
solve, i. 319.
sort, i. 71.
sovereign, iv. 564.
sought to, i. 221.
sparred, i. 79.
Spartan boy, iv. 188.
sphered, i. 79.
spit, i. 107.
spital, iv. 52.
spittle, iii. 196.
- - - - iii. 359.
- - - - iv. 52.
spring, i. 183.
squire o' dames, ii. 292.
- - - - - - - - iii. 247.
squire o' Troy, iv. 167.
stale the jest, i. 203.
- - - - - - - - iv. 427.
startup, iii. 214.

state, ii. 14.
---- ii. 15.
---- ii. 515.
statute against witches, iii. 577
staunch, ii. 14.
steal a constable, iii. 8.
steal courtesy from heaven, ii. 460.
Sterne, iii. 379.
stiletto, iii. 184.
still an end, iv. 278.
stones, iii. 214.
story, ii. 489.
strange, ii. 8.
strongly, iii. 304.
street fired, ii. 114.
strengths, ii. 197.
------ ii. 226.
------ iii. 300.
striker, i. 208.
suit, iv. 55.
sworn servant, ii. 360.
Swiss, iii. 362.
synonyma, ii. 247.
------- iii. 436.

T.

table, iv. 484.
taint, ii. 293.
take in, iii. 579.
take me with you, ii. 488.
---------- iii. 66.
---------- iv. 310.
take up, ii. 441.
tall ships, i. 112.
tall trenchermen, i. 166.
tamin, iii. 531.
tattered, i. 66.
Termagant, ii. 123.
theatre, ii. 327.
Theocrine, i. 145.
thick-skinned, i. 314.
thing of things, ii. 49.
third meal, i. 279.
thought for, iii. 578.
Thrace, iii. 148.
time, ii. 356.
Timoleon, ii. 17.
to-to, iv. 295.
token, iii. 484.
---- iv. 84.
toothful, i. 106.
toothpicks, ii. 480.
tosses, iii. 155.
touch, iv. 416.
train, i. 205.
tramontanes, ii. 451.
trillibubs, iv. 518.
trimmed, ii. 250.
try conclusions, i. 306.
tune, ii. 356.
turn Turk, ii. 220.
------- iii. 32.
twines, iv. 132.

U.

uncivil, iii. 410.
unequal, iii. 330.
uses, iii. 11.
--- iii. 286.

V.

vail, iii. 67.
--- iii. 255.
varlets, iii. 435.
Venice glasses, ii. 142.
Virbius, i. 375.
voley, iii. 181.
votes, iv. 208.

W.

waistcoateer, iv. 52.
walk after supper, i. 168.
walk the round, iii. 127.
---------- iv. 179.
ward, iii. 127.
wards, iv. 124.
wardship, iv. 125.
watchmen, iv. 467.

way of youth, ii. 334.
- - - - - - - - - iv. 304.
weakness the last, iv. 330.
wear the caster, iv. 79.
wear scarlet, iv. 20.
well, iii. 386.
wheel, iii. 151.
where, (whereas) ii. 246.
- - - - - - - - - - - iii. 352.
- - - - - - - - - - - iii. 484.
- - - - - - - - - - - iv. 247.
- - - - - - - - - - - iv. 349.
while, ii. 409.
- - - - iv. 472.
whiting-mop, iv. 202.
whole field wide, iii. 30.
whole field wide, iv. 63.
why, when! ii. 400.
witches, iii. 577.
witness, iii. 280.
wishes, as well as, iv. 301.
wolf, iv. 365.
work of grace, ii. 188.
wreak, ii. 129.

Y.

yaws, iv. 292.
yellow, i. 308.
yeoman fewterer, iii. 32.
- - - - - - - - - - - iii. 213.

ERRATA.

P. lxxx, l. 2, *after* of *insert* mine.
34, 1, *after* parents *insert a* semicolon.
35, 8, *for* curtesy *read* courtesy.
84, 28, *for* arms *read* arms.
192, 24, *for* duty? *read* duty.
255, 26, *for* nohing *read* nothing.

THE

VIRGIN-MARTYR.

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR.] Of this Tragedy, which appears to have been very popular, there are three editions in quarto, 1622, 1631, and 1661; the last of which is infinitely the worst. It is not possible to ascertain when it was first produced; but as it is not mentioned among the dramatic pieces "read and allowed" by Sir H. Herbert, whose account commences with 1622, it was probably amongst the Author's earliest efforts. In the composition of it he was assisted by Decker, a poet of sufficient reputation to provoke the hostility or the envy of Jonson, and the writer of several plays much esteemed by his contemporaries.

In the first e[illegible]ion of this Tragedy it is said to have been "divers times lately acted with great applause by the servants of his Majesty's Revels." The plot of it, as Coxeter observes, is founded on the tenth and last general persecution of the Christians, which broke out in the nineteenth year of Diocletian's reign, with a fury hardly to be expressed; the Christians being every where, without distinction of sex, age, or condition, dragged to execution, and subjected to the most exquisite torments that rage, cruelty, and hatred could suggest.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dioclesian, Maximinus, } *Emperors of Rome.*
King of Pontus.
King of Epire.
King of Macedon.
Sapritius, *Governor of* Cæsarea.
Theophilus, *a zealous persecutor of the Christians.*
Sempronius, *captain of* Sapritius' *guards.*
Antoninus, *son to* Sapritius.
Macrinus, *friend to* Antoninus.
Harpax, *an evil spirit, following* Theophilus *in the shape of a secretary.*
Angelo, *a good spirit, serving* Dorothea *in the habit of a page.*
Hircius, *a whoremaster,* Spungius, *a drunkard,* } *servants of* Dorothea.
Priest of Jupiter.
British Slave.

Artemia, *daughter to* Dioclesian.
Calista, Christeta, } *daughters to* Theophilus.
Dorothea, *the Virgin-Martyr.*

Officers and Executioners.

SCENE, Cæsarea.

THE

VIRGIN-MARTYR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Governor's Palace.

Enter THEOPHILUS *and* HARPAX.

Theoph. Come to Cæsarea to-night!
Harp. Most true, Sir.
Theoph. The emperor in person!
Harp. Do I live?
Theoph. 'Tis wondrous strange! The marches
of great princes,
Like to the motions of prodigious meteors,
Are step by step observed; and loud-tongued
Fame
The harbinger to prepare their entertainment:
And, were it possible so great an army,
Though cover'd with the night, could be so near,
The governor cannot be so unfriended
Among the many that attend his person,
But, by some secret means, he should have notice
Of Cæsar's purpose;[1]—in this then excuse me,
If I appear incredulous.

[1] *Of Cæsar's purpose;—in this then excuse me,*] Before Mr. M. Mason's edition, it stood:

——*he should have notice*
Of Cæsar's purpose in this,—

meaning, perhaps, in this hasty and unexpected visit: I have not, however, altered the pointing.

Harp. At your pleasure.
Theoph. Yet, when I call to mind you never fail'd me,
In things more difficult, but have discover'd
Deeds that were done thousand leagues distant from me,
When neither woods, nor caves, nor secret vaults,
No, nor the Power they serve, could keep these Christians
Or from my reach or punishment, but thy magick
Still laid them open, I begin again
To be as confident as heretofore,
It is not possible thy powerful art
Should meet a check, or fail.

Enter a Priest *with the Image of Jupiter,* CALISTA *and* CHRISTETA.

Harp. Look on the Vestals,
The holy pledges that the gods have given you,
Your chaste, fair daughters. Wer't not to upbraid
A service to a master not unthankful,
I could say these, in spite of your prevention,
Seduced by an imagined faith, not reason,
(Which is the strength of nature,) quite forsaking
The Gentile gods, had yielded up themselves
To this new-found religion. This I cross'd,
Discover'd their intentions, taught you to use,
With gentle words and mild persuasions,
The power and the authority of a father
Set off with cruel threats; and so reclaim'd them:
And, whereas they with torments should have died,
(Hell's furies to me, had they undergone it!)
[*Aside.*
They are now votaries in great Jupiter's temple,

And, by his priest instructed, grown familiar
With all the mysteries, nay, the most abstruse ones,
Belonging to his deity.

Theoph. 'Twas a benefit,
For which I ever owe you. Hail, Jove's flamen!
Have these my daughters reconciled themselves,
Abandoning for ever the Christian way,
To your opinion?

Priest. And are constant in[2] it.
They teach their teachers with their depth of judgment,
And are with arguments able to convert
The enemies to our gods, and answer all
They can object against us.

Theoph. My dear daughters!

Cal. We dare dispute against this new-sprung sect,
In private or in publick.

Harp. My best lady,
Persever[3] in it.

Chris. And what we maintain,
We will seal with our bloods.

Harp. Brave resolution!
I e'en grow fat to see my labours prosper.

Theoph. I young again. To your devotions.

Harp. Do—
My prayers be present with you.

[*Exeunt Priest and Daughters.*

[2] Priest. *And are constant* in *it.*] So the first two editions. The last, which is very incorrectly printed, reads *to* it, and is injudiciously followed by the modern editors.

[3] Persever *in it.*] So this word was anciently written and pronounced: thus the king, in *Hamlet:*

——*but to* persever
In obstinate condolement.

Coxeter adopts the unmetrical reading of the third quarto, *persevere* in it, and is followed by Mr. M. Mason, who, however, warns the reader to lay the accent on the penultimate.

Theoph. O my Harpax!
Thou engine of my wishes, thou that steel'st
My bloody resolutions; thou that arm'st
My eyes 'gainst womanish tears and soft compassion;
Instructing me, without a sigh, to look on
Babes torn by violence from their mothers' breasts
To feed the fire, and with them make one flame;
Old men, as beasts, in beasts' skins torn by dogs;
Virgins and matrons tire the executioners;
Yet I, unsatisfied, think their torments easy.
Harp. And in that, just, not cruel.
Theoph. Were all sceptres
That grace the hands of kings, made into one,
And offer'd me, all crowns laid at my feet,
I would contemn them all,—thus spit at them;
So I to all posterities might be call'd
The strongest champion of the Pagan gods,
And rooter out of Christians.
Harp. Oh, mine own,
Mine own dear lord! to further this great work,
I ever live thy slave.

Enter SAPRITIUS *and* SEMPRONIUS.

Theoph. No more—the governor.
Sap. Keep the ports close,[4] and let the guards be doubled;

[4] Sap. *Keep the* ports *close,*] This word, which is directly from the Latin, is so frequently used by Massinger and the writers of his time, for the *gates of a town*, that it appears superfluous to produce any examples of it. To have noticed it once for all is sufficient.

Disarm the Christians, call it death in any
To wear a sword, or in his house to have one.
Semp. I shall be careful, Sir.
Sap. 'Twill well become you.
Such as refuse to offer sacrifice
To any of our gods, put to the torture.
Grub up this growing mischief by the roots;
And know, when we are merciful to them,
We to ourselves are cruel.
Semp. You pour oil
On fire that burns already at the height:
I know the emperor's edict, and my charge,
And they shall find no favour.
Theoph. My good lord,
This care is timely for the entertainment
Of our great master, who this night in person
Comes here to thank you.
Sap. Who! the emperor?
Harp. To clear your doubts, he doth return in triumph,
Kings lackeying[5] by his triumphant chariot;
And in this glorious victory, my lord,
You have an ample share: for know, your son,
The ne'er-enough commended Antoninus,
So well hath flesh'd his maiden sword,[6] and died
His snowy plumes so deep in enemies' blood,

[5] *Kings* lackeying *by his triumphant chariot;*] Running by the side of it like *lackies*, or foot-boys. So in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida:*

"Oh that our power
"Could *lackey* or keep pace with our desire!"

[6] *So well hath flesh'd*, &c.] Massinger was a great reader and admirer of Shakspeare: he has here not only adopted his sentiment, but his words:

"Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou *flesh'd*
"*Thy maiden sword*"——

But Shakspeare is in every one's head, or, at least, in every

That, besides publick grace beyond his hopes,
There are rewards propounded.
Sap. I would know
No mean in thine, could this be true.
Harp. My head
Answer the forfeit.
Sap. Of his victory
There was some rumour; but it was assured,
The army pass'd a full day's journey higher,
Into the country.
Harp. It was so determined;
But, for the further honour of your son,
And to observe the government of the city,
And with what rigour, or remiss indulgence,
The Christians are pursued, he makes his stay here: [*Trumpets afar off.*
For proof, his trumpets speak his near arrival.
Sap. Haste, good Sempronius, draw up our guards,
And with all ceremonious pomp receive
The conquering army. Let our garrison speak
Their welcome in loud shouts, the city shew
Her state and wealth.
Semp. I'm gone. [*Exit.*
Sap. O, I am ravish'd
With this great honour! cherish, good Theophilus,

one's hand; and I should therefore be constantly anticipated, if I indulged in such remarks as these.

I will take this opportunity to say, that it is not my intention to encumber the page with tracing every thought of Massinger to its imaginary source. This is a compliment which should only be paid to great and mighty geniuses; with respect to those of a second or third order, it is somewhat worse than superfluous to hunt them through innumerable works of all descriptions, for the purpose of discovering from whence every common epithet, or trivial phrase was taken.

This knowing scholar; send for your fair daughters;[7]
I will present them to the emperor,
And in their sweet conversion, as a mirror,
Express your zeal and duty.

Theoph. Fetch them, good Harpax.

[*Exit Harpax.*

A guard brought in by SEMPRONIUS, *soldiers leading in three kings bound;* ANTONINUS *and* MACRINUS *carrying the* Emperor's *eagles;* DIOCLESIAN *with a gilt laurel on his head, leading in* ARTEMIA: SAPRITIUS *kisses the* Emperor's *hand, then embraces his* Son; HARPAX *brings in* CALISTA *and* CHRISTETA. *Loud shouts.*

Diocle. So: at all parts I find Cæsarea
Completely govern'd; the licentious soldier[8]
Confined in modest limits, and the people
Taught to obey, and, not compell'd with rigour:
The ancient Roman discipline revived,
Which raised Rome to her greatness, and proclaim'd her
The glorious mistress of the conquer'd world;
But, above all, the service of the gods

[7] ——— *send* for *your fair daughters;*] All the copies read,—*send your fair daughters; for*, which I have inserted, seems necessary to complete the sense as well as the metre; as Harpax is immediately dispatched to bring them.

[8] ——— *the licentious* soldier] Mr. M. Mason reads *soldiers*, the old and true lection is *soldier*. The stage direction in this place is very strangely given by the former editors. I may here observe, that I do not mean to notice every slight correction: already several errors have been silently reformed by the assistance of the first quarto: among which, however, I do not reckon the removal of such barbarous contractions as conq'ring, ad'mant, ranc'rous, ign'rance, rhet'rick, &c. with which the modern editions are every where deformed without authority or reason.

So zealously observed, that, good Sapritius,
In words to thank you for your care and duty,
Were much unworthy Dioclesian's honour,
Or his magnificence to his loyal servants.—
But I shall find a time with noble titles
To recompense your merits.

Sap. Mightiest Cæsar,
[9]Whose power upon this globe of earth is equal
To Jove's in heaven; whose victorious triumphs
On proud rebellious kings that stir against it,
Are perfect figures of his immortal trophies
Won in the Giants' war; whose conquering sword,
Guided by his strong arm, as deadly kills
As did his thunder! all that I have done,
Or, if my strength were centupled, could do,
Comes short of what my loyalty must challenge.
But, if in any thing I have deserved
Great Cæsar's smile, 'tis in my humble care
Still to preserve the honour of those gods,
That make him what he is: my zeal to them,
I ever have express'd in my fell hate
Against the Christian sect that, with one blow,
(Ascribing all things to an unknown power,)
Would strike down all their temples, and allows them[1]
Nor sacrifice nor altars.

Diocle. Thou, in this,
Walk'st hand in hand with me: my will and power

[9] *Whose power*, &c.] A translation of the well-known line: *Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.*

[1] ——— *and* allows *them*
Nor *sacrifice, nor altars.*] So the first two copies. The modern editors have,
——— *and* allow *them*
No *sacrifice nor altars:*
which is the corrupt reading of the quarto, 1661.

Shall not alone confirm, but honour all
That are in this most forward.
Sap. Sacred Cæsar,
If your imperial majesty stand pleased
To shower your favours upon such as are
The boldest champions of our religion;
Look on this reverend man, to whom the power
Of searching out, and punishing such delinquents,
Was by your choice committed; and, for proof,
He hath deserved the grace imposed upon him,
And with a fair and even hand proceeded,
Partial to none, not to himself, or those
Of equal nearness to himself; behold
[2]This pair of virgins.
Diocle. What are these?
Sap. His daughters.
Artem. Now by your sacred fortune, they are fair ones,
Exceeding fair ones: would 'twere in my power
To make them mine!
Theoph. They are the gods', great lady,
They were most happy in your service else:
On these, when they fell from their father's faith,
I used a judge's power, entreaties failing
(They being seduced) to win them to adore
The holy Powers we worship; I put on
The scarlet robe of bold authority,
And, as they had been strangers to my blood,
Presented them, in the most horrid form,
All kind of tortures; part of which they suffer'd
With Roman constancy.
Artem. And could you endure,

[2] This *pair of virgins.*] Changed, I know not why, by the modern editors, into—These *pair of virgins.*

Being a father, to behold their limbs
Extended on the rack?
Theoph. I did; but must
Confess there was a strange contention in me,
Between the impartial office of a judge,
And pity of a father; to help justice
Religion stept in, under which odds
Compassion fell:—yet still I was a father;
For e'en then, when the flinty hangman's whips
Were worn with stripes spent on their tender limbs,
I kneel'd, and wept, and begg'd them, though they would
Be cruel to themselves, they would take pity
On my gray hairs: now note a sudden change,
Which I with joy remember; those, whom torture,
Nor fear of death could terrify, were o'ercome
By seeing of my sufferings; and so won,
Returning to the faith that they were born in,
I gave them to the gods: and be assured,
I that used justice with a rigorous hand,
Upon such beauteous virgins, and mine own,
Will use no favour, where the cause commands me,
To any other; but, as rocks, be deaf
To all entreaties.
Diocle. Thou deserv'st thy place;
Still hold it, and with honour. Things thus order'd
Touching the gods, 'tis lawful to descend
To human cares, and exercise that power
Heaven has conferr'd upon me;—which that you,
Rebels and traitors to the power of Rome,
Should not with all extremities undergo,
What can you urge to qualify your crimes,
Or mitigate my anger?
[3] *K. of Epire.* We are now

[3] K. of Epire. *We are now*
Slaves to thy power, &c.] I have observed several imitations

Slaves to thy power, that yesterday were kings,
And had command o'er others; we confess
Our grandsires paid yours tribute, yet left us,
As their forefathers had, desire of freedom.
And, if you Romans hold it glorious honour,
Not only to defend what is your own,
But to enlarge your empire, (though our fortune
Denies that happiness,) who can accuse
The famish'd mouth, if it attempt to feed?
Or such, whose fetters eat into their freedoms,
If they desire to shake them off?

K. of Pontus. We stand
The last examples, to prove how uncertain
All human happiness is; and are prepared
To endure the worst.

K. of Macedon. That spoke, which now is highest
In fortune's wheel, must when she turns it next,
Decline as low as we are. This, consider'd,
Taught the Ægyptian Hercules, Sesostris,
That had his chariot drawn by captive kings,
To free them from that slavery;—but to hope
Such mercy from a Roman, were mere madness:
We are familiar with what cruelty
Rome, since her infant greatness, ever used
Such as she triumph'd over; age nor sex
Exempted from her tyranny; scepter'd princes
Kept in her common dungeons, and their children,
In scorn train'd up in base mechanic arts,

of Massinger in the dramas of Mason: there is, for instance, a striking similarity between this spirited speech, and the indignant exclamation of the brave but unfortunate Caractacus:

——— "Soldier, I had arms,
"Had neighing steeds to whirl my iron cars,
"Had wealth, dominions: Dost thou wonder, Roman,
"I fought to save them? What if Cæsar aims
"To lord it universal o'er the world,
"Shall the world tamely crouch to Cæsar's footstool?"

For public bondmen. In the catalogue
Of those unfortunate men, we expect to have
Our names remember'd.
Diocle. In all growing empires,
Even crüelty is useful; some must suffer,
And be set up examples to strike terror
In others, though far off: but, when a state,
Is raised to her perfection, and her bases
Too firm to shrink, or yield, we may use mercy,
And do't with safety:[4] but to whom? not cowards,
Or such whose baseness shames the conqueror,
And robs him of his victory, as weak Perseus
Did great Æmilius.[5] Know, therefore, kings
Of Epire, Pontus, and of Macedon,
That I with courtesy can use my prisoners,
As well as make them mine by force, provided
That they are noble enemies: such I found you,
Before I made you mine; and, since you were so,
You have not lost the courages of princes,
Although the fortune. Had you born yourselves
Dejectedly, and base, no slavery
Had been too easy for you: but such is
The power of noble valour, that we love it

4 *And do't with safety:*] This is admirably expressed; the maxim however, though just, is of the most dangerous nature, for what ambitious chief will ever allow the state to be "raised to her perfection," or that the time for using "mercy with safety" is arrived? even Dioclesian has his exceptions,—strong ones too! for Rome was old enough in his time. There is an allusion to Virgil, in the opening of this speech:

Res dura, et novitas regni me talia cogunt
Moliri, &c.

5 ——— *as weak Perseus*
Did great Æmilius.] It is said that Perseus sent to desire Paulus Æmilius not to exhibit him as a spectacle to the Romans, and to spare him the indignity of being led in triumph. Æmilius replied coldly: *The favour he asks of me is in his own power; he can procure it for himself.* COXETER.

Even in our enemies, and taken with it,
Desire to make them friends, as I will you.
K. of Epire. Mock us not, Cæsar.
Diocle. By the gods, I do not.
Unloose their bonds;—I now as friends embrace you;
Give them their crowns again.
K. of Pontus. We are twice o'ercome;
By courage and by courtesy.
K. of Macedon. But this latter,
Shall teach us to live ever faithful vassals
To Dioclesian, and the power of Rome.
K. of Epire. All kingdoms fall before her!
K. of Pontus. And all kings
Contend to honour Cæsar!
Diocle. I believe
Your tongues are the true trumpets of your hearts,
And in it I most happy. Queen of fate,
Imperious Fortune! mix some light disaster
With my so many joys, to season them,
And give them sweeter relish: I'm girt round
With true felicity; faithful subjects here,
Here bold commanders, here with new-made friends;
But, what's the crown of all, in thee, Artemia,
My only child, whose love to me and duty,
Strive to exceed each other!
Artem. I make payment
But of a debt, which I stand bound to tender
As a daughter and a subject.
Diocle. Which requires yet
A retribution from me, Artemia,
Tied by a father's care, how to bestow
A jewel, of all things to me most precious:
Nor will I therefore longer keep thee from
The chief joys of creation, marriage rites;

Which that thou may'st with greater pleasures
taste of,
Thou shalt not like with mine eyes, but thine own.
Among these kings, forgetting they were captives,
Or those, remembering not they are my subjects,
Make choice of any; by Jove's dreadful thunder,
My will shall rank with thine.

Artem. It is a bounty
The daughters of great princes seldom meet with;
For they, to make up breaches in the state,
Or for some other public ends, are forced
To match where they affect not.[5] May my life
Deserve this favour!

Diocle. Speak; I long to know
The man thou wilt make happy.

Artem. If that titles,
Or the adored name of Queen could take me,
Here would I fix mine eyes, and look no further:
But these are baits to take a mean-born lady,
Not her, that boldly may call Cæsar father;
In that I can bring honour unto any,
But from no king that lives receive addition:
To raise desert and virtue by my fortune,
Though in a low estate, were greater glory,
Than to mix greatness with a prince that owes[6]
No worth but that name only.

Diocle. I commend thee,
'Tis like myself.

[5] *To match where they affect not.*] This does better for modern than Roman practice; and indeed the author was thinking more of Hamlet than of Dioclesian, in this part of the dialogue.

[6] *Than to mix greatness with a prince that* owes] Wherever the former editors meet with this word, in the sense of *possess*, they alter it into *owns*, though it is so used in almost every page of our old dramatists.

Artem. If then, of men beneath me,
My choice is to be made, where shall I seek,
But among those that best deserve from you?
That have served you most faithfully; that in dangers
Have stood next to you; that have interposed
Their breasts as shields of proof, to dull the[7] swords
Aim'd at your bosom; that have spent their blood
To crown your brows with laurel?
Macr. Cytherea,
Great Queen of Love, be now propitious to me!
Harp. Now mark what I foretold.
Anton. Her eye's on me.
Fair Venus' son, draw forth a leaden dart,[8]
And, that she may hate me, transfix her with it;
Or, if thou needs wilt use a golden one,
Shoot it in the behalf of any other:
Thou know'st I am thy votary elsewhere.
Artem. Sir.
Theoph. How he blushes!
Sap. Welcome, fool, thy fortune.
Stand like a block when such an angel courts thee!
Artem. I am no object to divert your eye
From the beholding.

[7] ——— *to dull* the *swords*] So the old copies. Mr. M. Mason reads, *to dull* their *swords!*

[8] *Fair Venus' son draw forth a leaden dart,*] The idea of this double effect, to which Massinger has more than one allusion, is from Ovid:

Filius huic Veneris; figat tuus omnia, Phœbe,
Te meus arcus, ait:—Parnassi constitit arce,
Eque sagittifera promsit duo tela pharetra
Diversorum operum: fugat hoc, facit illud amorem.
Quod facit, auratum est, et cuspide fulget acuta;
Quod fugat, obtusum est, et habet sub arundine plumbum.
Met. lib. 1. 470.

Anton. Rather a bright sun,
Too glorious for him to gaze upon,
That took not first flight from the eagle's aerie.
As I look on the temples, or the gods,
And with that reverence, lady, I behold you,
And shall do ever.
Artem. And it will become you,
While thus we stand at distance; but, if love,
Love born out of the assurance of your virtues,
Teach me to stoop so low——
Anton. O, rather take
A higher flight.
Artem. Why, fear you to be raised?
Say I put off the dreadful awe that waits
On majesty, or with you share my beams,
Nay, make you to outshine me; change the name
Of Subject into Lord, rob you of service
That's due from you to me, and in me make it
Duty to honour you, would you refuse me?
Anton. Refuse you, madam! such a worm as I am,
Refuse what kings upon their knees would sue for!
Call it, great lady, by another name;
An humble modesty, that would not match
A molehill with Olympus.
Artem. He that's famous
For honourable actions in the war,
As you are, Antoninus, a proved soldier,
Is fellow to a king.
Anton. If you love valour,
As 'tis a kingly virtue, seek it out,
And cherish it in a king; there it shines brightest,
And yields the bravest lustre. Look on Epire,
A prince, in whom it is incorporate;
And let it not disgrace him that he was
O'ercome by Cæsar; it was victory,

To stand so long against him: had you seen him,
How in one bloody scene he did discharge
The parts of a commander and a soldier,
Wise in direction, bold in execution;
You would have said, Great Cæsar's self excepted,
The world yields not his equal.
Artem. Yet I have heard,
Encountering him alone in the head of his troop,
You took him prisoner.
K. of Epire. 'Tis a truth, great princess;
I'll not detract from valour.
Anton. 'Twas mere fortune;
Courage had no hand in it.
Theoph. Did ever man
Strive so against his own good?
Sap. Spiritless villain!
How I am tortured! By the immortal gods,
I now could kill him.
Diocle. Hold, Sapritius, hold,
On our displeasure hold!
Harp. Why, this would make
A father mad, 'tis not to be endured;
Your honour's tainted in't.
Sap. By heaven, it is;
I shall think of it.
Harp. 'Tis not to be forgotten.
Artem. Nay, kneel not, sir, I am no ravisher,
Nor so far gone in fond affection to you,
But that I can retire, my honour safe:—
Yet say, hereafter, that thou hast neglected
What, but seen in possession of another,
Will make thee mad with envy.
Anton. In her looks
Revenge is written.
Mac. As you love your life,
Study to appease her.

Anton. Gracious madam, hear me.
Artem. And be again refused?
Anton. The tender of
My life, my service, or, since you vouchsafe it,[9]
My love, my heart, my all: and pardon me,
Pardon, dread princess, that I made some scruple
To leave a valley of security,
To mount up to the hill of majesty,
On which, the nearer Jove, the nearer lightning.
What knew I, but your grace made trial of me;
Durst I presume to embrace, where but to touch
With an unmanner'd hand, was death? The fox,
When he saw first the forest's king, the lion,
Was almost dead with fear;[1] the second view
Only a little daunted him; the third,
He durst salute him boldly: pray you, apply this,
And you shall find a little time will teach me
To look with more familiar eyes upon you,
Than duty yet allows me.
Sap. Well excused.
Artem. You may redeem all yet.
Diocle. And, that he may
Have means and opportunity to do so,
Artemia, I leave you my substitute
In fair Cæsarea.
Sap. And here, as yourself,
We will obey and serve her.
Diocle. Antoninus,
So you prove hers, I wish no other heir;

[9] *My life, my service,* or, *since you vouchsafe it,*
My love, &c.] This is the reading of the first edition, and is evidently right. Coxeter follows the second and third, which read *not* instead of *or*. How did this nonsense escape Mr. M. Mason?

[1] *Was almost* dead *with fear;*] The reading of the first quarto is *drad*, which may, perhaps, be the genuine word. The fable is from the Greek. In a preceding line there is an allusion to the proverb:—*Procul a Jove, sed procul a fulmine.*

Think on't:—be careful of your charge, Theophilus;
Sapritius, be you my daughter's guardian.
Your company I wish, confederate princes,
In our Dalmatian wars, which finished
With victory I hope, and Maximinus,
Our brother and copartner in the empire,
At my request won to confirm as much,
The kingdoms I took from you we'll restore,
And make you greater than you were before.

[*Exeunt all but Antoninus and Macrinus.*

Anton. Oh, I am lost for ever! lost, Macrinus!
The anchor of the wretched, hope, forsakes me,
And with one blast of Fortune all my light
Of happiness is put out.

Mac. You are like to those
That are ill only, 'cause they are too well;
That, surfeiting in the excess of blessings,
Call their abundance want. What could you wish,
That is not fall'n upon you? honour, greatness,
Respect, wealth, favour, the whole world for a dower;
And with a princess, whose excelling form
Exceeds her fortune.

Anton. Yet poison still is poison,
Though drunk in gold; and all these flattering glories
To me, ready to starve, a painted banquet,
And no essential food. When I am scorch'd
With fire, can flames in any other quench me?
What is her love to me, greatness, or empire,
That am slave to another, who alone
Can give me ease or freedom?

Mac. Sir, you point at
Your dotage on the scornful Dorothea:
Is she, though fair, the same day to be named
With best Artemia? In all their courses,

Wise men propose their ends: with sweet Artemia,
There comes along pleasure, security;
Usher'd by all that in this life is precious:
With Dorothea (though her birth be noble,
The daughter to a senator of Rome,
By him left rich, yet with a private wealth,
And far inferiour to yours) arrives
The emperor's frown, which, like a mortal plague,
Speaks death is near; the princess' heavy scorn,
Under which you will shrink;[2] your father's fury,
Which to resist, even piety forbids:—
And but remember that she stands suspected
A favourer of the Christian sect; she brings
Not danger, but assured destruction with her.
This truly weigh'd, one smile of great Artemia
Is to be cherish'd, and preferr'd before
All joys in Dorotheà: therefore leave her.

Anton. In what thou think'st thou art most wise, thou art
Grossly abused, Macrinus, and most foolish.
For any man to match above his rank,
Is but to sell his liberty. With Artemia
I still must live a servant; but enjoying
Divinest Dorothea, I shall rule,
Rule as becomes a husband: for the *danger*,
Or call it, if you will, *assured destruction*,
I slight it thus.—If, then, thou art my friend,
As I dare swear thou art, and wilt not take
A governor's place upon thee,[3] be my helper.

[2] *Under which you will* shrink;] So all the old copies. Modern editors incorrectly, and unmetrically read:

Under which you'll sink, &c.

[3] *A governor's place upon thee.*] From the Latin: *ne sis mihi tutor.*

Mac. You know I dare, and will do any thing;
Put me unto the test.
Anton. Go then, Macrinus,
To Dorothea; tell her I have worn,
In all the battles I have fought, her figure,
Her figure in my heart, which, like a deity,
Hath still protected me. Thou can'st speak well,
And of thy choicest language spare a little,
To make her understand how much I love her,
And how I languish for her. Bear these jewels,
Sent in the way of sacrifice, not service,
As to my goddess: all lets[4] thrown behind me,
Or fears that may deter me, say, this morning
I mean to visit her by the name of friendship:
—No words to contradict this.
Mac I am yours:
And, if my travail this way be ill spent,
Judge not my readier will by the event. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Dorothea's *House.*

Enter SPUNGIUS, *and* HIRCIUS.[5]

Spun. Turn Christian! Would he that first tempted me to have my shoes walk upon Christian soles, had turn'd me into a capon; for I am

[4] ——— *All* lets *thrown behind me,*] i. e. All impediments. So in the *Mayor of Quinborough:*

"Hope, and be sure I'll soon remove the *let*
"That stands between thee and thy glory."

[5] Very few of our old English plays are free from these dialogues of low wit and buffoonery: 'twas the vice of the age;

sure now, the stones of all my pleasure, in this fleshly life, are cut off.

Hir. So then, if any coxcomb has a galloping desire to ride, here's a gelding, if he can but sit him.

Spun. I kick, for all that, like a horse;—look else.

Hir. But that is a kickish jade, fellow Spungius. Have not I as much cause to complain as thou hast? When I was a pagan, there was an infidel punk of mine, would have let me come upon trust for my curvetting: a pox on your Christian cockatrices, they cry, like poulterers' wives:—No money, no coney.

Spun. Bacchus, the god of brew'd wine and sugar, grand patron of rob-pots, upsy-freesy

nor is Massinger less free from it than his cotemporaries. To defend them is impossible, nor shall I attempt it. They are of this use, that they mark the taste, display the manners, and shew us what was the chief delight and entertainment of our forefathers. COXETER.

It should, however, be observed, in justice to our old plays, that few, or rather none of them, are contaminated with such detestable ribaldry as the present. To "low wit," or indeed to wit of any kind, it has not the slightest pretension; being, in fact, nothing more than a loathsome scoterkin engendered of filth and dulness. That Massinger is not free from dialogues of low wit and buffoonery (though certainly, notwithstanding Coxeter's assertion, he is much more so than his contemporaries), may readily be granted; but the person who, after perusing this execrable trash, can imagine it to bear any resemblance to his style and manner, must have read him to very little purpose. It was assuredly written by Decker, as was the rest of this act, in which there is much to approve: with respect to this scene, and every other in which the present speakers are introduced, I recommend them to the reader's supreme scorn and contempt; if he pass them entirely over, he will lose little of the story, and nothing of his respect for the author. I have carefully corrected the text in innumerable places, but given it no farther consideration. I repeat my entreaty that the reader would reject it altogether.

tipplers, and super-naculum takers; this Bacchus, who is head warden of Vintners'-hall, ale-conner, mayor of all victualling-houses, the sole liquid benefactor to bawdy houses; lanceprezade to red noses, and invincible adelantado over the armado of pimpled, deep-scarleted, rubified, and carbuncled faces——

Hir. What of all this?

Spun. This boon Bacchanalian skinker, did I make legs to.

Hir. Scurvy ones, when thou wert drunk.

Spun. There is no danger of losing a man's ears by making these indentures; he that will not now and then be Calabingo, is worse than a Calamoothe. When I was a pagan, and kneeled to this Bacchus, I durst out-drink a lord; but your Christian lords out-bowl me. I was in hope to lead a sober life, when I was converted; but, now amongst the Christians, I can no sooner stagger out of one alehouse, but I reel into another: they have whole streets of nothing but drinking-rooms, and drabbing-chambers, jumbled together.

Hir. Bawdy Priapus, the first schoolmaster that taught butchers how to stick pricks in flesh, and make it swell, thou know'st, was the only ningle that I cared for under the moon; but, since I left him to follow a scurvy lady, what with her praying and our fasting, if now I come to a wench, and offer to use her any thing hardly (telling her, being a Christian, she must endure), she presently handles me as if I were a clove, and cleaves me with disdain, as if I were a calf's head.

Spun. I see no remedy, fellow Hircius, but that thou and I must be half pagans, and half Christians; for we know very fools that are Christians

Hir. Right: the quarters of Christians are good for nothing but to feed crows.

Spun. True: Christian brokers, thou know'st, are made up of the quarters of Christians; parboil one of these rogues, and he is not meat for a dog: no, no, I am resolved to have an infidel's heart, though in shew I carry a Christian's face.

Hir. Thy last shall serve my foot: so will I.

Spun. Our whimpering lady and mistress sent me with two great baskets full of beef, mutton, veal, and goose, fellow Hircius——

Hir. And woodcock, fellow Spungius.

Spun. Upon the poor lean ass-fellow, on which I ride, to all the almswomen: what think'st thou I have done with all this good cheer?

Hir. Eat it; or be choked else.

Spun. Would my ass, basket and all, were in thy maw, if I did! No, as I am a demi-pagan, I sold the victuals, and coined the money into pottle pots of wine.

Hir. Therein thou shewed'st thyself a perfect demi-christian too, to let the poor beg, starve, and hang, or die of the pip. Our puling, snotty-nose lady sent me out likewise with a purse of money, to relieve and release prisoners:—Did I so, think you?

Spun. Would thy ribs were turned into grates of iron then.

Hir. As I am a total pagan, I swore they should be hanged first; for, sirrah Spungius, I lay at my old ward of lechery, and cried, a pox on your two-penny wards! and so I took scurvy common flesh for the money.

Spun. And wisely done; for our lady, sending it to prisoners, had bestowed it out upon lousy knaves: and thou, to save that labour, cast'st it away upon rotten whores.

Hir. All my fear is of that pink-an-eye jack-an-apes boy, her page.

Spun. As I am a pagan from my cod-piece downward, that white-faced monkey frights me too: I stole but a dirty pudding, last day, out of an almsbasket, to give my dog when he was hungry, and the peaking chitty-face page hit me in the teeth with it.

Hir. With the dirty pudding! so he did me once with a cow-turd, which in knavery I would have crumb'd into one's porridge, who was half a pagan too. The smug dandiprat smells us out, whatsoever we are doing.

Spun. Does he? let him take heed I prove not his back-friend: I'll make him curse his smelling what I do.

Hir. 'Tis my lady spoils the boy; for he is ever at her tail, and she is never well but in his company.

Enter ANGELO *with a book, and a taper lighted; they seeing him, counterfeit devotion.*

Ang. O! now your hearts make ladders of your eyes,
In shew to climb to heaven, when your devotion
Walks upon crutches. Where did you waste your time,
When the religious man was on his knees,
Speaking the heavenly language?

Spun. Why, fellow Angelo, we were speaking in pedlar's French, I hope.

Hir. We have not been idle, take it upon my word.

Ang. Have you the baskets emptied, which your lady
Sent from her charitable hands to women
That dwell upon her pity?

Spun. Emptied them! yes; I'd be loth to have my belly so empty; yet, I am sure, I munched not one bit of them neither.

Ang. And went your money to the prisoners?

Hir. Went! no; I carried it, and with these fingers paid it away.

Ang. What way? the devil's way, the way of sin,
The way of hot damnation, way of lust!
And you, to wash away the poor man's bread
In bowls of drunkenness.

Spun. Drunkenness! yes, yes, I use to be drunk; our next neighbour's man, called Christopher, hath often seen me drunk, hath he not?

Hir. Or me given so to the flesh! my cheeks speak my doings.

Ang. Avaunt, ye thieves, and hollow hypocrites!
Your hearts to me lie open like black books,
And there I read your doings.

Spun. And what do you read in my heart?

Hir. Or in mine? come, amiable Angelo, beat the flint of your brains.

Spun. And let's see what sparks of wit fly out to kindle your cerebrum.

Ang. Your names even brand you; you are Spungius call'd,
And like a spunge, you suck up lickerish wines,
Till your soul reels to hell.

Spun. To hell! can any drunkard's legs carry him so far?

Ang. For blood of grapes you sold the widows' food,
And starving them 'tis murder: what's this but hell?——
Hircius your name, and goatish is your nature:
You snatch the meat out of the prisoner's mouth,
To fatten harlots: is not this hell too?
No angel, but the devil, waits on you.

Spun. Shall I cut his throat?

Hir. No; better burn him, for I think he is a witch; but sooth, sooth him.

Spun. Fellow Angelo, true it is, that falling into the company of wicked he-christians, for my part——

Hir. And she-ones, for mine,—we have them swim in shoals hard by——

Spun. We must confess, I took too much out of the pot; and he of t'other hollow commodity.

Her. Yes, indeed, we laid Jill on both of us; we cozen'd the poor; but tis a common thing; many a one, that counts himself a better Christian than we two, has done it, by this light.

Spun. But pray, sweet Angelo, play not the tell-tale to my lady; and, if you take us creeping into any of these mouse-holes of sin any more, let cats flay off our skins.

Hir And put nothing but the poison'd tails of rats into those skins.

Ang. Will you dishonour her sweet charity,
Who saved you from the tree of death and shame?

Hir. Would I were hang'd, rather than thus be told of my faults.

Spun. She took us, 'tis true, from the gallows; yet I hope she will not bar yeomen sprats to have their swing.

Ang. She comes,—beware and mend.

Hir. Let's break his neck, and bid him mend.

Enter DOROTHEA.

Dor. Have you my messages, sent to the poor,
Deliver'd with good hands, not robbing them
Of any jot was theirs?

Spun. Rob them, lady! I hope neither my fellow nor I am thieves.

Hir. Delivered with good hands, madam! else let me never lick my fingers more when I eat butter'd fish.

Dor. Who cheat the poor, and from them pluck their alms,
Pilfer from heaven; and there are thunderbolts
From thence to beat them ever. Do not lie,
Were you both faithful, true distributers?

Spun. Lie, madam! what grief is it to see you turn swaggerer, and give your poor-minded rascally servants the lie.

Dor. I'm glad you do not; if those wretched people
Tell you they pine for want of any thing,
Whisper but to mine ear, and you shall furnish them.

Hir. Whisper! nay, lady, for my part I'll cry whoop.

Ang. Play no more, villains, with so good a lady;
For, if you do——

Spun. Are we Christians?

Hir. The foul fiend snap all pagans for me.

Ang. Away, and, once more, mend.

Spun. Takes us for botchers.

Hir. A patch, a patch! [*Exeunt Spun. and Hir.*

Dor. My book and taper.[6]

Ang. Here, most holy mistress.

Dor. Thy voice sends forth such musick, that I never
Was ravish'd with a more celestial sound.

[6] Dor. *My book and taper.*] What follows, to the end of the scene, is exquisitely beautiful. What pity that a man so capable of interesting our best passions (for I am persuaded that this also was written by Decker), should prostitute his genius and his judgment to the production of what could only disgrace himself, and disgust his reader.

Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is Angelo,
And like that name thou art; get thee to rest,
Thy youth with too much watching is opprest.
Ang. No, my dear lady, I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some quire in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company:
Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence;
For then you break his heart.
Dor. Be nigh me still, then;
In golden letters down I'll set that day,
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
This little, pretty body; when I, coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,
My sweet-faced, godly beggar-boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand!—
And, when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom,
Methought, was fill'd with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubins, than it did before.
Ang. Proud am I, that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.
Dor. I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more.

I pray thee, my sweet boy, shew me thy parents
Be not ashamed.
Ang. I am not: I did never
Know who my mother was; but, by yon palace,
Fill'd with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heaven: and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hourglass spend his sand
No worse than yet it does, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.
Dor. A blessed day!
We all long to be there, but lose the way.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street, near Dorothea's *House.*

Enter MACRINUS, *met by* THEOPHILUS *and* HARPAX.

Theop. The Sun, god of the day, guide thee, Macrinus!
Mac. And thee, Theophilus!
Theoph. Glad'st thou in such scorn?[7]
I call my wish back.
Mac. I'm in haste.
Theoph. One word,
Take the least hand of time up:—stay.

[7] *Theoph.* Glad'st *thou in such scorn?*] This is the reading of all the old copies, and appears to be the genuine one. Theophilus, who is represented as a furious zealot for paganism, is mortified at the indifference with which Macrinus returns the happiness he had wished him by his god. Mr. M. Mason reads, Gaddest *thou in suc. scorn?*

Mac. Be brief.

Theoph. As thought: I prithee tell me, good Macrinus,
How health and our fair princess lay together
This night, for you can tell; courtiers have flies[8]
That buzz all news unto them.

Mac. She slept but ill.

Theop. Double thy curtesy; how does Antoninus?

Mac. Ill, well, straight, crooked,—I know not how.

Theoph. Once more;
—Thy head is full of windmills:—when doth the princess
Fill a bed full of beauty, and bestow it
On Antoninus, on the wedding-night?

Mac. I know not.

Theoph. No! thou art the manuscript,
Where Antoninus writes down all his secrets:
Honest Macrinus, tell me.

Mac. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Harp. Honesty is some fiend, and frights him hence;
A many courtiers love it not.

Theoph. What piece
Of this state-wheel, which winds up Antoninus,
Is broke, it runs so jarringly? the man
Is from himself divided: O thou, the eye
By which I wonders see, tell me, my Harpax,
What gad-fly tickles this Macrinus so,
That, flinging up the tail, he breaks thus from me.

[8] ——*courtiers have* flies] This word is used by Ben Jonson, a close and devoted imitator of the ancients, for a domestic parasite, a familiar, &c. and from him, probably, Decker adopted it in the present sense.

[9] A *many courtiers love it not.*] This is the reading of the first quarto. The editors follow that of the last two:—And *many* &c. which is not so good.

Harp. Oh, sir, his brain-pan is a bed of snakes,
Whose stings shoot through his eye-balls, whose poisonous spawn
Ingenders such a fry of speckled villainies,
That, unless charms more strong than adamant
Be used, the Roman angel's[1] wings shall melt,
And Cæsar's diadem be from his head
Spurn'd by base feet; the laurel which he wears,
Returning victor, be enforced to kiss,

[1] ———*the Roman* angel's] As angels were no part of the pagan theology, this should *certainly* be *augel* from the Italian *augello*, which means a bird. M. Mason.

It were to be wished that critics would sometimes apply to themselves the advice which Goneril gives to poor old Lear:

"I pray you, father, *being weak*, seem so;"

we should not then find so many of these *certainlies*. The barbarous word *augel*, of which Mr. M. Mason speaks so confidently, is foreign from our language, whereas *angel*, in the sense of bird, occurs frequently. Jonson beautifully calls the nightingale, "the dear good *angel* of the spring;" and if this should be thought, as it probably is, a Grecism; yet we have the same term in another passage, which will admit of no dispute:

"Not an *angel* of the air
"*Bird* melodious, or *bird* fair, &c."
Two Noble Kinsmen.

In Mandeville, the barbarous Herodotus of a barbarous age, there is an account of a people (probably the remains of the old Guebres) who exposed the dead bodies of their parents to the *fowles of the air*. They reserved, however, the sculls, of which, says he, the son, "letethe make a cuppe, and thereof drynkethe he with gret devocioun, in remembraunce of the holy man that the *aungeles of God* han eten."

"By this expression," says Mr. Hole, "Mandeville possibly meant to insinuate that they were considered as sacred *messengers*." No, surely: *aungeles of God*, was synonymous in Mandeville's vocabulary, to *fowles of the air*. With Greek phraseology he was, perhaps, but little acquainted, but he knew his own language well.

The reader cannot but have already observed how ill the style of Decker assimilates with that of Massinger: in the former act Harpax had spoken sufficiently plain, and told Theophilus of strange and important events, without these harsh and violent starts and metaphors

That which it hates, the fire. And can this ram,
This Antoninus-Engine, being made ready
To so much mischief, keep a steady motion?—
His eyes and feet, you see, give strange assaults.

Theoph. I'm turn'd a marble statue at thy language,
Which printed is in such crabb'd characters,
It puzzles all my reading: what, in the name
Of Pluto, now is hatching?

Harp. This Macrinus[2]
The line is, upon which love-errands run
'Twixt Antoninus and that ghost of women,
The bloodless Dorothea, who in prayer
And meditation, mocking all your gods,
Drinks up her ruby colour: yet Antoninus
Plays the Endymion to this pale-faced Moon,
Courts, seeks to catch her eyes—

Theoph. And what of this?

Harp. These are but creeping billows,
Not got to shore yet: but if Dorothea
Fall on his bosom, and be fired with love,
(Your coldest women do so),—had you ink
Brew'd from the infernal Styx, not all that blackness
Can make a thing so foul, as the dishonours,
Disgraces, buffetings, and most base affronts
Upon the bright Artemia, star o'th' court,
Great Cæsar's daughter.

Theoph. I now conster thee.

[2] Harp. *This Macrinus*
The line *is &c.*] The old copies read *time*. Before I saw Mr. M. Mason's emendation, I had altered it to *twine*. Whether either of us have hit upon the genuine word, I cannot tell; but I prefer the former. The allusion is to the rude fire-works of our ancestors. So, in the *Fawne*, by Marston:
"*Page.* There be squibs, sir, running upon *lines*, like some of our gawdy gallants," &c.

Harp. Nay, more; a firmament of clouds, being fill'd
With Jove's artillery, shot down at once,
To pash[3] your gods in pieces, cannot give,
With all those thunderbolts, so deep a blow
To the religion there, and pagan lore,
As this; for Dorothea hates your gods,
And, if she once blast Antoninus' soul,
Making it foul like hers, Oh! the example—.

Theoph. Eats through Cæsarea's heart like liquid poison.
Have I invented tortures to tear Christians,
To see but which, could all that feel hell's torments
Have leave to stand aloof here on earth's stage,
They would be mad 'till they again descended,
Holding the pains most horid of such souls,
May-games to those of mine: has this my hand
Set down a Christian's execution
In such dire postures, that the very hangman
Fell at my foot dead, hearing but their figures;
And shall Macrinus and his fellow-masker
Strangle me in a dance?

[3] *To* pash *your gods in pieces,*] So the old copies. Coxeter (who is followed, as usual, by Mr. M. Mason), ignorant perhaps of the sense of *pash*, changed it to *dash*, a word of far less energy, and of a different meaning. The latter signifies, to throw one thing with violence against another; the former, to strike a thing with such force as to crush it to pieces. Thus in Act IV. of this tragedy:

"————when the battering ram
"Was fetching his career backwards, to *pash*
"Me with his horns in pieces."

The word is now obsolete; which is to be regretted, as we have none that can adequately supply its place: it is used in its proper sense by Dryden, which is the latest instance I recollect:

"Thy cunning engines have with labour raised
"My heavy anger, like a mighty weight,
"To fall and *pash* thee."

Harp. No;—on; I hug thee,
For drilling thy quick brains in this rich plot
Of tortures 'gainst these Christians: on; I hug thee!
Theoph. Both hug and holy me; to this Dorothea
Fly thou and I in thunder.
Harp. Not for kingdoms
Piled upon kingdoms: there's a villain page
Waits on her, whom I would not for the world
Hold traffick with; I do so hate his sight
That, should I look on him, I must sink down.
Theoph. I will not lose thee then, her to confound;
None but this head with glories shall be crown'd.
Harp. Oh! mine own as I would wish thee.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Dorothea's *House.*

Enter DOROTHEA, MACRINUS, *and* ANGELO.

Dor. My trusty Angelo, with that curious eye
Of thine, which ever waits upon my business,
I prithee watch those my still-negligent servants,
That they perform my will, in what's enjoin'd them
To the good of others; else will you find them flies,
Not lying still, yet in them no good lies:
Be careful, dear boy.
Ang Yes, my sweetest mistress.[4] [*Exit.*
Dor. Now, sir, you may go on.

[4] Ang. *Yes, my* sweetest *mistress.*] So the old copies: the modern editors read, *Yes my* sweet *mistress*, which destroys the metre.

Mac. I then must study
A new arithmetick, to sum up the virtues
Which Antoninus gracefully become.
There is in him so much man, so much goodness,
So much of honour, and of all things else,
Which make our being excellent, that from his store
He can enough lend others; yet, much ta'en from him,
The want shall be as little, as when seas
Lend from their bounty, to fill up the poorness[5]
Of needy rivers.
Dor. Sir, he is more indebted
To you for praise, than you to him that owes it.
Mac. If queens, viewing his presents paid to the whiteness
Of your chaste hand alone, should be ambitious
But to be parted in their numerous shares;[6]
This he counts nothing: could you see main armies
Make battles in the quarrel of his valour,
That 'tis the best, the truest, this were nothing;
The greatness of his state, his father's voice
And arm awing Cæsarea,[7] he ne'er boasts of;
The sunbeams which the emperor throws upon him,

[5] ——— *to fill up* the *poorness*] The modern editors read, I know not why—*to fill up* their *poorness!*

[6] *But to be* parted *in their numerous shares;*] This the former editors have modernized into

But to be partners, &c.

a better word, perhaps, but not for that, to be unwarrantably thrust into the text. The expression, though somewhat uncommon, may be found in the writers of our author's age, in the sense here required: *to be parted;* to be favoured, or endowed with a part.

[7] *And arm* awing *Cæsarea,*] I have ventured to differ here from all the copies, which read *owing:* the error, if it be one, as I think it is, probably arose from the expression being taken down by the ear.

Shine there but as in water, and gild him
Not with one spot of pride: no, dearest beauty,
All these, heap'd up together in one scale,
Cannot weigh down the love he bears to you,
Being put into the other.

Dor. Could gold buy you
To speak thus for a friend, you, sir, are worthy
Of more than I will number; and this your language
Hath power to win upon another woman,
'Top of whose heart the feathers of this world
Are gaily stuck: but all which first you named,
And now this last, his love, to me are nothing.

Mac. You make me a sad messenger;—but himself

Enter ANTONINUS.

Being come in person, shall, I hope, hear from you
Musick more pleasing.

Anton. Has your ear, Macrinus,
Heard none, then?

Mac. None I like.

Anton. But can there be
In such a noble casket, wherein lie
Beauty and chastity in their full perfections,
A rocky heart, killing with cruelty
A life that's prostrated beneath your feet?

Dor. I am guilty of a shame I yet ne'er knew,
Thus to hold parley with you;—pray, sir, pardon.

Anton. Good sweetness, you now have it, and shall go:
Be but so merciful, before your wounding me
With such a mortal weapon as Farewell,
To let me murmur to your virgin ear,
What I was loth to lay on any tongue
But this mine own.

Dor. If one immodest accent
Fly out, I hate you everlastingly.
Anton. My true love dares not do it.
Mac. Hermes inspire thee!

Enter above, ARTEMIA, SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, SPUNGIUS, *and* HIRCIUS.

Spun. So, now, do you see?—Our work is done; the fish you angle for is nibbling at the hook, and therefore untruss the cod-piece-point of our reward, no matter if the breeches of conscience fall about our heels.

Theoph. The gold you earn is here; dam up your mouths,
And no words of it.

Hir. No; nor no words from you of too much damning neither. I know women sell themselves daily, and are hacknied out for silver: why may not we, then, betray a scurvy mistress for gold?

Spun. She saved us from the gallows, and, only to keep one Proverb from breaking his neck, we'll hang her.

Theoph. 'Tis well done; go, go, you're my fine white boys.

Spun. If your red boys, 'tis well known more ill-favoured faces than ours are painted.

Sap. Those fellows trouble us.

Theoph. Away, away!

Hir. I to my sweet placket.

Spun. And I to my full pot.

[*Exeunt Hir. and Spun.*

Anton. Come, let me tune you:—glaze not thus your eyes
With self-love of a vow'd virginity,
Make every man your glass; you see our sex

Do never murder propagation;
We all desire your sweet society,
And if you bar me from it, you do kill me,
And of my blood are guilty.
Artem. O base villain!
Sap. Bridle your rage, sweet princess.
Anton. Could not my fortunes,
Rear'd higher far than yours, be worthy of you,
Methinks my dear affection makes you mine.
Dor. Sir, for your fortunes, were they mines of gold,
He that I love is richer; and for worth,
You are to him lower than any slave
Is to a monarch.
Sap. So insolent, base Christian!
Dor. Can I, with wearing out my knees before him,
Get you but be his servant, you shall boast
You're equal to a king.
Sap. Confusion on thee,
For playing thus the lying sorceress!
Anton. Your mocks are great ones; none beneath the sun
Will I be servant to.—On my knees I beg it,
Pity me, wondrous maid.
Sap. I curse thy baseness.
Theoph. Listen to more.
Dor. O kneel not, sir, to me.
Anton. This knee is emblem of an humbled heart:
That heart which tortured is with your disdain,
Justly for scorning others, even this heart,
To which for pity such a princess sues,
As in her hand offers me all the world,
Great Cæsar's daughter.
Artem. Slave, thou liest.
Anton. Yet this

Is adamant to her, that melts to you
In drops of blood.
Theoph. A very dog!
Anton. Perhaps
'Tis my religion makes you knit the brow;
Yet be you mine, and ever be your own:
I ne'er will screw your conscience from that Power,
On which you Christians lean.
Sap. I can no longer
Fret out my life with weeping at thee, villain.
Sirrah! [*Aloud.*
Would, when I got thee, the high Thunderer's hand
Had struck thee in the womb!
Mac. We are betray'd.
Artem. Is that the idol, traitor, which thou kneel'st to,
Trampling upon my beauty?
Theoph. Sirrah, bandog![8]
Wilt thou in pieces tear our Jupiter

[8] Theoph. *Sirrah*, bandog!

Wilt thou in pieces tear our Jupiter] A *bandog*, as the name imports, was a dog so fierce, as to require to be chained up. Bandogs are frequently mentioned by our old writers (indeed the word occurs three times in this very play), and always with a reference to their savage nature. If the term was appropriated to a species, it probably meant a large dog, of the mastiff kind, which, though no longer met with here, is still common in many parts of Germany: it was familiar to Snyders, and is found in most of his hunting-pieces.

In this country the bandog was kept to bait bears: with the decline of that "noble sport," perhaps, the animal fell into disuse, as he was too ferocious for any domestic purpose. Mr. Gilchrist has furnished me with a curious passage from Lancham, which renders any further details on the subject unnecessary. "On the syxth day of her Majestyes cumming, a great sort of *bandogs* whear thear tyed in the utter coourt, and thyrteen bears in the inner. Whoosoever made the pannell thear wear enoow for a queast, and one for a challenge and need wear. A wight of great wisdoom and gravitie seemed their foreman to be, had it

For her? our Mars for her? our Sol for her?
A whore! a hell-hound! In this globe of brains,
Where a whole world of furies for such tortures
Have fought, as in a chaos, which should exceed,
These nails shall grubbing lie from skull to skull,
To find one horrider than all, for you,
You three!

Artem. Threaten not, but strike: quick vengeance flies
Into my bosom;[9] caitiff! here all love dies.
[*Exeunt above.*

Anton. O! I am thunderstruck! We are both o'erwhelm'd——

Mac. With one high-raging billow.

Dor. You a soldier,
And sink beneath the violence of a woman!

Anton. A woman! a wrong'd princess. From such a star
Blazing with fires of hate, what can be look'd for,
But tragical events? my life is now
The subject of her tyranny.

Dor. That fear is base,
Of death, when that death doth but life displace
Out of her house of earth; you only dread
The stroke, and not what follows when you're dead;
There's the great fear, indeed:[1] come, let your eyes
Dwell where mine do, you'll scorn their tyrannies.

cum to a jury: but it fell oout that they wear causd to appeer thear upon no such matter, but onlie too onswear too an *auncient quarrele between them and the bandogs*," &c. *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Killingwoorth Castle, in* 1575.

9 ——— *quick vengeance flies*
Into my *bosom* &c.] The old copies read, *Into* thy *bosom*. For the change, which is obviously necessary, I am answerable.

1 *There's the* great *fear indeed*:] The modern editors omit *great*, which is found in the first and second quartos.

Re-enter below, ARTEMIA, SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, *a guard;* ANGELO *comes and stands close by* DOROTHEA.

Artem. My father's nerves put vigour in mine arm,
And I his strength must use. Because I once
Shed beams of favour on thee, and, with the lion,
Play'd with thee gently, when thou struck'st my heart,
I'll not insult on a base, humbled prey,
By lingering out thy terrors; but with one frown
Kill thee:—hence with 'em all to execution.
Seize him; but let even death itself be weary
In torturing her. I'll change those smiles to shrieks;
Give the fool what she's proud of, martyrdom:
In pieces rack that bawd too.

Sap. Albeit the reverence
I owe our gods, and you, are in my bosom,
Torrents so strong, that pity quite lies drown'd
From saving this young man; yet, when I see
What face death gives him, and that a thing within me
Says, 'tis my son, I am forced to be a man,
And grow fond of his life, which thus I beg.

Artem. And I deny.

Anton. Sir, you dishonour me,
To sue for that which I disclaim to have.
I shall more glory in my sufferings gain
Than you in giving judgment, since I offer
My blood up to your anger; nor do I kneel
To keep a wretched life of mine from ruin:
Preserve this temple, builded fair as yours is,[2]

[2] *Preserve this temple,* build it *fair as yours is,*] As this line stands, Antoninus's request is, not merely that Artemia should

And Cæsar never went in greater triumph,
Than I shall to the scaffold.
Artem. Are you so brave, sir?
Set forward to his triumph, and let those two
Go cursing along with him.
Dor. No, but pitying,
For my part, I, that you lose ten times more
By torturing me, than I that dare your tortures:
Through all the army of my sins, I have even
Labour'd to break, and cope with death to th' face.
The visage of a hangman frights not me;
The sight of whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires,
Are scaffoldings by which my soul climbs up
To an eternal habitation.
Theoph. Cæsar's imperial daughter, hear me speak.
Let not this Christian thing, in this her pageantry
Of proud deriding both our gods and Cæsar,
Build to herself a kingdom in her death,
Going[2] laughing from us: no; her bitterest torment
Shall be, to feel her constancy beaten down;
The bravery of her resolution lie
Batter'd, by argument, into such pieces,
That she again shall, on her belly, creep
To kiss the pavements of our painim gods.

preserve Dorothea, but that she should raise her to a degree of splendour equal to her own. The absurdity of supposing that he should make this request to a princess, who had condemned him to death, in favour of her rival, made me suppose that there must be an error in this passage, and suggested the amendment. M. Mason.

Wonderfully sagacious! A single glance at either of the first two editions would have saved all this labour: *build it* is the blunder of the quarto, 1661, which Coxeter followed; in those of 1622 and 1631, it stands as in the text.

[2] Going *laughing from us:*] So the old copies; which is far more correct than the modern reading—Go, *laughing from us.*

Artem. How to be done?

Theoph. I'll send my daughters to her,
And they shall turn her rocky faith to wax;
Else spit at me, let me be made your slave,
And meet no Roman's but a villain's grave.

Artem. Thy prisoner let her be, then; and, Sapritius,
Your son and that,[4] be yours: death shall be sent
To him that suffers them, by voice or letters,
To greet each other. Rifle her estate;
Christians to beggary brought, grow desparate.

Dor. Still on the bread of poverty let me feed.

Ang. O! my admired mistress, quench not out
The holy fires within you, though temptations
Shower down upon you: clasp thine armour on,
Fight well, and thou shalt see, after these wars,
Thy head wear sunbeams, and thy feet touch stars. [*Exeunt all but Angelo.*

Enter HIRCIUS *and* SPUNGIUS.

Hir. How now, Angelo; how is it, how is it? What thread spins that whore Fortune upon her wheel now?

Spun. *Com' esta, com' esta,* poor knave?

Hir. *Comment portez-vouz, comment portez-vouz, mon petit garçon?*

Spun. My pretty wee comrade, my half-inch of man's flesh, how run the dice of this cheating world, ha?

Ang. Too well on your sides; you are hid in gold O'er head and ears.

Hir. We thank our fates, the sign of the gingle-boys hangs at the doors of our pockets.

Spun. Who would think that we, coming forth

[4] *Your son and* that,] Meaning Macrinus, whom before she had called a bawd. M. MASON.

of the a—, as it were, or fag-end of the world, should yet see the golden age, when so little silver is stirring?

Hir. Nay, who can say any citizen is an ass, for loading his own back with money till his soul cracks again, only to leave his son like a gilded coxcomb behind him? Will not any fool take me for a wise man now, seeing me draw out of the pit of my treasury this little god with his belly full of gold?

Spun. And this, full of the same meat, out of my ambry.

Ang. That gold will melt to poison.

Spun. Poison! would it would; whole pints for healths should down my throat.

Hir. Gold, poison! there is never a she-thrasher in Cæsarea, that lives on the flail of money, will call it so.

Ang. Like slaves you sold your souls for golden dross,
Bewraying her to death, who stept between
You and the gallows.

Spun. It was an easy matter to save us, she being so well back'd.

Hir. The gallows and we fell out; so she did but part us.

Ang. The misery of that mistress is mine own;
She beggar'd, I left wretched.

Hir. I can but let my nose drop in sorrow, with wet eyes for her.

Spun. The petticoat of her estate is unlaced, I confess.

Hir. Yes, and the smock of her charity is now all to pieces.

Ang. For love you bear to her, for some good turns
Done you by me, give me one piece of silver.

Hir. How! a piece of silver! if thou wert an

angel of gold, I would not put thee into white money, unless I weighed thee; and I weigh thee not a rush.

Spun. A piece of silver! I never had but two calves in my life, and those my mother left me; I will rather part from the fat of them, than from a mustard-token's worth of argent.

Hir. And so, sweet nit, we crawl from thee.

Spun. Adieu, demi-dandiprat, adieu!

Ang. Stay,—one word yet; you now are full of gold.

Hir. I would be sorry my dog were so full of the pox.

Spun. Or any sow of mine of the meazles either.

Ang. Go, go! you're beggars both; you are not worth
That leather on your feet.

Hir. Away, away, boy!

Spun. Page, you do nothing but set patches on the soles of your jests.

Ang. I am glad I tried your love, which, see! I want not,
So long as this is full.

Both. And so long as this, so long as this.

Hir. Spungius, you are a pickpocket.

Spun. Hircius, thou hast nim'd:—*So long as!*—not so much money is left as will buy a louse.

Hir. Thou art a thief, and thou liest in that gut through which thy wine runs, if thou deniest it.

Spun. Thou liest deeper than the bottom of mine enraged pocket, if thou affrontest it.

Ang. No blows, no bitter language;—all your gold gone!

Spun. Can the devil creep into one's breeches?

Hir. Yes, if his horns once get into the cod-piece.

Ang. Come, sigh not; I so little am in love

With that whose loss kills you, that, see! 'tis yours,
All yours: divide the heap in equal share,
So you will go along with me to prison,
And in our mistress' sorrows bear a part:
Say, will you?

Both. Will we!

Spun. If she were going to hanging, no gallows should part us.

Hir. Let us both be turn'd into a rope of onions, if we do not.

Ang. Follow me, then; repair your bad deeds past;
Happy are men, when their best days are last!

Spun. True, master Angelo; pray, sir, lead the way. [*Exit Angelo.*

Hir. Let him lead that way, but follow thou me this way.

Spun. I live in a gaol!

Hir. Away, and shift for ourselves:—She'll do well enough there; for prisoners are more hungry after mutton, than catchpoles after prisoners.

Spun. Let her starve then, if a whole gaol will not fill her belly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Dorothea's *House.*

Enter SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, Priest, CALISTA, *and* CHRISTETA.

Sap. Sick to the death, I fear.[5]
Theoph. I meet your sorrow,
With my true feeling of it.
Sap. She's a witch,
A sorceress, Theophilus; my son
Is charm'd by her enchanting eyes; and, like
An image made of wax, her beams of beauty
Melt him to nothing: all my hopes in him,
And all his gotten honours, find their grave
In his strange dotage on her. Would, when first
He saw and loved her, that the earth had open'd,
And swallow'd both alive!
Theoph. There's hope left yet.
Sap. Not any: though the princess were appeased,
All title in her love surrender'd up;
Yet this coy Christian is so transported
With her religion, that unless my son
(But let him perish first!) drink the same potion,
And be of her belief, she'll not vouchsafe
To be his lawful wife.
Priest. But, once removed

5 Sap. *Sick to the death, I fear.*] It is delightful, after the vile ribaldry and harshness of the preceding act, to fall in again with the clear and harmonious periods of Massinger. From hence to the conclusion of the second scene, where Decker takes up the story, every page is crowded with beauties of no common kind.

From her opinion, as I rest assured
The reasons of these holy maids will win her,
You'll find her tractable to any thing,
For your content or his.
Theoph. If she refuse it,
The Stygian damps, breeding infectious airs,
The mandrake's shrieks, the basilisk's killing eye,
The dreadful lightning that does crush the bones,
And never singe the skin, shall not appear
Less fatal to her, than my zeal made hot
With love unto my gods. I have deferr'd it,
In hopes to draw back this apostata,
Which will be greater honour than her death,
Unto her father's faith; and, to that end,
Have brought my daughters hither.
Cal. And we doubt not
To do what you desire.
Sap. Let her be sent for.
Prosper in your good work; and were I not
To attend the princess, I would see and hear
How you succeed.
Theoph. I am commanded too,
I'll bear you company.
Sap. Give them your ring,
To lead her as in triumph, if they win her,
Before her highness. [*Exit.*
Theoph. Spare no promises,
Persuasions, or threats, I do conjure you:
If you prevail, 'tis the most glorious work
You ever undertook.

Enter DOROTHEA *and* ANGELO.

Priest. She comes.
Theoph. We leave you;
Be constant, and be careful.
[*Exeunt Theoph. and Priest.*

Cal. We are sorry
To meet you under guard.
Dor. But I more grieved
You are at liberty. So well I love you,
That I could wish, for such a cause as mine,
You were my fellow-prisoners: Prithee, Angelo,
Reach us some chairs. Please you sit——
Cal. We thank you:
Our visit is for love, love to your safety.
Christ. Our conference must be private, pray you, therefore,
Command your boy to leave us.
Dor. You may trust him
With any secret that concerns my life,
Falsehood and he are strangers: had you, ladies,
Been bless'd with such a servant, you had never
Forsook that way, your journey even half ended,
That leads to joys eternal. In the place
Of loose lascivious mirth, he would have stirr'd you
To holy meditations; and so far
He is from flattery, that he would have told you,
Your pride being at the height, how miserable
And wretched things you were, that, for an hour
Of pleasure here, have made a desperate sale
Of all your right in happiness hereafter.
He must not leave me; without him I fall:
In this life he's my servant, in the other
A wish'd companion.
Ang. 'Tis not in the devil,
Nor all his wicked arts, to shake such goodness.
Dor. But you were speaking, lady.
Cal. As a friend
And lover of your safety, and I pray you
So to receive it; and, if you remember
How near in love our parents were, that we,
Even from the cradle, were brought up together,

Our amity increasing with our years,
We cannot stand suspected.
Dor. To the purpose.
Cal. We come, then, as good angels, Dorothea,
To make you happy; and the means so easy,
That, be not you an enemy to yourself,
Already you enjoy it.
Christ. Look on us,
Ruin'd as you are, once, and brought unto it
By your persuasion.
Cal. But what follow'd, lady?
Leaving those blessings which our gods gave freely,
And shower'd upon us with a prodigal hand,
As to be noble born, youth, beauty, wealth,
And the free use of these without control,
Check, curb, or stop, such is our law's indulgence!
All happiness forsook us; bonds and fetters
For amorous twines; the rack and hangman's whips
In place of choice delights; our parents' curses
Instead of blessings; scorn, neglect, contempt,
Fell thick upon us.
Christ. This consider'd wisely,
We made a fair retreat; and reconciled
To our forsaken gods, we live again
In all prosperity.
Cal. By our example,
Bequeathing misery to such as love it,
Learn to be happy. The Christian yoke's too heavy
For such a dainty neck; it was framed rather
To be the shrine of Venus, or a pillar
More precious than crystal, to support
Our Cupid's image: our religion, lady,
Is but a varied pleasure; yours a toil,
Slaves would shrink under.

Dor. Have you not cloven feet? are you not devils?
Dare any say so much, or dare I hear it
Without a virtuous and religious anger?
Now to put on a virgin modesty,
Or maiden silence, when His power is question'd
That is omnipotent, were a greater crime
Than in a bad cause to be impudent.
Your gods! your temples! brothelhouses rather,
Or wicked actions of the worst of men
Pursued and practised. Your religious rites!
Oh! call them rather juggling mysteries,
The baits and nets of hell: your souls the prey
For which the devil angles; your false pleasures
A steep descent, by which you headlong fall
Into eternal torments.
Cal. Do not tempt
Our powerful gods.
Dor. Which of your powerful gods?
Your gold, your silver, brass, or wooden ones,
That can nor do me hurt, nor protect you?[6]
Most pitied women! will you sacrifice
To such,—or call them gods or goddesses,
Your parents would disdain to be the same,
Or you yourselves? O blinded ignorance!
Tell me, Calista, by the truth, I charge you,
Or any thing you hold more dear, would you,
To have him deified to posterity,
Desire your father an adulterer,
A ravisher, almost a parricide,
A vile incestuous wretch?
Cal. That, piety
And duty answer for me.

[6] *That* can nor *do me hurt, nor protect you?*] More spirited, and more in the author's manner, than the reading of the last quarto, which the modern editors follow:
That cannot *do me hurt, nor protect you?*

Dor. Or you, Christeta,
To be hereafter register'd a goddess,
Give your chaste body up to the embraces
Of goatish lust? have it writ on your forehead:
This is the common whore, the prostitute,
The mistress in the art of wantonness,
Knows every trick and labyrinth of desires
That are immodest?

Christ. You judge better of me,
Or my affection is ill placed on you;
Shall I turn strumpet?

Dor. No, I think you would not;
Yet Venus, whom you worship, was a whore;
Flora, the foundress of the publick stews,
And has, for that, her sacrifice; your great god,
Your Jupiter, a loose adulterer,
Incestuous with his sister: read but those
That have canonized them, you'll find them worse
Than, in chaste language, I can speak them to you.
Are they immortal then, that did partake
Of human weakness, and had ample share
In men's most base affections; subject to
Unchaste loves, anger, bondage, wounds, as men are?
Here, Jupiter, to serve his lust, turn'd bull,
The shape,[7] indeed, in which he stole Europa;
Neptune, for gain, builds up the walls of Troy,
As a day-labourer; Apollo keeps
Admetus' sheep for bread; the Lemnian smith
Sweats at the forge for hire; Prometheus here,
With his still-growing liver, feeds the vulture;
Saturn bound fast in hell with adamant chains;
And thousands more, on whom abused errour
Bestows a deity. Will you then, dear sisters,

[7] *The* shape, *indeed, &c.*] The old copies read, *The* ship, *indeed*, &c. Corrected by Coxeter.

For I would have you such, pay your devotions
To things of less power than yourselves?
Cal. We worship
Their good deeds in their images.
Dor. By whom fashion'd?
By sinful men. I'll tell you a short tale,[8]
Nor can you but confess it is a true one:
A king of Egypt, being to erect
The image of Osiris, whom they honour,
Took from the matrons' necks the richest jewels,
And purest gold, as the materials,
To finish up his work; which perfected,
With all solemnity he set it up,
To be adored, and served himself his idol;
Desiring it to give him victory
Against his enemies: but, being overthrown,
Enraged against his god (these are fine gods,
Subject to human fury!), he took down
The senseless thing, and melting it again,
He made a bason, in which eunuchs wash'd
His concubine's feet; and for this sordid use
Some months it served: his mistress proving false,
As most indeed do so, and grace concluded
Between him and the priests, of the same bason
He made his god again!—Think, think of this,
And then consider, if all worldly honours,
Or pleasures that do leave sharp stings behind them,

[8] ———*I'll tell you a* short tale, &c.] I once thought I had read this *short tale* in Arnobius, from whom, and from Augustin, much of the preceding speech is taken; but, upon looking him over again, I can scarcely find a trace of it. Herodotus has, indeed, a story of a king of Egypt (Amasis), which bears a distant resemblance to it; but the application is altogether different:—there is a *bason of gold* in which he and his guests were accustomed to spit, *wash their feet*, &c. which is formed *into a god*: but whether this furnished the poet with any hints, I cannot undertake to say.

Have power to win such as have reasonable souls,
To put their trust in dross.
Cal. Oh, that I had been born
Without a father!
Christ. Piety to him
Hath ruin'd us for ever.
Dor. Think not so;
You may repair all yet: the attribute
That speaks his Godhead most, is merciful:
Revenge is proper to the fiends you worship,
Yet cannot strike without his leave.—You weep,—
Oh, 'tis a heavenly shower! celestial balm
To cure your wounded conscience! let it fall,
Fall thick upon it; and, when that is spent,
I'll help it with another of my tears:
And may your true repentance prove the child
Of my true sorrow, never mother had
A birth so happy!
Cal. We are caught ourselves,
That came to take you; and, assured of conquest,
We are your captives.
Dor. And in that you triumph:
Your victory had been eternal loss,
And this your loss immortal gain. Fix here,
And you shall feel yourselves inwardly arm'd
'Gainst tortures, death, and hell:—but, take heed, sisters,
That, or through weakness, threats, or mild persuasions,
Though of a father, you fall not into
A second and a worse apostacy.
Cal. Never, oh never! steel'd by your example,
We dare the worst of tyranny.
Christ. Here's our warrant,
You shall along and witness it.
Dor. Be confirm'd then;

And rest assured, the more you suffer here,
The more your glory, you to heaven more dear.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Governor's *Palace.*

Enter ARTEMIA, SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, *and* HARPAX.

Artem. Sapritius, though your son deserve no pity,
We grieve his sickness: his contempt of us,
We cast behind us, and look back upon
His service done to Cæsar, that weighs down
Our just displeasure. If his malady
Have growth from his restraint, or that you think
His liberty can cure him, let him have it:
Say, we forgive him freely.
Sap. Your grace binds us
Ever your humblest vassals.
Artem. Use all means
For his recovery; though yet I love him,
I will not force affection. If the Christian,
Whose beauty hath out-rivall'd me, be won
To be of our belief, let him enjoy her;
That all may know, when the cause wills, I can
Command my own desires.
Theoph. Be happy then,
My lord Sapritius: I am confident.
Such eloquence and sweet persuasion dwell
Upon my daughters' tongues, that they will work her
To any thing they please.
Sap. I wish they may:

Yet 'tis no easy task to undertake,
To alter a perverse and obstinate woman.
[*A shout within: loud musick.*
Artem. What means this shout?
Sap. 'Tis seconded with musick,
Triumphant musick.—Ha!

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

Semp. My lord, your daughters,
The pillars of our faith,[9] having converted,
For so report gives out, the Christian lady,
The image of great Jupiter born before them,
Sue for access.
Theoph. My soul divined as much.
Blest be the time when first they saw this light!
Their mother, when she bore them to support
My feeble age, fill'd not my longing heart
With so much joy, as they in this good work
Have thrown upon me.

Enter Priest *with the Image of Jupiter, incense and censers; followed by* CALISTA *and* CHRISTETA, *leading* DOROTHEA.

Welcome, oh, thrice welcome,
Daughters, both of my body and my mind!
Let me embrace in you my bliss, my comfort;
And, Dorothea, now more welcome too,
Than if you never had fallen off! I am ravish'd
With the excess of joy:—speak, happy daughters,
The blest event.

[9] *The pillars of our* faith, &c.] Here, as in many other places, the language of Christianity and paganism is confounded; *faith* was always the distinctive term for the former, in opposition to heathenism.

Cal. We never gain'd so much
By any undertaking.
Theoph. O my dear girl,
Our gods reward thee!
Dor. Nor was ever time
On my part better spent.
Christ. We are all now
Of one opinion.
Theoph. My best Christeta!
Madam, if ever you did grace to worth,
Vouchsafe your princely hands.
Artem. Most willingly——.
Do you refuse it?
Cal. Let us first deserve it.
Theoph. My own child still! here set our god; prepare
The incense quickly: Come, fair Dorothea,
I will myself support you;—now kneel down
And pay your vows to Jupiter.
Dor. I shall do it
Better by their example.
Theoph. They shall guide you,
They are familiar with the sacrifice.
Forward, my twins of comfort, and, to teach her,
Make a joint offering.
Christ. Thus—— [*they both spit at the image,*
Cal. And thus—— *throw it down, and spurn it.*
Harp. Profane,
And impious! stand you now like a statue?
Are you the champion of the gods? where is
Your holy zeal, your anger?
Theoph. I am blasted;
And, as my feet were rooted here, I find
I have no motion; I would I had no sight too!
Or if my eyes can serve to any use,[1]

[1] *Or if my eyes can serve to any use,*] The modern editors read: *Or if my eyes can serve to any* other *use.*

Give me, thou injured Power! a sea of tears,
To expiate this madness in my daughters;
For, being themselves, they would have trembled at
So blasphemous a deed in any other:——
For my sake, hold awhile thy dreadful thunder,
And give me patience to demand a reason
For this accursed act.

Dor. 'Twas bravely done.

Theoph. Peace, damn'd enchantress, peace!—
I should look on you
With eyes made red with fury, and my hand,
That shakes with rage, should much outstrip my tongue,
And seal my vengeance on your hearts;—but nature,
To you that have fallen once, bids me again
To be a father. Oh! how durst you tempt
The anger of great Jove?

Dor. Alack, poor Jove!
He is no swaggerer; how smug he stands!
He'll take a kick, or any thing.

Sap. Stop her mouth.

Dor. It is the patient'st godling;[2] do not fear him;
He would not hurt the thief that stole away
Two of his golden locks; indeed he could not:
And still 'tis the same quiet thing.

Theop. Blasphemer!
Ingenious cruelty shall punish this;
Thou art past hope: but for you yet,[3] dear daughters,

Other, which destroys at once the metre and the sense, is an absurd interpolation of the quartos 1631 and 1661.

[2] Dor. *It is the* patient'st *godling;*] I have inserted this word at the recommendation of Mr. M. Mason. The old copies concur in reading *antient'st.*

[3] ———*but for you* yet,] *Yet*, which completes the verse, is now restored from the first edition.

Again bewitch'd, the dew of mild forgiveness
May gently fall, provided you deserve it
With true contrition: be yourselves again;
Sue to the offended deity.
Christ. Not to be
The mistress of the earth.
Cal. I will not offer
A grain of incense to it, much less kneel,
Nor look on it but with contempt and scorn,
To have a thousand years conferr'd upon me
Of worldly blessings. We profess ourselves
To be, like Dorothea, Christians,
And owe her for that happiness.
Theop. My ears
Receive, in hearing this, all deadly charms,
Powerful to make man wretched.
Artem. Are these they
You bragg'd could convert others!
Sap. That want strength
To stand themselves!
Harp. Your honour is engaged,
The credit of your cause depends upon it;
Something you must do suddenly.
Theoph. And I will.
Harp. They merit death; but, falling by your hand,
'Twill be record'd for a just revenge,
And holy fury in you.
Theoph. Do not blow
The furnace of a wrath thrice hot already;
Ætna is in my breast, wildfire burns here,
Which only blood must quench. Incensed Power!
Which from my infancy I have adored,
Look down with favourable beams upon
The sacrifice, though not allow'd thy priest,
Which I will offer to thee; and be pleased
(My fiery zeal in citing me to act)

To call that justice others may style murder.
Come, you accurs'd, thus by the hair I drag you
Before this holy altar; thus look on you,
Less pitiful than tigers to their prey:
And thus with mine own hand I take that life
Which I gave to you. [*Kills them.*

Dor. O most cruel butcher!

Theoph. My anger ends not here: hell's dreadful porter,
Receive into thy ever-open gates,
Their damned souls, and let the Furies' whips
On them alone be wasted; and, when death
Closes these eyes, 'twill be Elysium to me
To hear their shrieks and howlings. Make me, Pluto,
Thy instrument to furnish thee with souls
Of that accursed sect; nor let me fall,
Till my fell vengeance hath consumed them all.
[*Exit, Harpax hugging him.*

Art. 'Tis a brave zeal.[4]

Dor. Oh, call him back again,
Call back your hangman! here's one prisoner left
To be the subject of his knife.

Art. Not so;
We are not so near reconciled unto thee;
Thou shalt not perish such an easy way.
Be she your charge, Sapritius, now; and suffer
None to come near her, till we have found out
Some torments worthy of her.

Ang. Courage, mistress,

4 Artem. *'Tis a brave zeal.*] The first two quartos have a stage direction here, which Coxeter and M. Mason follow: *Enter Artemia laughing.* But Artemia continues on the stage: the error was seen and removed by the quarto 1661, which reads as I have given it.

These martyrs but prepare your glorious fate;
You shall exceed them, and not imitate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Dorothea's *House.*

Enter SPUNGIUS *and* HIRCIUS, *ragged, at opposite doors.*

Hir. Spungius!

Spun. My fine rogue, how is it? how goes this tattered world?[5]

Hir. Hast any money?

Spun. Money! no. The tavern ivy clings about my money, and kills it. Hast thou any money?

Hir. No. My money is a mad bull; and finding any gap opened, away it runs.

Spun. I see then a tavern and a bawdyhouse have faces much alike; the one hath red grates next the door, the other hath peeping-holes within doors: the tavern hath evermore a bush, the bawdyhouse sometimes neither hedge nor bush. From a tavern a man comes reeling; from a bawdyhouse, not able to stand. In the tavern you are cozen'd with paltry wine; in a bawdyhouse, by a painted whore: money may have wine, and a whore will have money; but

[5] ——— *how goes this* tattered *world?*] These odious wretches——but they are not worth a line. Mr. Malone observes that *tattered* is spelt with an *o* in the old editions of Shakspeare: this is the first opportunity I have had for mentioning, that Massinger conforms to the same practice. The modern editors sometimes adopt one mode of spelling it, and sometimes another, as if the words were different! It is best to be uniform.

to neither can you cry, Drawer, you rogue! or, Keep door, rotten bawd! without a silver whistle:—We are justly plagued, therefore, for running from our mistress.

Hir. Thou didst; I did not: Yet I had run too, but that one gave me turpentine pills, and that staid my running.

Spun. Well! the thread of my life is drawn through the needle of necessity; whose eye, looking upon my lousy breeches, cries out it cannot mend them; which so pricks the linings of my body (and those are, hearts, lights, lungs, guts, and midriff), that I beg on my knees, to have Atropos, the tailor to the Destinies, to take her sheers, and cut my thread in two, or to heat the iron goose of mortality, and so press me to death.

Hir. Sure thy father was some botcher, and thy hungry tongue bit off these shreds of complaints, to patch up the elbows of thy nitty eloquence.

Spun. And what was thy father?

Hir. A low-minded cobler, a cobler whose zeal set many a woman upright; the remembrance of whose awl (I now having nothing) thrusts such scurvy stitches into my soul, that the heel of my happiness is gone awry.

Spun. Pity that e'er thou trod'st thy shoe awry.

Hir. Long I cannot last; for all sowterly wax of comfort melting away, and misery taking the length of my foot, it boots not me to sue for life, when all my hopes are seam-rent, and go wet-shod.

Spun. This shews thou art a cobler's son, by going through stitch: O Hircius, would thou and I were so happy to be coblers!

Hir. So would I; for both of us being weary of our lives, should then be sure of shoemakers' ends.

Spun. I see the beginning of my end, for I am almost starved.

Hir. So am not I; but I am more than famish'd.

Spun. All the members in my body are in a rebellion one against another.

Hir. So are mine; and nothing but a cook, being a constable, can appease them, presenting to my nose, instead of his painted staff, a spit full of roast meat.

Spun. But in this rebellion, what uproars do they make! my belly cries to my mouth, Why dost not gape and feed me?

Hir. And my mouth sets out a throat to my hand, Why dost not thou lift up meat, and cram my chops with it?

Spun. Then my hand hath a fling at mine eyes, because they look not out, and shark for victuals.

Hir. Which mine eyes seeing, full of tears, cry aloud, and curse my feet, for not ambling up and down to feed colon, sithence if good meat be in any place, 'tis known my feet can smell.

Spun. But then my feet, like lazy rogues, lie still, and had rather do nothing, than run to and fro to purchase any thing.

Hir. Why, among so many millions of people, should thou and I only be miserable tatterdemallions, ragamuffins, and lousy desperates?

Spun. Thou art a mere I-am-an-o, I-am-an-as: consider the whole world, and 'tis as we are.

Hir. Lousy, beggarly! thou whoreson assa fœtida?

Spun. Worse; all tottering, all out of frame, thou fooliamini!

Hir. As how, arsenick? come, make the world smart.

Spun. Old honour goes on crutches, beggary

rides caroched; honest men make feasts, knaves sit at tables, cowards are lapp'd in velvet, soldiers (as we) in rags; beauty turns whore, whore, bawd, and both die of the pox: why then, when all the world stumbles, should thou and I walk upright?

Hir. Stop, look! who's yonder?

Enter ANGELO.

Spun. Fellow Angelo! how does my little man, well?

Ang. Yes;
And would you did so, too. Where are your clothes?

Hir. Clothes! You see every woman almost go in her loose gown, and why should not we have our clothes loose?

Spun. Would they were loose!

Ang. Why, where are they?

Spun. Where many a velvet cloak, I warrant, at this hour, keeps them company; they are pawned to a broker.

Ang. Why pawn'd? where's all the gold I left with you?

Hir. The gold! we put that into a scrivener's hands, and he hath cozened us.

Spun. And therefore, I prithee, Angelo, if thou hast another purse, let it be confiscate, and brought to devastation.

Ang. Are you made all of lies? I know which way
Your guilt-wing'd pieces flew. I will no more
Be mock'd by you: be sorry for your riots,
Tame your wild flesh by labour; eat the bread
Got with hard hands; let sorrow be your whip,
To draw drops of repentance from your heart:

When I read this amendment in your eyes,
You shall not want; till then, my pity dies.
[*Exit.*

Spun. Is it not a shame, that this scurvy puerilis should give us lessons?

Hir. I have dwelt, thou know'st, a long time in the suburbs of conscience, and they are ever bawdy; but now my heart shall take a house within the walls of honesty.

Enter HARPAX *behind.*

Spun. O you drawers of wine, draw me no more to the bar of beggary; the sound of *Score a pottle of sack*, is worse than the noise of a scolding oysterwench, or two cats incorporating.

Harp. This must not be—I do not like when conscience
Thaws; keep her frozen still. How now, my masters!
Dejected? drooping? drown'd in tears? clothes torn?
Lean, and ill colour'd? sighing? where's the whirlwind
Which raises all these mischiefs? I have seen you
Drawn better on't. O! but a spirit told me
You both would come to this, when in you thrust[6]
Yourselves into the service of that lady,
Who shortly now must die. Where's now her praying?
What good got you by wearing out your feet,
To run on scurvy errands to the poor,

[6] ——— *when* in *you thrust*] *In*, which completes the verse, was omitted by Mr. M. Mason, from an opinion, perhaps, that it was superfluous to the sense. But this was the language of the times: for the rest, this whole act is most carelessly printed by the last editors.

And to bear money to a sort[7] of rogues,
And lousy prisoners?

Hir. Pox on them! I never prospered since I did it.

Spun. Had I been a pagan still, I should not have spit white for want of drink; but come to any vintner now, and bid him trust me, because I turned Christian, and he cries Poh!

Harp. You're rightly served; before that peevish[8] lady
Had to do with you, women, wine and money
Flow'd in abundance with you; did it not?

Hir. Oh, those days! those days!

Harp. Beat not your breasts, tear not your hair in madness;
Those days shall come again, be ruled by me,
And better, mark me, better.

7 *And to bear money to a* sort *of rogues*, &c.] Or, as we should now, say—*to a* set, or parcel *of rogues*. The word occurs so frequently in this sense, in our old writers, that it seems almost unnecessary to give any examples of it:

"Here are a *sort* of poor petitioners,
"That are importunate." *Spanish Tragedy.*

Again:

"And, like a *sort* of true born scavengers,
"Scour me this famous realm of enemies."
Knight of the Burning Pestle.

8 ——— *before that* peevish *lady*
Had to do with you,] *Peevish* is *foolish*; thus, in *the Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly says of her fellow-servant, "His worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something *peevish* that way." Mr. Malone thinks this to be one of dame Quickly's blunders, and that she means to say *precise*: but I believe he is mistaken. In *Hycke Scorner*, the word is used in the very sense here given:

"For an I sholde do after your scole
"To learn to pater to make me *pevysse*."

Again, in *God's Revenge against Adultery*; "Albemare kept a man-fool of some forty years old in his house, who indeed was so naturally *peevish*, as not Milan, hardly Italy, could match him for simplicity."

Spun. I have seen you, sir, as I take it, an attendant on the lord Theophilus.

Harp. Yes, yes; in shew his servant; but hark, hither!—

Take heed no body listens.

Spun. Not a mouse stirs,

Harp. I am a prince disguised.

Hir. Disguised! how? drunk?

Harp. Yes, my fine boy! I'll drink too, and be drunk;

I am a prince, and any man by me,
Let him but keep my rules, shall soon grow rich,
Exceeding rich, most infinitely rich:
He that shall serve me, is not starved from pleasures
As other poor knaves are; no, take their fill.

Spun. But that, sir, we're so ragged——

Harp. You'll say, you'd serve me?

Hir. Before any master under the zodiack.

Harp. For clothes no matter; I've a mind to both.

And one thing I like in you; now that you see
The bonfire of your lady's state burnt out,
You give it over, do you not?

Hir. Let her be hang'd!

Spun. And pox'd!

Harp. Why, now you're mine;
Come, let my bosom touch you.

Spun. We have bugs, sir.

Harp. There's money, fetch your clothes home; there's for you.

Hir. Avoid, vermin! give over our mistress! a man cannot prosper worse, if he serve the devil.

Harp. How! the devil? I'll tell you what now of the devil,
He's no such horrid creature; cloven-footed,

Black, saucer-eyed, his nostrils breathing fire,
As these lying Christians make him.

Both. No!

Harp. He's more loving
To man, than man to man is.[9]

Hir. Is he so? Would we two might come acquainted with him!

Harp. You shall: he's a wondrous good fellow, loves a cup of wine, a whore, any thing; if you have money, it's ten to one but I'll bring him to some tavern to you or other.

Spun. I'll bespeak the best room in the house for him.

Harp. Some people he cannot endure.

Hir. We'll give him no such cause.

Harp. He hates a civil lawyer, as a soldier does peace.

Spun. How a commoner?[1]

Harp. Loves him from the teeth outward.

Spun. Pray, my lord and prince, let me encounter you with one foolish question: does the devil eat any mace in his broth?

Harp. Exceeding much, when his burning fever takes him; and then he has the knuckles of a bailiff boiled to his breakfast.

Hir. Then, my lord, he loves a catchpole, does he not?

Harp. As a bearward doth a dog. A catchpole! he hath sworn, if ever he dies, to make a serjeant his heir, and a yeoman his overseer.

[9] Harp. *He's more loving*
To man, than man to man is.] Though this horrid prostitution of that fine sentiment in Juvenal, *Carior est illis homo quam sibi*, may not be altogether out of character for the speaker; it were to be wished it had not been employed. To say the truth, the whole of this scene, more especially what yet remains of it, is as foolish as it is profligate.

[1] Spun. *How a* commoner?] That is, a common lawyer. M. Mason.

Spun. How if he come to any great man's gate, will the porter let him come in, sir?

Harp. Oh! he loves porters of great men's gates, because they are ever so near the wicket.

Hir. Do not they whom he makes much on, for all his stroaking their cheeks, lead hellish lives under him?

Harp. No, no, no, no; he will be damn'd before he hurts any man: do but you (when you are throughly acquainted with him) ask for any thing, see if it does not come.

Spun. Any thing!

Harp. Call for a delicate rare whore, she is brought you.

Hir. Oh! my elbow itches. Will the devil keep the door?

Harp. Be drunk as a beggar, he helps you home.

Spun. O my fine devil! some watchman, I warrant; I wonder who is his constable.

Harp. Will you swear, roar, swagger? he claps you——

Hir. How? on the chaps?

Harp. No, on the shoulder; and cries, O, my brave boys! Will any of you kill a man?

Spun. Yes, yes; I, I.

Harp. What is his word? Hang! hang! 'tis nothing.—Or stab a woman?

Hir. Yes, yes; I, I.

Harp. Here is the worst word he gives you: A pox on't, go on!

Hir. O inveigling rascal!—I am ravish'd.

Harp. Go, get your clothes; turn up your glass of youth,
And let the sands run merrily; nor do I care
From what a lavish hand your money flies,
So you give none away to beggars——

Hir. Hang them!

Harp. And to the scrubbing poor.

Hir. I'll see them hang'd first.

Harp. One service you must do me.

Both. Any thing.

Harp. Your mistress, Dorothea, ere she suffers,
Is to be put to tortures: have you hearts
To tear her into shrieks, to fetch her soul
Up in the pangs of death, yet not to die?

Hir. Suppose this she, and that I had no hands, here's my teeth.

Spun. Suppose this she, and that I had no teeth, here's my nails.

Hir. But will not you be there, sir?

Harp. No, not for hills of diamonds; the grand master
Who schools her in the Christian discipline,
Abhors my company: should I be there,
You'd think all hell broke loose, we should so quarrel.
Ply you this business; he, her flesh who spares,
Is lost, and in my love never more shares. [*Exit.*

Spun. Here's a master, you rogue!

Hir. Sure he cannot choose but have a horrible number of servants. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Governor's *Palace.*

ANTONINUS *sick, with Doctors about him;* SAPRITIUS *and* MACRINUS.

Sap. O you, that are half gods, lengthen that life
Their deities lend us; turn o'er all the volumes
Of your mysterious Æsculapian science,
T' increase the number of this young man's days;
And, for each minute of his time prolong'd,
Your fee shall be a piece of Roman gold
With Cæsar's stamp, such as he sends his captains
When in the wars they earn well: do but save him,
And, as he's half myself, be you all mine.

Doct. What art can do, we promise; physick's hand
As apt is to destroy as to preserve,
If heaven make not the med'cine: all this while,
Our skill hath combat held with his disease;
But 'tis so arm'd, and a deep melancholy,
To be such in part with death,[2] we are in fear
The grave must mock our labours.

Mac. I have been
His keeper in this sickness, with such eyes
As I have seen my mother watch o'er me;
And, from that observation, sure I find
It is a midwife must deliver him.

[2] *To* be *such in part with death,*] Mr. M. Mason reads, after Coxeter, *To such in part with death,* and explains it to mean "To such a degree." I doubt whether he understood his own explanation or not. The genuine reading, which I have restored, takes away all difficulty from the passage.

Sap. Is he with child? a midwife![3]
Mac. Yes, with child;
And will, I fear, lose life, if by a woman
He is not brought to bed. Stand by his pillow
Some little while, and, in his broken slumbers,
Him shall you hear cry out on Dorothea;
And, when his arms fly open to catch her,
Closing together, he falls fast asleep,
Pleased with embracings of her airy form.
Physicians but torment him, his disease
Laughs at their gibberish language; let him hear
The voice of Dorothea, nay, but the name,
He starts up with high colour in his face:
She, or none, cures him; and how that can be,
The princess' strict command barring that happiness,
To me impossible seems.
Sap. To me it shall not;
I'll be no subject to the greatest Cæsar
Was ever crown'd with laurel, rather than cease
To be a father. [*Exit.*
Mac. Silence, sir, he wakes.
Anton. Thou kill'st me, Dorothea; oh, Dorothea!
Mac. She's here:—enjoy her.
Anton. Where? Why do you mock me?
Age on my head hath stuck no white hairs yet,
Yet I'm an old man, a fond doating fool
Upon a woman. I, to buy her beauty,
(In truth I am bewitch'd), offer my life,
And she, for my acquaintance, hazards hers;
Yet, for our equal sufferings, none holds out
A hand of pity.
Doct. Let him have some musick.
Anton. Hell on your fiddling!

[3] Sap. *Is he with child? a midwife!*] The modern editors read, *A midwife! is he with child?* Had they no ears!

Doct. Take again your bed, sir;
Sleep is a sovereign physick.
Anton. Take an ass's head, sir:
Confusion on your fooleries, your charms!—
Thou stinking clyster-pipe, where's the god of rest,
Thy pills and base apothecary drugs
Threaten'd to bring unto me? Out, you impostors!
Quacksalving, cheating mountebanks! your skill
Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill.
Mac. Oh, be yourself, dear friend.
Anton. Myself, Macrinus!
How can I be myself, when I am mangled
Into a thousand pieces? here moves my head,
But where's my heart? wherever—that lies dead.

Re-enter SAPRITIUS, *dragging in* DOROTHEA *by the hair*, ANGELO *attending.*

Sap. Follow me, thou damn'd sorceress! Call up thy spirits,
And, if they can, now let them from my hand
Untwine these witching hairs.
Anton. I am that spirit:
Or, if I be not, were you not my father,
One made of iron should hew that hand in pieces,
That so defaces this sweet monument
Of my love's beauty.
Sap. Art thou sick?
Anton. To death.
Sap. Wouldst thou recover?
Anton. Would I live in bliss!
Sap. And do thine eyes shoot daggers at that man
That brings thee health?
Anton. It is not in the world.
Sap. It's here.

Anton. To treasure,[4] by enchantment lock'd
In caves as deep as hell, am I as near.
Sap. Break that enchanted cave: enter, and rifle
The spoils thy lust hunts after; I descend
To a base office, and become thy pander,
In bringing thee this proud thing: make her thy whore,
Thy health lies here; if she deny to give it,
Force it: imagine thou assault'st a town's
Weak wall; to't, 'tis thine own, but beat this down.
Come, and, unseen, be witness to this battery
How the coy strumpet yields.[5]
Doct. Shall the boy stay, sir?
Sap. No matter for the boy:—pages are used
To these odd bawdy shufflings; and, indeed, are
Those little young snakes in a Fury's head,
Will sting worse than the great ones.
Let the pimp stay. [*Exeunt Sap. Mac. and Doct.*
Dor. O, guard me, angels!
What tragedy must begin now?
Anton. When a tiger
Leaps into a timorous herd, with ravenous jaws,
Being hunger-starved, what tragedy then begins?
Dor. Death: I am happy so; you, hitherto,
Have still had goodness sphered within your eyes,
Let not that orb be broken.[6]
Ang. Fear not, mistress;

[4] Ant. To *treasure*, &c.] This is the emendation of Mr. M. Mason. It appears a happy substitution for the old reading, which was, O *treasure*, &c.

[5] *Come, and, unseen, be witness to this battery*
How the coy strumpet yields.] These two lines are addressed to Macrinus and the doctors. M. Mason.

[6] ——— *you, hitherto,*
Have still had goodness spar'd *within your eyes,*
Let not that orb be broken.] The word *orb* in this last line proves that we should read *sphered* instead of *spar'd;* the latter,

If he dare offer violence, we two
Are strong enough for such a sickly man.
Dor. What is your horrid purpose, sir? your eye
Bears danger in it.
Anton. I must——
Dor. What?
Sap. [*within.*] Speak it out.
Anton. Climb that sweet virgin tree.
Sap. [*within.*] Plague o' your trees!
Anton. And pluck that fruit which none, I think, e'er tasted.
Sap. [*within.*] A soldier, and stand fumbling so!
Dor. Oh, kill me, [*kneels.*
And heaven will take it as a sacrifice;
But, if you play the ravisher, there is
A hell to swallow you.
Sap. [*within.*] Let her swallow thee!
Anton. Rise:—for the Roman empire, Dorothea,
I would not wound thine honour. Pleasures forced
Are unripe apples; sour, not worth the plucking:
Yet, let me tell you, 'tis my father's will,
That I should seize upon you, as my prey;
Which I abhor, as much as the blackest sin
The villainy of man did ever act.
[*Sapritius breaks in with Macrinus.*
Ang. Die happy for this language!
Sap. Die a slave,
A blockish idiot!
Mac. Dear sir, vex him not.
Sap. Yes, and vex thee too; both, I think, are geldings:

indeed, made the passage nonsense, which is now very poetical. M. Mason.

Mr. M. Mason is somewhat rash in his assertion: *sparred*, is, *shut up*, *inclosed*, it is not therefore nonsense. I have, however, adopted his emendation, which, if not just, is at least ingenious.

Cold, phlegmatick bastard, thou'rt no brat of mine;
One spark of me, when I had heat like thine,
By this had made a bonfire: a tempting whore,
For whom thou'rt mad, thrust e'en into thine arms,
And stand'st thou puling! Had a tailor seen her
At this advantage, he, with his cross capers,
Had ruffled her by this: but thou shalt curse
Thy dalliance,[7] and here, before her eyes,
Tear thy own flesh in pieces, when a slave
In hot lust bathes himself, and gluts those pleasures
Thy niceness durst not touch. Call out a slave;
You, captain of our guard, fetch a slave hither.

Anton. What will you do, dear sir?

Sap. Teach her a trade, which many a one would learn
In less than half an hour,—to play the whore.

Enter a Slave.

Mac. A slave is come; what now?

Sap. Thou hast bones and flesh
Enough to ply thy labour: from what country
Wert thou ta'en prisoner, here to be our slave?

Slave. From Britain.

Sap. In the west ocean?

Slave. Yes.

Sap. An island?

Slave. Yes.

Sap. I'm fitted: of all nations
Our Roman swords e'er conquer'd, none comes near

7 ——— *but thou shalt curse*
Thy dalliance,] i. e. thy hesitation, thy delay:
"Good lord! you use this *dalliance* to excuse
"Your breach of promise." *Comedy of Errors.*

The Briton for true whoring. Sirrah fellow,
What wouldst thou do to gain thy liberty?
Slave. Do! liberty! fight naked with a lion,
Venture to pluck a standard from the heart
Of an arm'd legion. Liberty! I'd thus
Bestride a rampire, and defiance spit
I' the face of death, then, when the battering-ram
Was fetching his career backward, to pash
Me with his horns in pieces. To shake my chains off,
And that I could not do't but by thy death,
Stoodst thou on this dry shore, I on a rock
Ten pyramids high, down would I leap to kill thee,
Or die myself: what is for man to do
I'll venture on, to be no more a slave.
Sap. Thou shalt, then, be no slave, for I will set thee
Upon a piece of work is fit for man,
Brave for a Briton:—drag that thing aside,
And ravish her.
Slave. And ravish her! is this your manly service?
A devil scorns to do it; 'tis for a beast,
A villain, not a man: I am, as yet,
But half a slave; but, when that work is past,
A damned whole one, a black ugly slave,
The slave of all base slaves:—do't thyself, Roman,
'Tis drudgery fit for thee.
Sap. He's bewitch'd too:
Bind him, and with a bastinado give him,
Upon his naked belly, two hundred blows.
Slave. Thou art more slave than I.
[*He is carried in.*
Dor. That Power supernal, on whom waits my soul,
Is captain o'er my chastity.

Anton. Good sir, give o'er:
The more you wrong her, yourself's vex'd the more.
Sap. Plagues light on her and thee!—thus down I throw
Thy harlot, thus by the hair nail her to earth.
Call in ten slaves, let every one discover
What lust desires, and surfeit here his fill.
Call in ten slaves.
Mac.[8] They are come, sir, at your call.
Sap. Oh, oh! [*Falls down.*

Enter THEOPHILUS.

Theoph. Where is the governor?
Anton. There's my wretched father.
Theoph. My lord Sapritius—he's not dead!—my lord:
That witch there——
Anton. 'Tis no Roman gods can strike
These fearful terrors. O, thou happy maid,
Forgive this wicked purpose of my father.
Dor. I do.
Theoph. Gone, gone; he's pepper'd. It is thou
Hast done this act infernal.
Dor. Heaven pardon you!
And if my wrongs from thence pull vengeance down,
(I can no miracles work) yet, from my soul,
Pray to those Powers I serve, he may recover.
Theoph. He stirs—help, raise him up,—my lord!
Sap. Where am I?
Theoph. One cheek is blasted.

[8] Mac. *They are come*, &c.] The old copies give this speech to Angelo: it is, however, so palpable an error, that the emendation which I have introduced requires no apology.

Sap. Blasted! where's the lamia
That tears my entrails? I'm bewitch'd; seize on her.
Dor. I'm here; do what you please.
Theoph. Spurn her to the bar.
Dor. Come, boy, being there, more near to heaven we are.
Sap. Kick harder; go out, witch! [*Exeunt.*
Anton. O bloody hangmen! Thine own gods give thee breath!
Each of thy tortures is my several death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Publick Square.

Enter HARPAX, HIRCIUS, *and* SPUNGIUS.

Harp. Do you like my service now? say, am not I
A master worth attendance?
Spun. Attendance! I had rather lick clean the soles of your dirty boots, than wear the richest suit of any infected lord, whose rotten life hangs between the two poles.
Hir. A lord's suit! I would not give up the cloak of your service, to meet the splayfoot estate of any left-eyed knight above the antipodes; because they are unlucky to meet.
Harp. This day I'll try your loves to me; 'tis only
But well to use the agility of your ams.
Spun. Or legs, I am lusty at them.
Hir. Or any other member that has no legs.
Spun. Thou'lt run into some hole.
Hir. If I meet one that's more than my match,

and that I cannot stand in their hands, I must and will creep on my knees.

Harp. Hear me, my little team of villains, hear me,
I cannot teach you fencing with these cudgels,
Yet you must use them; lay them on but soundly;
That's all.

Hir. Nay, if we come to mauling once, pah!

Spun. But what walnut-tree is it we must beat?

Harp. Your mistress.

Hir. How! my mistress? I begin to have a Christian's heart made of sweet butter, I melt; I cannot strike a woman.

Spun. Nor I, unless she scratch; bum my mistress!

Harp. You're coxcombs, silly animals.

Hir. What's that?

Harp. Drones, asses, blinded moles, that dare not thrust
Your arms out to catch fortune; say, you fall off,
It must be done. You are converted rascals,
And, that once spread abroad, why every slave
Will kick you, call you motley Christians,
And half-faced Christians.

Spun. The guts of my conscience begin to be of whitleather.

Hir. I doubt me, I shall have no sweet butter in me.

Harp. Deny this, and each pagan[9] whom you meet,
Shall forked fingers thrust into your eyes——

Hir. If we be cuckolds.

9 ——— *and* each *pagan*] So the first two quartos, the last reads *every:* which, as it mars the verse, is followed by the modern editors.

Harp. Do this, and every god the Gentiles bow to,
Shall add a fathom to your line of years.

Spun. A hundred fathom, I desire no more.

Hir. I desire but one inch longer.

Harp. The senators will, as you pass along,
Clap you upon your shoulders with this hand,
And with this give you gold: when you are dead,
Happy that man shall be, can get a nail,
The paring,—nay, the dirt under the nail,
Of any of you both, to say, this dirt
Belong'd to Spungius or Hircius.

Spun. They shall not want dirt under my nails, I will keep them long of purpose, for now my fingers itch to be at her.

Hir. The first thing I do, I'll take her over the lips.

Spun. And I the hips,—we may strike any where?

Harp. Yes, any where.

Hir. Then I know where I'll hit her.

Harp. Prosper, and be mine own; stand by, I must not
To see this done, great business calls me hence:
He's made can make her curse his violence. [*Exit.*

Spun. Fear it not, sir; her ribs shall be basted.

Hir. I'll come upon her with rounce, robble-hobble, and thwick-thwack thirlery bouncing.

Enter DOROTHEA, *led prisoner;* SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, ANGELO, *and a Hangman, who sets up a Pillar;* SAPRITIUS *and* THEOPHILUS *sit;* ANGELO *stands by* DOROTHEA. *A Guard attending.*

Sap. According to our Roman customs, bind
That Christian to a pillar.

Theoph. Infernal Furies,
Could they into my hand thrust all their whips
To tear thy flesh, thy soul, 'tis not a torture
Fit to the vengeance I should heap on thee,
For wrongs done me; me! for flagitious facts
By thee done to our gods: yet, so it stand
To great Cæsarea's governor's high pleasure,
Bow but thy knee to Jupiter, and offer
Any slight sacrifice, or do but swear
By Cæsar's fortune, and——be free.

Sap. Thou shalt.

Dor. Not for all Cæsar's fortune, were it chain'd
To more worlds than are kingdoms in the world,
And all those worlds drawn after him. I defy
Your hangmen; you now shew me whither to fly.

Sap. Are her tormentors ready?

Ang. Shrink not, dear mistress.

Spun. and Hir. My lord, we are ready for the business.

Dor. You two! whom I like foster'd children fed,
And lengthen'd out your starved life with bread:
You be my hangmen! whom, when up the ladder
Death haled you to be strangled, I fetch'd down,
Clothed you, and warm'd you, you two my tormentors!

Both. Yes, we.

Dor. Divine Powers pardon you![1]

Sap. Strike.

[*They strike at her: Angelo kneeling holds her fast.*

Theoph. Beat out her brains.

Dor. Receive me, you bright angels!

Sap. Faster, slaves.

[1] Dor. *Divine Powers pardon* you!] I know not whether by inadvertence or design; but M. Mason, in opposition to all the editions, reads, *Divine Powers, pardon* me!

Spun. Faster! I am out of breath, I am sure; if I were to beat a buck,[2] I can strike no harder.

Hir. O mine arms! I cannot lift them to my head.

Dor. Joy above joys! are my tormentors weary
In torturing me, and, in my sufferings,
I fainting in no limb! tyrants, strike home,
And feast your fury full.

Theoph. These dogs are curs,
[*Comes from his seat.*
Which snarl, yet bite not. See, my lord, her face
Has more bewitching beauty than before:
Proud whore, it smiles![3] cannot an eye start out
With these?

Hir. No, sir, nor the bridge of her nose fall; 'tis full of iron work.

Sap. Let's view the cudgels, are they not counterfeit?

Ang. There fix thine eye still;—thy glorious crown must come
Not from soft pleasure, but by martyrdom.
There fix thine eye still;—when we next do meet,
Not thorns, but roses, shall bear up thy feet:
There fix thine eye still. [*Exit.*

[2] *If I were to beat a* buck, *I can strike no harder.*] To *buck*, Johnson says, "is to wash clothes." This is but a lame explanation of the term: to *buck* is to wash clothes by laying them on a smooth stone, and beating them with a pole flattened at the end.

[3] *Proud whore*, it *smiles!*] So the old copies; the modern editors read, she *smiles*. In every page, and almost in every speech, I have had to remove these imaginary improvements of the author's phraseology.

Enter HARPAX, *sneaking.*

Dor. Ever, ever, ever!

Theoph. We're mock'd; these bats have power
to fell down giants,
Yet her skin is not scarr'd.

Sap. What rogues are these?

Theoph. Cannot these force a shriek?
[*Beats Spungius.*

Spun. Oh! a woman has one of my ribs, and now five more are broken.

Theoph. Cannot this make her roar?
[*Beats Hircius; he roars.*

Sap. Who hired these slaves? what are they?

Spun. We serve that noble gentleman,[4] there; he enticed us to this dry beating: oh! for one half pot.

Harp. My servants! two base rogues, and sometime servants
To her, and for that cause forbear to hurt her.

Sap. Unbind her, hang up these.

Theoph. Hang the two hounds on the next tree.

Hir. Hang us! master Harpax, what a devil, shall we be thus used?

Harp. What bandogs but you two would worry a woman?
Your mistress? I but clapt you, you flew on.
Say I should get your lives, each rascal beggar
Would, when he met you, cry out, Hell-hounds! traitors!
Spit at you, fling dirt at you; and no woman
Ever endure your sight: 'tis your best course

[4] Spun. *We* serve *that noble gentleman*, &c.] This is the lection of the first quarto. The modern editors follow the others, which incorrectly read, We *serv'd*, &c.

Now, had you secret knives, to stab yourselves;
But, since you have not, go and be hang'd.

Hir. I thank you.

Harp. 'Tis your best course.

Theoph. Why stay they trifling here?
To th' gallows drag them by the heels;—away.

Spun. By the heels! no, sir, we have legs to do us that service.

Hir. Ay, ay, if no woman can endure my sight, away with me.

Harp. Dispatch them.

Spun. The devil dispatch thee!

[*Exeunt Guard with Spungius and Hircius.*

Sap. Death this day rides in triumph, Theophilus.
See this witch made away too.

Theoph. My soul thirsts for it;
Come, I myself the hangman's part could play.

Dor. O haste me to my coronation day!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.[5]

The Place of Execution. A scaffold, block, &c.

Enter ANTONINUS, MACRINUS, *and* Servants.

Anton. Is this the place, where virtue is to suffer,
And heavenly beauty, leaving this base earth,
To make a glad return from whence it came?
Is it, Macrinus?

Mac. By this preparation,

[5] From hence, to the conclusion of the act, I recognise the hand of Massinger. There may be (and probably are) finer passages in our dramatic poets, but I am not acquainted with them.

You well may rest assured that Dorothea
This hour is to die here.
Anton. Then with her dies
The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman!
Set me down, friend, that, ere the iron hand
Of death close up mine eyes, they may at once
Take my last leave both of this light and her:
For, she being gone, the glorious sun himself
To me's Cimmerian darkness.
Mac. Strange affection![6]
Cupid once more hath changed his shafts with Death,
And kills, instead of giving life.
Anton. Nay, weep not;
Though tears of friendship be a sovereign balm,
On me they're cast away. It is decreed
That I must die with her; our clue of life
Was spun together.
Mac. Yet, sir, 'tis my wonder,
That you, who, hearing only what she suffers,

[6] Mac. *Strange affection!*
Cupid once more hath changed his shafts with Death,
And kills, instead of giving life.] This is a most beautiful allusion to a little poem among the *Elegies of Secundus.* Cupid and Death unite in the destruction of a lover, and in endeavouring to recover their weapons from the body of the victim, commit a mutual mistake, each plucking out the "shafts" of the other. The consequences of this are prettily described:

Missa peregrinis sparguntur vulnera nervis,
Et manus ignoto sævit utrinque malo.
Irrita Mors arcus validi molimina damnat,
Plorat Amor teneras tam valuisse manus;
Fœdabant juvenes primas in pulvere malas
Oscula quas, heu, ad blanda vocabat Amor.
Canicies vernis floreat multa corollis
Persephone crinem vulserat unde sibi.
Quid facerent? falsas procul abjecere sagittas,
De pharetra jaculum prompsit uterque novum.
Res bona! sed virus pueri penetravit in arcum;
Ex illo miseros tot dedit ille neci. Lib. ii. Eleg. 6.

Partake of all her tortures, yet will be,
To add to your calamity, an eyewitness
Of her last tragick scene, which must pierce deeper,[7]
And make the wound more desperate.

Anton. Oh, Macrinus!
'Twould linger out my torments else, not kill me,
Which is the end I aim at: being to die too,
What instrument more glorious can I wish for,
Than what is made sharp by my constant love
And true affection? It may be, the duty
And loyal service, with which I pursued her,
And seal'd it with my death, will be remember'd
Among her blessed actions; and what honour
Can I desire beyond it?

Enter a Guard, bringing in DOROTHEA, *a Headsman before her; followed by* THEOPHILUS, SAPRITIUS, *and* HARPAX.

See, she comes;
How sweet her innocence appears! more like
To heaven itself, than any sacrifice
That can be offer'd to it. By my hopes
Of joys hereafter, the sight makes me doubtful
In my belief; nor can I think our gods
Are good, or to be served, that take delight
In offerings of this kind: that, to maintain
Their power, deface the master-piece of nature,
Which they themselves come short of. She ascends,
And every step raises her nearer heaven.
What god soe'er thou art, that must enjoy her,
Receive in her a boundless happiness!

[7] ——*which must* pierce deeper,] So the first editions. The quarto 1661, reads, in defiance of metre,—which must *th' deeper pierce*, and is followed by Coxeter and M. Mason!

Sap. You are to blame
To let him come abroad.
Mac. It was his will;
And we were left to serve him, not command him.
Anton. Good sir, be not offended; nor deny
My last of pleasures in this happy object,
That I shall e'er be blest with.
Theoph. Now, proud contemner
Of us, and of our gods, tremble to think
It is not in the Power thou serv'st to save thee.
Not all the riches of the sea, increased
By violent shipwrecks, nor the unsearch'd mines
(Mammon's unknown exchequer), shall redeem thee;
And, therefore, having first with horror weigh'd
What 'tis to die, and to die young; to part with
All pleasures and delights; lastly, to go
Where all antipathies to comfort dwell,
Furies behind, about thee, and before thee;
And, to add to affliction, the remembrance
Of the Elysian joys thou might'st have tasted,
Hadst thou not turn'd apostata[8] to these gods
That so reward their servants; let despair
Prevent the hangman's sword, and on this scaffold
Make thy first entrance into hell.
Anton. She smiles
Unmoved, by Mars! as if she were assured
Death, looking on her constancy, would forget
The use of his inevitable hand.
Theoph. Derided too! dispatch, I say.
Dor. Thou fool!
That gloriest in having power to ravish

[8] *Hadst thou not turn'd* apostata *to those gods*] Our old writers usually said, *apostata, statua*, &c. where we now say, *apostate, statue*. Massinger's editors, however, who were ignorant alike of his language and that of his contemporaries, resolutely persist in modernizing him upon all occasions: they read, *apostate!*

A trifle from me I am weary of:
What is this life to me? not worth a thought;
Or, if it be esteem'd, 'tis that I lose it
To win a better: even thy malice serves
To me but as a ladder to mount up
To such a height of happiness, where I shall
Look down with scorn on thee, and on the world;
Where, circled with true pleasures, placed above
The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory
To think at what an easy price I bought it.
There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth:
No joint-benumbing cold, or scorching heat,
Famine, nor age, have[9] any being there.
Forget, for shame, your Tempe; bury in
Oblivion your feign'd Hesperian orchards:—
The golden fruit, kept by the watchful dragon,
Which did require a Hercules to get[1] it,
Compared with what grows in all plenty there,
Deserves not to be named. The Power I serve,

9 ——————— have *any being there.*] Here again, the modern editors follow the miserable quarto of 1661, and tamely read—having *any being there.*

1 *Which did require a Hercules to* get *it,*] The modern editors read, *to* guard *it.* This deviation from the old copies is at the expense of sense. It was the dragon which *guarded* it: the object of Hercules was to *get* it. In almost every speech Massinger is thus injured by carelessness or ignorance. It is the more inexcusable here, as the very same expression is to be found in *the Emperor of the East.*

This beautiful description of Elysium, as Mr. Gilchrist observes to me, has been imitated by Nabbes, in that very poetic rhapsody, *Microcosmus:* some of the lines may be given:

"Cold there compels no use of rugged furs,
"Nor makes the mountains barren; there's no dog
"To rage, and scorch the land. Spring's always there,
"And paints the valleys; whilst a temperate air
"Sweeps their embroider'd face with his curl'd gales,
"And breathes perfumes:—there night doth never spread
"Her ebon wings; but day-light's always there,
"And one blest season crowns the eternal year."

Laughs at your happy Araby, or the
Elysian shades, for he hath made his bowers
Better in deed, than you can fancy yours.
Anton. O, take me thither with you!
Dor. Trace my steps,
And be assured you shall.
Sap. With my own hands
I'll rather stop that little breath is left thee,
And rob thy killing fever.
Theoph. By no means;
Let him go with her: do, seduced young man,
And wait upon thy saint in death; do, do:
And, when you come to that imagined place,
That place of all delights—pray you, observe me,
And meet those cursed things I once call'd Daughters,
Whom I have sent as harbingers before you;
If there be any truth in your religion,
In thankfulness to me, that with care hasten
Your journey thither, pray you send me some
Small pittance of that curious fruit you boast of.
Anton. Grant that I may go with her, and I will.
Sap. Wilt thou in thy last minute damn thyself?
Theoph. The gates to hell are open.
Dor. Know, thou tyrant,
Thou agent for the devil, thy great master,
Though thou art most unworthy to taste of it,
I can, and will.

Enter ANGELO, *in the Angel's habit.*[2]

Harp. Oh! mountains fall upon me,
Or hide me in the bottom of the deep,
Where light may never find me!

[2] *Enter* ANGELO, *in the Angel's* habit, &c.] It appears that Angelo was not meant to be seen or heard by any of the people present, but Dorothea. In the inventory of the Lord Admiral'

Theoph. What's the matter?
Sap. This is prodigious, and confirms her witchcraft.
Theoph. Harpax, my Harpax, speak!
Harp. I dare not stay:
Should I but hear her once more, I were lost.
Some whirlwind snatch mé from this cursed place,
To which compared (and with what now I suffer),
Hell's torments are sweet slumbers! [*Exit.*
Sap. Follow him,
Theoph. He is distracted, and I must not lose him.
Thy charms upon my servant, cursed witch,
Give thee a short reprieve. Let her not die
Till my return. [*Exeunt Sap. and Theoph.*
Anton. She minds him not: what object
Is her eye fix'd on?
Mac. I see nothing.
Anton. Mark her.
Dor. Thou glorious minister of the Power I serve
(For thou art more than mortal), is't for me,
Poor sinner, thou art pleased awhile to leave
Thy heavenly habitation, and vouchsafest,
Though glorified, to take my servant's habit?—
For, put off thy divinity, so look'd
My lovely Angelo.
Ang. Know, I am the same;
And still the servant to your piety.
Your zealous prayers, and pious deeds first won me
(But 'twas by His command to whom you sent them)

properties, given by Mr. Malone, is, "a roobe for to goe in-sibell." It was probably of a light gauzy texture, and afforded sufficient hint to our good-natured ancestors, not to see the acter invested with it.

A

To guide your steps. I tried your charity,
When in a beggar's shape you took me up,
And clothed my naked limbs, and after fed,
As you believed, my famish'd mouth. Learn all,
By your example, to look on the poor
With gentle eyes! for in such habits, often,
Angels desire an alms.[3] I never left you,
Nor will I now; for I am sent to carry
Your pure and innocent soul to joys eternal,
Your martyrdom once suffer'd; and before it,
Ask any thing from me, and rest assured
You shall obtain it.

Dor. I am largely paid
For all my torments: since I find such grace,
Grant that the love of this young man to me,
In which he languisheth to death, may be
Changed to the love of heaven.

Ang. I will perform it;
And in that instant when the sword sets free
Your happy soul, his shall have liberty.
Is there aught else?

Dor. For proof that I forgive
My persecutor, who in scorn desired
To taste of that most sacred fruit I go to;
After my death, as sent from me, be pleased
To give him of it.

Ang. Willingly, dear mistress.

Mac. I am amazed.

Anton. I feel a holy fire,
That yields a comfortable heat within me;
I am quite alter'd from the thing I was.

[3] ——————————*Learn all,*
By your example, to look on the poor
With gentle eyes! for in such habits, often,
Angels desire an alms.] "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Heb. c. xiii. v. 2. Here is also a beautiful allusion to the parting speech of the "sociable archangel," to Tobit and his son.

See! I can stand, and go alone; thus kneel
To heavenly Dorothea, touch her hand
With a religious kiss.

Re-enter SAPRITIUS *and* THEOPHILUS.

Sap. He is well now,
But will not be drawn back.
Theoph. It matters not,
We can discharge this work without his help.
But see your son.
Sap. Villain!
Anton. Sir, I beseech you,
Being so near our ends, divorce us not.
Theoph. I'll quickly make a separation of them:
Hast thou aught else to say?
Dor. Nothing, but to blame
Thy tardiness in sending me to rest;
My peace is made with heaven, to which my soul
Begins to take her flight: strike, O! strike quickly;
And, though you are unmoved to see my death,
Hereafter, when my story shall be read,
As they were present now, the hearers shall
Say this of Dorothea, with wet eyes,
She lived a virgin, and a virgin dies.
[*Her head struck off.*
Anton. O, take my soul along, to wait on thine!
Mac. Your son sinks too. [*Antoninus sinks.*
Sap. Already dead!
Theoph. Die all
That are, or favour this accursed[4] sect:

[4] *That are, or favour this accursed sect:*] So the old copies: the modern editors, to adapt the text to their own ideas of accuracy, read: *That are* of, *or favour*, &c. but there is no need of alteration; this mode of expression recurs perpetually: add too, that the interpolation destroys the metre.

I triumph in their ends, and will raise up
A hill of their dead carcasses, to o'erlook
The Pyrenean hills, but I'll root out
These superstitious fools, and leave the world
No name of Christian.

[*Loud musick: Exit Angelo, having first laid his hand upon the mouths of Anton. and Dor.*

Sap. Ha! heavenly musick!

Mac. 'Tis in the air.

Theoph. Illusions of the devil,
Wrought by some witch of her religion,
That fain would make her death a miracle;
It frights not me. Because he is your son,
Let him have burial, but let her body
Be cast forth with contempt in some highway,
And be to vultures and to dogs a prey. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

THEOPHILUS *discovered in his Study: books about him.*

Theoph. Is't holiday, O Cæsar, that thy servant,
Thy provost, to see execution done
On these base Christians in Cæsarea,
Should now want work? Sleep these idolaters,
That none are stirring?—As a curious painter,
When he has made some honourable piece,
Stands off, and with a searching eye examines
Each colour, how 'tis sweeten'd; and then hugs
Himself for his rare workmanship—so here
Will I my drolleries, and bloody landscapes,
Long past wrapt up, unfold, to make me merry
With shadows, now I want the substances.

My muster-book of hell-hounds. Were the Christians,
Whose names stand here, alive and arm'd, not Rome
Could move upon her hinges. What I've done,
Or shall hereafter, is not out of hate
To poor tormented wretches;[5] no, I'm carried
With violence of zeal, and streams of service
I owe our Roman gods. Great Britain,—what?[6]
[*reads.*
A thousand wives, with brats sucking their breasts,
Had hot irons pinch them off, and thrown to swine;
And then their fleshy back-parts, hew'd with hatchets,
Were minced, and baked in pies, to feed starved Christians.
Ha! ha!
Again, again,—East Angles,—oh, East Angles:
Bandogs, kept three days hungry, worried
A thousand British rascals, stied up fat
Of purpose, stripped naked, and disarm'd.
I could outstare a year of suns and moons,
To sit at these sweet bull-baitings, so I
Could thereby but one Christian win to fall
In adoration to my Jupiter.—*Twelve hundred*
Eyes bored with augres out—Oh! *eleven thousand*
Torn by wild beasts: two hundred ramm'd in the earth

[5] ——————*is not out of hate*
To poor tormented wretches, &c.] This is said to distinguish his character from that of Sapritius, whose zeal is influenced by motives of interest, and by many other considerations, which appear to weigh nothing with Theophilus.

[6] Great *Britain,—what?*] *Great* Britain, is a curious anachronism; but this our old dramatick writers were little solicitous to avoid. The reader wants not my assistance to discover that this rugged narrative is by Decker: the horrible enumeration of facts, is taken from the histories of those times.

To the armpits, and full platters round about them,
But far enough for reaching:[7] Eat, dogs, ha! ha! ha! [*He rises.*
Tush, all these tortures are but fillipings,
Fleabitings; I, before the Destinies

Enter ANGELO *with a basket filled with fruit and flowers.*

My bottom did wind up, would flesh myself
Once more upon some one remarkable
Above all these. This Christian slut was well,
A pretty one; but let such horror follow
The next I feed with torments, that when Rome
Shall hear it, her foundation at the sound
May feel an earthquake. How now? [*Musick.*
Ang. Are you amazed, sir?
So great a Roman spirit—and doth it tremble!
Theoph. How cam'st thou in? to whom thy business?

[7] *But far enough* for *reaching:*] *For* occurs perpetually in these plays, in the sense of *prevention*, yet the modern editors have here altered it to *from*! indeed, the word is thus used by every writer of Massinger's age; thus Fletcher:

"Walk off, sirrah,
"And stir my horse *for* taking cold."
Love's Pilgrimage.

Again:

"——————he'll not tell me,
"*For* breaking of my heart."
Maid in the Mill.

Now I am on the subject, let me just observe, that a similar alteration has been unnecessarily made in *Pericles*. The old and genuine reading is,

"And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
"*For* going on death's net, which none resist."

"This is corrupt," says the editor, "I think it should be *from* going," and so he has printed it; place a comma after *desist*, and all will be right: "*for* going," i. e. *for fear* of going, &c.

43720

Ang. To you:
I had a mistress, late sent hence by you
Upon a bloody errand; you entreated,
That, when she came into that blessed garden
Whither she knew she went, and where, now happy,
She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you
Some of that garden fruit and flowers; which here,
To have her promise saved, are brought by me.
Theoph. Cannot I see this garden?
Ang. Yes, if the master
Will give you entrance. [*He vanisheth.*
Theoph. 'Tis a tempting fruit,
And the most bright-check'd child I ever view'd;
Sweet smelling, goodly fruit. What flowers are these?
In Dioclesian's gardens, the most beauteous,
Compared with these, are weeds: is it not February,
The second day she died? frost, ice, and snow,
Hang on the beard of winter: where's the sun
That gilds this summer? pretty, sweet boy, say,
In what country shall a man find this garden?—
My delicate boy,—gone! vanished! within there,
Julianus! Geta!—

Enter JULIANUS *and* GETA.

Both. My lord.
Theoph. Are my gates shut?
Geta. And guarded.
Theoph. Saw you not
A boy?
Jul. Where?
Theoph. Here he enter'd; a young lad;
A thousand blessings danced upon his eyes,

A smoothfaced, glorious thing, that brought this basket.[8]

Geta. No, sir!

Theoph. Away—but be in reach, if my voice calls you. [*Exeunt.*

No!—vanish'd, and not seen!—Be thou a spirit
Sent from that witch to mock me, I am sure
This is essential, and, howe'er it grows,
Will taste it. [*Eats.*

Harp. [*within.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Theoph. So good! I'll have some more, sure.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha! great liquorish fool!

Theoph. What art thou?

Harp. A fisherman.

Theoph. What dost thou catch?

Harp. Souls, souls; a fish call'd souls.

Theoph. Geta!

Enter GETA.

Geta. My lord.

Harp. [*within.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Theoph. What insolent slave is this, dares laugh at me?
Or what is't the dog grins at so?

Geta. I neither know, my lord, at what, nor whom; for there is none without, but my fellow Julianus, and he is making a garland for Jupiter.

Theoph. Jupiter! all within me is not well;
And yet not sick.

[8] Theoph. *Here he enter'd;* &c.] It may give the reader some idea of the metrical skill with which Massinger has been hitherto treated, to print these lines as they stand in Coxeter and M. Mason:

Theoph. *Here he enter'd, a young lad; a thousand*
Blessings danc'd upon his eyes; a smooth fac'd glorious
Thing, that brought this basket.

Harp. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Theoph. What's thy name, slave?
Harp. [*at one end.*] Go look.
Geta. 'Tis Harpax' voice.
Theoph. Harpax! go, drag the caitiff to my foot,
That I may stamp upon him.
Harp. [*at the other end.*] Fool, thou liest!
Geta. He's yonder, now, my lord.
Theoph. Watch thou that end,
Whilst I make good this.
Harp. [*at the middle.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Theoph. He is at barley-break, and the last couple
Are now in hell.[9]
Search for him. [*Exit Geta.*] All this ground, methinks, is bloody,
And paved with thousands of those Christians' eyes
Whom I have tortured, and they stare upon me.
What was this apparition? sure it had
A shape angelical. Mine eyes, though dazzled

9 Theoph. *He is at* barley-break, *and the last couple Are now in* hell.] i. e. in the *middle*; alluding to the situation of Harpax. This wretched copy of a wretched original, the *hic et ubique* of the Ghost in *Hamlet*, is much too puerile for the occasion, and the character:—*decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile.* With respect to the amusement of barley-break, allusions to it occur repeatedly in our old writers; and their commentators have piled one parallel passage upon another, without advancing a single step towards explaining what this celebrated pastime really was. It was played by six people (three of each sex), who were coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the middle one was called hell. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division, to catch the others, who advanced from the two extremities; in which case a change of situation took place, and hell was filled by the couple who were excluded by preoccupation, from the other places: in this "catching," however, there was some difficulty, as, by the regulations of the game, the middle couple were not to separate before they had succeeded, while the others might break hands whenever they found them.

And daunted at first sight, tell me, it wore
A pair of glorious wings; yes, they were wings,
And hence he flew:——'tis vanish'd! Jupiter,
For all my sacrifices done to him,
Never once gave me smile.—How can stone smile,
Or wooden image laugh? [*musick.*] Ha! I remember
Such musick gave a welcome to mine ear,
When the fair youth came to me:—'tis in the air,
Or from some better place;[1] a Power divine,

selvés hard pressed. When all had been taken in turn, the last couple was said *to be in hell*, and the game ended. *In tenui labor!*—Mr. M. Mason has given the following description of this pastime with allegorical personages, from Sir John Suckling:

"Love, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak
"Three mates to play at barley-break;
"Love Folly took; and Reason Fancy;
"And Hate consorts with Pride; so dance they:
"Love coupled last, and so it fell
"That Love and Folly were in hell.

"They break; and Love would Reason meet,
"But Hate was nimbler on her feet;
"Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
"Hies, and they two hug together:
"Yet this new coupling still doth tell
"That Love and Folly were in hell.

"The rest do break again, and Pride
"Hath now got Reason on her side;
"Hate and Fancy meet, and stand
"Untouch'd by Love in Folly's hand;
"Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
"So Love and Folly were in hell."

[1] *Or from some better* place;] In Coxeter's edition, *place* was dropt at the press, I suppose: and M. Mason, who seems to have had no conception of any older or other copy, blindly followed him; though the line has neither measure nor sense without the word, inserted from the old quartos:—but indeed the whole of this scene, as it stands in the two former editions, especially the last, is full of the most shameful blunders.

Through my dark ignorance on my soul does shine,
And makes me see a conscience all stain'd o'er,
Nay, drown'd and damn'd for ever in Christian gore.

Harp. [*within.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Theoph. Again!—What dainty relish on my tongue
This fruit hath left! some angel hath me fed;
If so toothfull,[2] I will be banqueted. [*Eats.*

Enter HARPAX *in a fearful shape, fire flashing out of the Study.*

Harp. Hold!

Theoph. Not for Cæsar.

Harp. But for me thou shalt.

Theoph. Thou art no twin to him that last was here.
Ye Powers, whom my soul bids me reverence, guard me!
What art thou?

Harp. I am thy master.

Theoph. Mine!

Harp. And thou my everlasting slave; that Harpax,
Who hand in hand hath led thee to thy hell,
Am I.

Theoph. Avaunt!

Harp. I will not; cast thou down
That basket with the things in't, and fetch up
What thou hast swallow'd, and then take a drink,
Which I shall give thee, and I'm gone.

[2] *If so* toothfull, &c.] So the old copies, the modern editions have *toothsome;* it may perhaps be a better word, but should not have been silently foisted upon the author.

Theoph. My fruit!
Does this offend thee? see!
Harp. Spit it to the earth,[3]
And tread upon it, or I'll piecemeal tear thee.
Theoph. Art thou with this affrighted? see, here's more. [*Pulls out a handful of flowers.*
Harp. Fling them away, I'll take thee else, and hang thee
In a contorted chain of isic es
In the frigid zone: down with them!
Theoph. At the bottom
One thing I found not yet. See!
[*Holds up a cross of flowers.*
Harp. Oh! I am tortured.
Theoph. Can this do't? hence, thou fiend infernal, hence!
Harp. Clasp Jupiter's image, and away with that.
Theoph. At thee I'll fling that Jupiter; for, methinks,
I serve a better master: he now checks me
For murdering my two daughters, put on[4] by thee—
By thy damn'd rhetorick did I hunt the life
Of Dorothea, the holy virgin-martyr.
She is not angry with the axe, nor me,
But sends these presents to me; and I'll travel
O'er worlds to find her, and from her white hand
Beg a forgiveness.

[3] *Harp.* Spit *it to the earth,*] The first and second quartos read *spet*, which was now beginning to grow obsolete; in the succeeding one it is *spit*.

[4] ——put on *by thee*—] i. e. encouraged, instigated. So in Shakspeare:

" ——————Macbeth
" Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above
" *Put on* their instruments."

Harp. No; I'll bind thee here.
Theoph. I serve a strength above thine; this small weapon,[5]
Methinks, is armour hard enough.
Harp. Keep from me. [*Sinks a little.*
Theoph. Art posting to thy centre? down, hell-hound! down;
Me thou hast lost: that arm, which hurls thee hence, [*Harpax disappears.*
Save me, and set me up, the strong defence
In the fair Christian's quarrel!

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Fix thy foot there,
Nor be thou shaken with a Cæsar's voice,
Though thousand deaths were in it; and I then
Will bring thee to a river, that shall wash
Thy bloody hands clean and more white than snow;
And to that garden where these blest things grow,
And to that martyr'd virgin, who hath sent
That heavenly token to thee: spread this brave wing,
And serve, than Cæsar, a far greater king. [*Exit.*
Theop. It is, it is some angel. Vanish'd again!
Oh, come back, ravishing boy! bright messenger!
Thou hast, by these mine eyes fix'd on thy beauty,
Illumined all my soul. Now look I back
On my black tyrannies, which, as they did
Outdare the bloodiest, thou, blest spirit, that lead'st me,

[5] ——*this small* weapon,] Meaning, I believe, the "cross of flowers," which he had just found. The language and ideas of this play are purely catholick.

Teach me what I must to do, and, to do well,
That my last act the best may parallel.[6] [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Dioclesian's *Palace.*

Enter DIOCLESIAN, MAXIMINUS, *the Kings of* Epire, Pontus, *and* Macedon, *meeting* ARTEMIA; *Attendants.*

Artem. Glory and conquest still attend upon
Triumphant Cæsar!
Diocle. Let thy wish, fair daughter,
Be equally divided; and hereafter
Learn thou to know and reverence Maximinus,
Whose power, with mine united, makes one Cæsar.
Max. But that I fear 'twould be held flattery,
The bonds consider'd in which we stand tied,
As love and empire, I should say, till now
I ne'er had seen a lady I thought worthy
To be my mistress.
Artem. Sir, you shew yourself
Both courtier and soldier; but take heed,
Take heed, my lord, though my dull-pointed beauty,
Stain'd by a harsh refusal in my servant,
Cannot dart forth such beams as may inflame you,
You may encounter such a powerful one,
That with a pleasing heat will thaw your heart,
Though bound in ribs of ice. Love still is love,
His bow and arrows are the same: great Julius,
That to his successors left the name of Cæsar,
Whom war could never tame, that with dry eyes

[6] *That my last act the best may parallel.*] Thus far Decker; what follows, I apprehend, was written by Massinger.

Beheld the large plains of Pharsalia cover'd
With the dead carcasses of senators
And citizens of Rome, when the world knew
No other lord but him, struck deep in years too,
(And men gray-hair'd forget the lusts of youth)
After all this, meeting fair Cleopatra,
A suppliant too, the magick of her eye,
Even in his pride of conquest, took him captive;
Nor are you more secure.

Max. Were you deform'd
(But, by the gods, you are most excellent),
Your gravity and discretion would o'ercome me;
And I should be more proud in being a prisoner
To your fair virtues, than of all the honours,
Wealth, title, empire, that my sword hath purchased.

Diocle. This meets my wishes. Welcome it, Artemia,
With outstretch'd arms, and study to forget
That Antoninus ever was; thy fate
Reserved thee for this better choice, embrace it.

Max.[7] This happy match brings new nerves to give strength
To our continued league.

Diocle. Hymen himself
Will bless this marriage, which we'll solemnize
In the presence of these kings.

K. of Pontus. Who rest most happy,
To be eyewitnesses of a match that brings
Peace to the empire.

Diocle. We much thank your loves;
But where's Sapritius, our governor,
And our most zealous provost, good Theophilus?
If ever prince were blest in a true servant,
Or could the gods be debtors to a man,

[7] Max. *This happy match* &c.] The old copies give this to the *K. of Epire;* it is evident, however, that he cannot be the speaker: I make no apology for restoring it to Maximinus.

Both they and we stand far engaged to cherish
His piety and service.

Artem. Sir, the governor
Brooks sadly his son's loss, although he turn'd
Apostata in death;[8] but bold Theophilus,
Who, for the same cause, in my presence, seal'd
His holy anger on his daughters' hearts;
Having with tortures first tried to convert her,
Dragg'd the bewitching Christian to the scaffold,
And saw her lose her head.

Diocle. He is all worthy:
And from his own mouth I would gladly hear
The manner how she suffer'd.

Artem. 'Twill be deliver'd
With such contempt and scorn (I know his nature)
That rather 'twill beget your highness' laughter,
Than the least pity.

Diocle. To that end I would hear it.

Enter THEOPHILUS, SAPRITIUS, *and* MACRINUS.

Artem. He comes; with him the governor.

Diocle. O, Sapritius,
I am to chide you for your tenderness;
But yet, remembering that you are a father,
I will forget it. Good Theophilus,
I'll speak with you anon.—Nearer, your ear.
[*to Sapritius.*

Theoph. [*aside to Macrinus.*] By Antoninus' soul, I do conjure you,
And though not for religion, for his friendship,
Without demanding what's the cause that moves me,

[8] Apostata *in death;*] Here again the modern editors read, Apostate *in death*, though it absolutely destroys the measure. It is very strange that the frequent recurrence of this word should not teach them to hesitate on the propriety of corrupting it upon all occasions.

R ceive my signet;—by the power of this,
Go to my prisons, and release all Christians
That are in fetters there by my command.
Mac. But what shall follow?
Theoph. Haste then to the port;
You there shall find two tall ships ready rigg'd,[9]
In which embark the poor distressed souls,
And bear them from the reach of tyranny.
Enquire not whither you are bound; the Deity
That they adore will give you prosperous winds,
And make your voyage such, and largely pay for
Your hazard, and your travail. Leave me here;
There is a scene that I must act alone.
Haste, good Macrinus; and the great God guide you!
Mac. I'll undertake't, there's something prompts me to it;
'Tis to save innocent blood, a saint-like act;
And to be merciful has never been
By moral men themselves[1] esteem'd a sin. [*Exit.*
Diocle. You know your charge?
Sap. And will with care observe it.
Diocle. For I profess he is not Cæsar's friend,
That sheds a tear for any torture that
A Christian suffers. Welcome, my best servant,
My careful zealous provost! thou hast toil'd
To satisfy my will, though in extremes:
I love thee for't; thou art firm rock, no changeling.
Prithee deliver, and for my sake do it,
Without excess of bitterness, or scoffs,
Before my brother and these kings, how took
The Christian her death?
Theoph. And such a presence,
Though every private head in this large room

9 *You there shall find two* tall *ships ready rigg'd,*] We should now say, *two* stout *ships*; but see *the Unnatural Combat.*

1 *By* moral *men themselves* &c.] This is the reading of the first copy: all the others have, mortal *men.*

Were circled round with an imperial crown,
Her story will deserve, it is so full
Of excellence and wonder.
Diocle. Ha! how is this?
Theoph. O! mark it, therefore, and with that attention,
As you would hear an embassy from heaven
By a wing'd legate; for the truth deliver'd,
Both how, and what, this blessed virgin suffer'd,
And Dorothea but hereafter named,
You will rise up with reverence, and no more,
As things unworthy of your thoughts, remember
What the canonized Spartan ladies were,
Which lying Greece so boasts of. Your own matrons,
Your Roman dames, whose figures you yet keep
As holy relicks, in her history
Will find a second urn: Gracchus' Cornelia,[2]
Paulina, that in death desired to follow
Her husband Seneca, nor Brutus' Portia,
That swallow'd burning coals to overtake him,
Though all their several worths were given to one,
With this is to be mention'd.
Max. Is he mad?
Diocle. Why, they did die, Theophilus, and boldly;
This did no more.
Theoph. They, out of desperation,
Or for vain glory of an after-name,
Parted with life: this had not mutinous sons,

[2] *Gracchus' Cornelia,*] This passage, as printed in the old edition, is nonsense. M. Mason.

This is somewhat bold in one who never saw the old editions. In Coxeter, indeed, it is printed, or rather pointed, as nonsense; but to call his the old edition, is scarcely correct. The first quarto reads as in the text, with the exception of an apostrophe accidentally misplaced; the second follows it, and both are more correct than Mr. M. Mason, either in his text or note.

As the rash Gracchi were; nor was this saint
A doating mother, as Cornelia was:
This lost no husband, in whose overthrow
Her wealth and honour sunk; no fear of want
Did make her being tedious; but, aiming
At an immortal crown, and in his cause
Who only can bestow it, who sent down
Legions of ministering angels to bear up
Her spotless soul to heaven; who entertain'd it
With choice celestial musick, equal to
The motion of the spheres, she, uncompell'd,
Changed this life for a better. My lord Sapritius,
You were present at her death; did you e'er hear
Such ravishing sounds?

Sap. Yet you said then 'twas witchcraft,
And devilish illusions.

Theoph. I then heard it
With sinful ears, and belch'd out blasphemous words
Against his Deity, which then I knew not,
Nor did believe in him.

Diocle. Why, dost thou now?
Or dar'st thou, in our hearing——

Theoph. Were my voice
As loud as is his thunder, to be heard
Through all the world, all potentates on earth
Ready to burst with rage, should they but hear it;
Though hell, to aid their malice, lent her furies,
Yet I would speak, and speak again, and boldly,
I am a Christian, and the Powers you worship
But dreams of fools and madmen.

Max. Lay hands on him.

Diocle. Thou twice a child! for doating age
so makes thee,
Thou couldst not else, thy pilgrimage of life
Being almost past through, in this last moment
Destroy whate'er thou hast done good or great—
Thy youth did promise much; and, grown a man,

Thou mad'st it good, and, with increase of years,
Thy actions still better'd: as the sun,
Thou did'st rise gloriously, kept a constant course
In all thy journey; and now, in the evening,
When thou should'st pass with honour to thy rest,
Wilt thou fall like a meteor?
Sap. Yet confess
That thou art mad, and that thy tongue and heart
Had no agreement.
Max. Do; no way is left, else,
To save thy life, Theophilus.
Diocle. But, refuse it,
Destruction as horrid, and as sudden,
Shall fall upon thee, as if hell stood open,
And thou wert sinking thither.
Theoph. Hear me, yet;
Hear, for my service past.
Artem. What will he say?
Theoph. As ever I deserved your favour, hear me,
And grant one boon; 'tis not for life I sue for,[3]
Nor is it fit that I, that ne'er knew pity
To any Christian, being one myself,
Should look for any; no, I rather beg
The utmost of your cruelty; I stand
Accomptable for thousand Christians' deaths;
And, were it possible that I could die
A day for every one, then live again
To be again tormented, 'twere to me
An easy penance, and I should pass through
A gentle cleansing fire; but, that denied me,
It being beyond the strength of feeble nature,

[3] *'Tis not for life I sue* for,] The modern editors omit the last *for;* but they are too squeamish. This reduplication was practised by all the writers of our author's time; of which I could, if it were necessary, give a thousand examples; Massinger himself would furnish a considerable number.

My suit is, you would have no pity on me.
In mine own house there are a thousand engines
Of studied cruelty, which I did prepare
For miserable Christians; let me feel,
As the Sicilian did his brazen bull,
The horrid'st you can find, and I will say,
In death, that you are merciful.

Diocle. Despair not,
In this thou shalt prevail. Go fetch them hither:
[*Exit Guard.*
Death shall put on a thousand shapes at once,
And so appear before thee; racks, and whips!——
Thy flesh, with burning pincers torn, shall feed
The fire that heats them; and what's wanting to
The torture of thy body, I'll supply
In punishing thy mind. Fetch all the Christians
That are in hold; and here, before his face,
Cut them in pieces.

Theoph. 'Tis not in thy power:
It was the first good deed I ever did.
They are removed out of thy reach; howe'er
I was determined for my sins to die,
I first took order for their liberty,
And still I dare thy worst.

Re-enter Guard *with the instruments of torture.*

Diocle. Bind him, I say;
Make every artery and sinew crack:
The slave that makes him give the loudest shriek,[4]
Shall have ten thousand drachmas: wretch! I'll force thee
To curse the Power thou worship'st:

[4] The slave *that makes him give the loudest shrick,*] So read all the editions before the last; when Mr. M. Mason, to suit the line to his own ideas of harmony, discarded *The slave,* for *He!*

Theoph. Never, never:
No breath of mine shall e'er be spent on him,
[*They torment him.*
But what shall speak his majesty or mercy.
I'm honour'd in my sufferings. Weak tormentors,
More tortures, more:—alas! you are unskilful—
For heaven's sake more; my breast is yet untorn:
Here purchase the reward that was propounded.
The irons cool,—here are arms yet, and thighs;
Spare no part of me.
Max. He endures beyond
The sufferance of a man.
Sap. No sigh nor groan,
To witness he hath feeling.
Diocle. Harder, villains!

Enter HARPAX.

Harp. Unless that he blaspheme, he's lost for ever.
If torments ever could bring forth despair,
Let these compel him to it: Oh me,
My ancient enemies again! [*Falls down.*

Enter DOROTHEA *in a white robe, a crown upon her head, led in by* ANGELO; ANTONINUS, CALISTA, *and* CHRISTETA *following, all in white, but less glorious;* ANGELO *holds out a crown to* THEOPHILUS.

Theoph. Most glorious vision!——
Did e'er so hard a bed yield man a dream
So heavenly as this? I am confirm'd,
Confirm'd, you blessed spirits, and make haste
To take that crown of immortality
You offer to me. Death, till this blest minute,
I never thought thee slow-paced; nor would I

Hasten thee now, for any pain I suffer,
But that thou keep'st me from a glorious wreath,
Which through this stormy way I would creep to,
And, humbly kneeling, with humility wear it.
Oh! now I feel thee:—blessed spirits! I come;
And, witness for me all these wounds and scars,
I die a soldier in the Christian wars. [*Dies.*

Sap. I have seen thousands tortured, but ne'er yet
A constancy like this.

Harp. I am twice damn'd.

Ang. Haste to thy place appointed, cursed fiend!
In spite of hell, this soldier's not thy prey;
'Tis I have won, thou that hast lost the day. [*Exit.*

[*Harpax sinks with thunder and lightning.*

Diocle. I think the centre of the earth be crack'd,
Yet I stand still unmoved, and will go on:
The persecution that is here begun,
Through all the world with violence shall run.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*[5]

[5] Mr. M. Mason capriciously deranged the order in which Coxeter printed these Plays, and began with *the Picture*, a piece which bears the strongest internal marks of being a late production. With respect to *the Virgin-Martyr*, he considerably under-rates it, and indeed displays no portion of judgment in appreciating either its beauties or defects. He adopts Coxeter's idea that it was indebted for its success to the abominable scenes between Hircius and Spongius, pronounces the subject of the tragedy to be unpleasant, the incidents *unnatural*, and the *supernatural* agents employed to bring them about, destitute of the singularity and wildness which distinguish the fictitious beings of Shakspeare. With respect to the subject, it is undoubtedly ill chosen. Scourging, racking, and beheading, are circumstances of no very agreable kind; and with the poor aids of which the stage was then possessed, must have been somewhat worse than ridiculous. Allowing, however, for the agency of supernatural beings, I scarcely see how the incidents

they produce can, as Mr. M. Mason represents them, be unnatural. The comparison drawn between them and the fictitious beings of Shakspeare is injudicious. Shakspeare has no angels nor devils; his wonderful judgment, perhaps, instructed him to avoid such untractable machinery. With fairies and spirits he might wanton in the regions of fancy, but the character of a heavenly messenger was of too sacred a nature for *wildness* and *singularity*, and that of a fiend too horrible for the sportiveness of imagination. It appears to me, that Massinger and his associate had conceived the idea of combining the prominent parts of the old Mystery, with the Morality, which was not yet obliterated from the memories, nor perhaps from the affections, of many of the spectators; to this, I am willing to hope, and not to the ribaldry, which Mr. M. Mason so properly reprobates, the great success of this singular medley might be in some measure owing. I have taken notice of many beautiful passages; but it would be unjust to the authors to conclude, without remarking on the good sense and dexterity with which they have avoided the concurrence of Angelo and Harpax, till the concluding scene; an errour into which Tasso, and others of greater name than Massinger, have inadvertently fallen.

With a neglect of precision which pervades all the arguments of Mr. M. Mason, he declares it is easy to distinguish the hand of Decker from that of Massinger, yet finds a difficulty in appropriating their most characteristick language! If I have spoken with more confidence, it is not done lightly, but from a long and careful study of Massinger's manner, and from that species of internal evidence which, though it might not perhaps sufficiently strike the common reader, is with me decisive. With respect to the scenes between the two buffoons, it would be an injury to the name of Massinger to waste a single argument in proving them not to be his. In saying this, I am actuated by no hostility to Decker, who in this Play has many passages which evince that he wanted not talents to rival, if he had pleased, his friend and associate. EDITOR.

Notwithstanding the blemishes which have been justly objected to this Play, it possesses beauties of an extraordinary kind.—Indeed, nothing more base and filthy can be conceived than the dialogues between Hircius and Spungius; but the genuine and dignified piety of Dorothea, her unsullied innocence, her unshaken constancy, the lofty pity she expresses for her persecutors, her calm contempt of tortures, and her heroick death, exalt the mind in no common degree, and make the

reader almost insensible of the surrounding impurity, through the holy contempt of it which they inspire.

How sentiments and images thus opposite should be contained in the same piece, it is somewhat difficult to conceive. If Decker had furnished none but the comick parts, the doubt would be soon at an end. But there is good reason to suppose that he wrote the whole of the second act: and the very first scene of it has the same mixture of loathsome beastliness and angelick purity, which are observed in those passages that are more distant from each other.—It is the strange and forced conjunction of Mezentius:

Mortua ——— jungebat corpora vivis,
Tormenti genus ———.

The subject in general is certainly extravagant; and the introduction of a good and evil spirit, disguised in human shapes, was not to be expected in what aspired to the credit of a regular tragedy. Yet it should be remembered, that poetick license calls in "a thousand liveried angels" to "lackey saintly chas-" tity;"—that, whatever be their departure from propriety, such representations had a most solemn origin; and that, with this allowance, the business in which the spirits are engaged has a substantial conformity with the opinions of the early ages in which the plot is laid. The permitted but vain opposition of the demons to the progress of the faith, and the reasoning and raillery which Dorothea expresses, under the influence of Angelo, against the pagan gods, are to be found in Justin, Tatian, Arnobius, and others.—The separate agency of the spirits, and the consequence of their personal encounter, are also described in a characteristick manner.

Apart from Angelo, Harpax seems to advance in his malignant work. When the daughters of Theophilus express their zeal for paganism, he "grows fat to see his labours prosper." Yet he cannot look forward to the defeat of those labours in their approaching conversion, though, on some occasions, we find he could "see a thousand leagues" in his master's service. And this agrees with the doctrine, that when some signal triumph of the faith was at hand, the evil spirits were abridged of their usual powers. Again, when Harpax expects to meet Angelo, he thus expresses the dread of his presence, and the effect which it afterwards produced on him:

"——— I do so hate his sight,
"That, should I look on him, I should sink down."
Act II. sc. ii.

And this, too, perfectly agrees with the power attributed to the superiour spirits of quelling the demons by those indications of

their quality which were not to be perceived by mortals: *per occultissimæ signa præsentiæ, quæ angelicis sensibus etiam malignorum spirituum, potius quam infirmitati hominum, possunt esse perspicua. Civ. Dei.* lib. ix.

The other parts of the Play do not require much observation. Indeed, the characters of Calista and Christeta are well sustained. Hasty, self-confident, readily promising for their steadiness, soon forgetting their resolutions, and equally secure in every change of opinion, they are well contrasted with Dorothea, whose fixed principles always guard her against rashness, and therefore preserve her from contradiction. As to Dioclesian and his captive kings, they come in and go out with little of our admiration, or our pity. Artemia's love for Antoninus would be wholly without interest, if we were not moved for a moment by her indignation at the rejection of her offer; and we see her at length consigned to Maximinus with as little emotion as is shewn by themselves. This, however, is somewhat relieved by Antoninus's passion, a genuine one, for Dorothea.

Certainly there is too much horrour in this tragedy. The daughters of Theophilus are killed on the stage. Theophilus himself is racked, and Dorothea is dragged by the hair, kicked, tortured, and beheaded. Its popularity must therefore in a considerable degree be attributed to the interest occasioned by the contrary agencies of the two spirits, to the glorious vision of the beatified Dorothea at the conclusion of the piece, and the reappearance of Angelo, in his proper character, with the sacred fruit and flowers, from the "heavenly garden," and the "crown of immortality," for Theophilus. Dr. Ireland.

THE

UNNATURAL COMBAT.

The Unnatural Combat.] Of this Tragedy there is but one edition, which was printed for John Waterson, in 1639. It does not occur in Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book; so that it is probably of a very early date: and indeed Massinger himself calls it "an old tragedy." Like the *Virgin-Martyr*, it has neither Prologue nor Epilogue, for which the author accounts in his Dedication, by observing that the play was composed at a time "when such by-ornaments were not advanced above the fabrick of the whole work."

The editors of the *Biographia Dramatica* speak in rapturous terms of the various excellencies of this piece, and think, "that with very little alteration, it might be rendered a valuable acquisition to the present stage." This I doubt: it is indeed a most noble performance; grand in conception, and powerful in execution; but the passion on which the main part of the story hinges, is of too revolting a nature for public representation: we may admire in the closet what we should turn from on the stage.

It is said, in the title-page, to have been "presented by the King's Majesty's Servants, at the Globe."

TO

MY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND,

ANTHONY SENTLEGER,

OF OAKHAM IN KENT, ESQ.

SIR,

THAT the patronage of trifles, in this kind, hath long since rendered dedications, and inscriptions obsolete, and out of fashion, I perfectly understand, and cannot but ingenuously confess, that I walking in the same path, may be truly argued by you of weakness, or wilful errour: but the reasons and defences, for the tender of my service this way to you, are so just, that I cannot (in my thankfulness for so many favours received) but be ambitious to publish them. Your noble father, Sir Warham Sentleger (whose remarkable virtues must be ever remembered), being, while he lived, a master, for his pleasure, in poetry, feared not to hold converse with divers, whose necessitous fortunes made it their profession, among which, by the clemency of his judgment, I was not in the last place admitted. You (the heir of his honour and estate) inherited his good inclinations to men of my poor quality, of which I cannot give any ampler testimony, than by my free and glad profession of it to the world. Besides (and it was not the least encouragement to me) many of eminence, and the best of such, who disdained not to take notice of me, have not thought themselves disparaged, I dare not say honoured, to be celebrated the patrons of my humble studies. In the first file of which, I am confident, you shall have no cause to blush, to find your name written. I present you with this old tragedy, without prologue or epilogue, it being composed in a time (and that too, peradventure, as knowing as this) when such by-ornaments were not advanced above the fabrick of the whole work. Accept it, I beseech you, as it is, and continue your favour to the author,

Your Servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Beaufort *senior, governor of* Marseilles.
Beaufort *junior, his son.*
Malefort *senior, admiral of* Marseilles.
Malefort *junior, his son.*
Chamont,
Montaigne, } *assistants to the governor.*
Lanour,
Montreville, *a pretended friend to* Malefort *senior.*
Belgarde, *a poor captain.*
Three Sea Captains, of the navy of Malefort *junior.*
An Usher.
A Page.

Theocrine, *daughter to* Malefort *senior.*
Two Waiting Women.
Two Courtezans.
A Bawd.

Servants and Soldiers.

SCENE, Marseilles.

THE

UNNATURAL COMBAT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in the Court of Justice.

Enter MONTREVILLE, THEOCRINE, Usher, Page, *and* Waiting Women.

Montr. Now to be modest, madam, when you are
A suitor for your father, would appear
Coarser than boldness; you awhile must part with
Soft silence, and the blushings of a virgin:
Though I must grant, did not this cause command it,
They are rich jewels you have ever worn
To all men's admiration. In this age,
If, by our own forced importunity,
Or others purchased intercession, or
Corrupting bribes, we can make our approaches
To justice, guarded from us by stern power,
We bless the means and industry.
Ush. Here's musick
In this bag shall wake her, though she had drunk opium,
Or eaten mandrakes.[1] Let commanders talk
Of cannons to make breaches, give but fire

[1] *Or eaten* mandrakes.] Hill observes, that "the *mandrake* has a soporifick quality, and that it was used by the antients when they wanted a narcotick of a most powerful kind." To this there are perpetual allusions in our old writers.

To this petard, it shall blow open, madam,
The iron doors of a judge, and make you entrance;
When they (let them do what they can) with all
Their mines, their culverins, and basiliscos,
Shall cool their feet without; this being the picklock
That never fails.

Montr. 'Tis true, gold can do much,
But beauty more. Were I the governor,
Though the admiral, your father, stood convicted
Of what he's only doubted, half a dozen
Of sweet close kisses from these cherry lips,
With some short active conference in private,
Should sign his general pardon.

Theoc. These light words, sir,
Do ill become the weight of my sad fortune;
And I much wonder, you, that do profess
Yourself to be my father's bosom friend,
Can raise mirth from his misery.

Montr. You mistake me;
I share in his calamity, and only
Deliver my thoughts freely, what I should do
For such a rare petitioner: and if
You'll follow the directions I prescribe,
With my best judgment I'll mark out the way
For his enlargement.

Theoc. With all real joy
I shall put what you counsel into act,
Provided it be honest.

Montr. Honesty
In a fair she client (trust to my experience)
Seldom or never prospers; the world's wicked:
We are men, not saints, sweet lady; you must practice
The manners of the time, if you intend
To have favour from it: do not deceive yourself
By building too much on the false foundations

Of chastity and virtue. Bid your waiters
Stand further off, and I'll come nearer to you.
1 *Wom.* Some wicked counsel, on my life.
2 *Wom.* Ne'er doubt it,[2]
If it proceed from him.
Page. I wonder that
My lord so much affects him.
Ush. Thou'rt a child,[3]
And dost not understand on what strong basis
This friendship's raised between this Montreville
And our lord, monsieur Malefort, but I'll teach thee:
From thy years they have been joint purchasers
In fire and water works, and truck'd together.
Page. In fire and water works!
Ush. Commodities, boy,
Which you may know hereafter.
Page. And deal in them,
When the trade has given you over, as appears by
The increase of your high forehead.[4]
Ush. Here's a crack![5]

[2] 2 Wom. *Ne'er doubt it,*
If it proceed from him.] The character of Montreville is opened with great beauty and propriety. The freedom of his language, and the advice he gives Theocrine, fully prepare us for any act of treachery or cruelty he may hereafter perpetrate.

[3] Ush. *Thou'rt a child,*
And dost not understand &c.] This speech, it is impossible to say why, has been hitherto printed as prose, though nothing is clearer than that the author meant it for verse, into which, indeed, it runs as readily as any other part of the play.

[4] ——————— *as appears by*
The increase of your high forehead.] Alluding, perhaps, to the premature baldness occasioned by dealing in the commodities just mentioned; or, it may be, to the falling off of his hair from age: so the women to Anacreon, Ψιλοι δε σευ μετωπον.

[5] Ush. *Here's a* crack!] A crack is an arch, sprightly boy. Thus, in *the Devil's an Ass:*

"If we could get a witty boy now, Engine,
"That were an excellent *crack*, I could instruct him
"To the true height."

The word occurs again in *the Bashful Lover*, and, indeed, in most of our old plays.

I think they suck this knowledge in their milk.
Page. I had an ignorant nurse else. I have tied, sir,
My lady's garter, and can guess—
Ush. Peace, infant;
Tales out o' school! take heed, you will be breech'd else. [*Theocrine retires.*
1 *Wom.* My lady's colour changes.
2 *Wom.* She falls off too.
Theoc. You are a naughty man, indeed you are;
And I will sooner perish with my father,
Than at this price redeem him.
Montr. Take your own way,
Your modest, legal way: 'tis not your veil,
Nor mourning habit, nor these creatures taught
To howl, and cry, when you begin to whimper;
Nor following my lord's coach in the dirt,
Nor that which you rely upon, a bribe,
Will do it, when there's something he likes better.
These courses in an old crone of threescore,[6]
That had seven years together tired the court
With tedious petitions, and clamours,
For the recovery of a straggling[7] husband,
To pay, forsooth, the duties of one to her;—
But for a lady of your tempting beauties,
Your youth, and ravishing features, to hope only
In such a suit as this is, to gain favour,
Without exchange of courtesy,—you conceive me—

[6] *These courses in an old* crone *of threescore,*] This expression, which, as Johnson says, means an old toothless ewe, is contemptuously used for an old woman, by all the writers of Massinger's time. Thus Jonson:

"——— let him alone.
"With temper'd poison to remove the *crone.*" *Poetaster.*

And Shakspeare:

"——— take up the bastard;
"Take't up, I say; give't to thy *crone.*" *Winter's Tale.*

[7] *For the recovery of a* straggling *husband.*] The old copy reads *strangling;* corrected by Mr. M. Mason.

Enter BEAUFORT *junior, and* BELGARDE.

Were madness at the height. Here's brave young
Beaufort,
The meteor of Marseilles,[8] one that holds
The governor his father's will and power
In more awe than his own! Come, come, ad-
vance,
Present your bag, cramm'd with crowns of the
sun;[9]
Do you think he cares for money? he loves plea-
sure.
Burn your petition, burn it; he doats on you,
Upon my knowledge: to his cabinet, do,
And he will point you out a certain course,
Be the cause right or wrong, to have your father
Released with much facility. [*Exit.*

Theoc. Do you hear?
Take a pandar with you.

Beauf. jun. I tell thee there is neither
Employment yet, nor money.

Belg. I have commanded,
And spent my own means in my country's service,
In hope to raise a fortune.

Beauf. jun. Many have hoped so;
But hopes prove seldom certainties with soldiers.

Belg. If no preferment, let me but receive
My pay that is behind, to set me up
A tavern, or a vaulting house; while men love

[8] *The meteor of* Marseilles,] It may be proper to observe here, once for all, that Marseilles, or, as Massinger spells it, Marsellis, is constantly used by him as a trisyllable, which, in fact, it is.

[9] ——— *crowns of the sun;*] *Escus de soleil*, the best kind of crowns, says Cotgrave, that are now made; they have a kind of little star (sun) on one side. This coin is frequently mentioned by our old writers.

Or drunkenness, or lechery, they'll ne'er fail me:
Shall I have that?
Beauf. jun. As our prizes are brought in;
Till then you must be patient.
Belg. In the mean time,
How shall I do for clothes?
Beauf. jun. As most captains do:
Philosopher-like, carry all you have about you.[1]
Belg. But how shall I do, to satisfy colon,[2] monsieur?
There lies the doubt.
Beauf. jun. That's easily decided;
My father's table's free for any man
That hath born arms.
Belg. And there's good store of meat?
Beauf. jun. Never fear that.
Belg. I'll seek no other ordinary then,
But be his daily guest without invitement;
And if my stomach hold, I'll feed so heartily,
As he shall pay me suddenly, to be quit of me.
Beauf. jun. 'Tis she.
Belg. And further——
Beauf. jun. Away, you are troublesome;
Designs of more weight——
Belg. Ha! fair Theocrine.
Nay, if a velvet petticoat move in the front,
Buff jerkins must to the rear; I know my manners:
This is, indeed, great business, mine a gewgaw.

[1] *Philosopher-like, carry all you have about you.*] Alluding to the well-known saying of Simonides.

[2] ——— *to satisfy* colon, *monsieur?*] i. e. the cravings of hunger: the *colon* is the largest of the human intestines: it frequently occurs in the same sense as here, in our old poets. So in *the Wits:*

"Abstain from flesh—whilst *colon* keeps more noise
"Than mariners at plays, or apple-wives,
"That wrangle for a sieve."

I may dance attendance, this must be dispatch'd,
And suddenly, or all will go to wreck;
Charge her home in the flank, my lord: nay, I
am gone, sir. [*Exit.*

Beauf. jun. Nay, pray you, madam, rise, or I'll
kneel with you.

Page. I would bring you on your knees, were
I a woman.

Beauf. jun. What is it can deserve so poor a
name,
As a suit to me? This more than mortal form
Was fashion'd to command, and not entreat:
Your will but known is served.

Theoc. Great sir, my father,
My brave, deserving father;—but that sorrow
Forbids the use of speech——

Beauf. jun. I understand you,
Without the aids of those interpreters
That fall from your fair eyes: I know you labour
The liberty of your father; at the least,
An equal[3] hearing to acquit himself:
And, 'tis not to endear my service to you,
Though I must add, and pray you with patience
hear it,
'Tis hard to be effected, in respect
The state's incensed against him: all presuming,
The world of outrages his impious son,
Turn'd worse than pirate in his cruelties,
Express'd to this poor country, could not be
With such ease put in execution, if
Your father, of late our great admiral,
Held not or correspondence, or connived
At his proceedings.

[3] *An* equal *hearing*] A just, impartial hearing; so *equal* is constantly used by Massinger and his contemporaries: thus Fletcher:

"What could this thief have done, had his cause been *equal!*
"He made my heartstrings tremble." *Knight of Malta.*

Theoc. And must he then suffer,
His cause unheard?
Beauf. jun. As yet it is resolved so,
In their determination. But suppose
(For I would nourish hope, not kill it, in you)
I should divert the torrent of their purpose,
And render them, that are implacable,
Impartial judges, and not sway'd with spleen;
Will you, I dare not say in recompense,
For that includes a debt you cannot owe me,
But in your liberal bounty, in my suit
To you, be gracious?
Theoc. You entreat of me, sir,
What I should offer to you, with confession
That you much undervalue your own worth,
Should you receive me, since there come with you
Not lustful fires, but fair and lawful flames.
But I must be excused, 'tis now no time
For me to think of Hymeneal joys.
Can he (and pray you, sir, consider it)
That gave me life, and faculties to love,
Be, as he's now, ready to be devour'd
By ravenous wolves, and at that instant, I
But entertain a thought of those delights,
In which, perhaps, my ardour meets with yours!
Duty and piety forbid it, sir.
Beauf. jun. But this effected, and your father free,
What is your answer?
Theoc. Every minute to me
Will be a tedious age, till our embraces
Are warrantable to the world.
Beauf. jun. I urge no more;
Confirm it with a kiss.
Theoc. I doubly seal it.
Ush. This would do better abed, the business ended:—
They are the loving'st couple!

Enter BEAUFORT *senior*, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, *and* LANOUR.

Beauf. jun. Here comes my father,
With the Council of War: deliver your petition,
And leave the rest to me. [*Theoc. offers a paper.*
Beauf. sen. I am sorry, lady,
Your father's guilt compels your innocence
To ask what I in justice must deny.
Beauf. jun. For my sake, sir, pray you receive and read it.
Beauf. sen. Thou foolish boy! I can deny thee nothing.
Beauf. jun. Thus far we are happy, madam: quit the place;
You shall hear how we succeed.
Theoc. Goodness reward you!
[*Exeunt Theocrine, Usher, Page, and Women.*
Mont. It is apparent; and we stay too long
To censure Malefort[4] as he deserves.
[*They take their seats.*
Cham. There is no colour of reason that makes for him:
Had he discharged the trust committed to him,
With that experience and fidelity
He practised heretofore, it could not be
Our navy should be block'd up, and, in our sight,
Our goods made prize, our sailors sold for slaves,
By his prodigious issue.[5]

[4] *To censure* Malefort &c.] *Malefort* is here, and throughout the play, properly used as a trisyllable.

[5] *By his* prodigious *issue.*] i. e. unnatural horrible, portentous

Lan. I much grieve,
After so many brave and high achievements;
He should in one ill forfeit all the good
He ever did his country.
Beauf. sen. Well, 'tis granted.[6]
Beauf. jun. I humbly thank you, sir.
Beauf. sen. He shall have hearing,
His irons too struck off; bring him before us,
But seek no further favour.
Beauf. jun. Sir, I dare not. [*Exit.*
Beauf. sen. Monsieur Chamont, Montaigne, Lanour, assistants,
By a commission from the most Christian king,
In punishing or freeing Malefort,
Our late great admiral: though I know you need not
Instructions from me, how to dispose of
Yourselves in this man's trial, that exacts
Your clearest judgments, give me leave, with favour,
To offer my opinion. We are to hear him,
A little looking back on his fair actions,
Loyal, and true demeanour; not as now
By the general voice already he's condemn'd.
But if we find, as most believe, he hath held
Intelligence with his accursed son,

of evil; in this sense it is often applied to comets, and other extraordinary appearances in the sky:

"Behold yon comet shews his head again!
"Twice hath he thus at cross turns thrown on us
"*Prodigious* looks." *The Honest Whore.*

Again:

"This woman's threats, her eyes e'en red with fury,
"Which, like *prodigious* meteors, foretold
"Assured destruction, are still before me." *The Captain.*

[6] Beauf. sen. *Well, 'tis granted.*] It appears, from the subsequent speeches, that young Beaufort had been soliciting his father to allow Malefort to plead without his chains.

Fallen off from all allegiance, and turn'd
(But for what cause we know not) the most
bloody
And fatal enemy this country ever
Repented to have brought forth; all compassion[7]
* * * * * * * * *
Of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd;
We sit engaged to censure him with all
Extremity and rigour.

Cham. Your lordship shews us
A path which we will tread in.

Lan. He that leaves
To follow, as you lead, will lose himself.

Mont. I'll not be singular.

Re-enter BEAUFORT *junior, with* MONTREVILLE, MALEFORT *senior,* BELGARDE, *and Officers.*

Beauf. sen. He comes, but with
A strange distracted look.

7 ——— *all compassion*
* * * * * * * * *
Of what &c.] The quarto reads,
——— *all compassion*
Of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd;
Upon which Mr. M. Mason observes, "This sentence as it stands is not sense; if the words *all compassion* are right, we must necessarily suppose that *being laid aside*, or words of a similar import, have been omitted in the printing: but the most natural manner of amending the passage, is by reading *no compassion*, the word *having* being understood."

I can neither reconcile myself to *no compassion of what he may be*, nor to *all*. He might, if acquitted, be a successful commander, as before, and to such a circumstance Beaufort evidently alludes. I believe that a line is lost, and with due hesitation would propose to supply the chasm somewhat in this way:

——— *all compassion*
Of his years pass'd over, all consideration
Of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd;
We sit, &c.

Malef. sen. Live I once more[8]
To see these hands and arms free! these, that often,
In the most dreadful horror of a fight,
Have been as seamarks to teach such as were
Seconds in my attempts, to steer between
The rocks of too much daring, and pale fear,
To reach the port of victory! when my sword,
Advanced thus, to my enemies appear'd
A hairy comet, threatening death and ruin[9]
To such as durst behold it! These the legs,
That, when our ships were grappled, carried me
With such swift motion from deck to deck,
As they that saw it, with amazement cried,
He does not run, but flies!
Mont. He still retains
The greatness of his spirit.
Malef. sen. Now crampt with irons,
Hunger, and cold, they hardly do support me—
But I forget myself. O, my good lords,

[8] Malf. sen. *Live I once more* &c.] There is something very striking in the indignant burst of savage ostentation with which this old warriour introduces himself on the scene.

[9] *A* hairy *comet*, &c.] So in *Fuimus Troes:*

" ——— comets *shook their flaming hair*;
" Thus all our wars were acted first on high,
" And we taught what to look for."

From this, and the passage in the text, Milton, who appears, by various marks of imitation, to have been a careful reader of Massinger, probably formed the magnificent and awful picture which follows:

" ——— On the other side,
" Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
" Unterrified, and like a comet *burn'd*,
" That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
" In the arctic sky, and from his horrid *hair*
" *Shakes* pestilence and war."——

That sit there as my judges, to determine[1]
The life and death of Malefort, where are now
Those shouts, those cheerful looks, those loud applauses,
With which, when I return'd loaden with spoil,
You entertain'd your admiral? all's forgotten:
And I stand here to give account for that
Of which I am as free and innocent
As he that never saw the eyes of him,[2]
For whom I stand suspected.

Beauf. sen. Monsieur Malefort,
Let not your passion so far transport you,
As to believe from any private malice,
Or envy to your person, you are question'd:
Nor do the suppositions want weight,
That do invite us to a strong assurance,
Your son——

Malef. sen. My shame!

Beauf. sen Pray you, hear with patience,—never
Without assistance or sure aids from you,
Could, with the pirates of Argiers[3] and Tunis,
Even those that you had almost twice defeated,
Acquire such credit, as with them to be
Made absolute commander (pray you observe me);
If there had not some contract pass'd between you,
That, when occasion served, you would join with them,
To the ruin of Marseilles?

[1] *That sit there as* my *judges, to determine,*] *My*, which completes the metre, is now first inserted from the old copy.

[2] *The* eyes *of him*] So the old copy: the modern editors read *eye!*

[3] *Could with the pirates of* Argiers] Argiers is the old reading, and is that of every author of Massinger's time. The editors invariably modernize it into *Algiers.*

Mont. More, what urged
Your son to turn apostata?[4]
Cham. Had he from
The state, or governor, the least neglect
Which envy could interpret for a wrong?
Lan. Or, if you slept not in your charge, how could
So many ships as do infest our coast,
And have in our own harbour shut our navy,
Come in unfought with?
Beauf. jun. They put him hardly to it.
Malef. sen. My lords, with as much brevity as I can,
I'll answer each particular objection
With which you charge me. The main ground, on which
You raise the building of your accusation,
Hath reference to my son: should I now curse him,
Or wish, in the agony of my troubled soul,
Lightning had found him in his mother's womb,
You'll say 'tis from the purpose; and I therefore
Betake him to the devil, and so leave him.
Did never loyal father but myself
Beget a treacherous issue? was't in me
With as much ease to fashion up his mind,
As in his generation to form
The organs to his body? Must it follow,
Because that he is impious, I am false?——
I would not boast my actions, yet 'tis lawful
To upbraid my benefits to unthankful men.
Who sunk the Turkish gallies in the streights,
But Malefort? Who rescued the French merchants,

[4] *Your son to turn* apostata] The modern editors, as before, read *apostate!*

When they were boarded, and stow'd under hatches
By the pirates of Argiers, when every minute
They did expect to be chain'd to the oar,
But your now doubted admiral? then you fill'd
The air with shouts of joy, and did proclaim,
When hope had left them, and grim-look'd despair
Hover'd with sail-stretch'd wings over their heads,[5]
To me, as to the Neptune of the sea,
They owed the restitution of their goods,
Their lives, their liberties. O, can it then
Be probable, my lords, that he that never
Became the master of a pirate's ship,
But at the mainyard hung the captain up,
And caused the rest to be thrown over-board;
Should, after all these proofs of deadly hate,
So oft express'd against them, entertain
A thought of quarter with them; but much less
(To the perpetual ruin of my glories)
To join with them to lift a wicked arm
Against my mother-country, this Marseilles,
Which, with my prodigal expense of blood,
I have so oft protected!

Beauf. sen. What you have done
Is granted and applauded; but yet know

[5] *Hover'd with* sail-stretch'd wings *over their heads,*] So Jonson:

"——— o'er our heads
"Black ravenous ruin, with *her sail-stretch'd wings*,
"Ready to sink us down, and cover us."
Every Man out of his Humour.

And Fletcher:

"Fix here and rest awhile your *sail-stretch'd wings*
"That have outstript the winds." *The Prophetess.*

Milton, too, has the same bold expression: the original to which they are all indebted, is a sublime passage in the Fairy Queen, B. I. c. xi. st. 10.

This glorious relation[6] of your actions
Must not so blind our judgments, as to suffer
This most unnatural crime you stand accused of,
To pass unquestion'd.
Cham. No; you must produce
Reasons of more validity and weight,
To plead in your defence, or we shall hardly
Conclude you innocent.
Mont. The large volume of
Your former worthy deeds, with your experience,
Both what, and when to do, but makes against you,
Lan. For had your care and courage been the same
As heretofore, the dangers we are plunged in
Had been with ease prevented.
Malef. sen. What have I
Omitted, in the power of flesh and blood,
Even in the birth to strangle the designs of
This hell-bred wolf, my son? alas! my lords,
I am no god, nor like him could foresee
His cruel thoughts, and cursed purposes;
Nor would the sun at my command forbear
To make his progress to the other world,
Affording to us one continued light.
Nor could my breath disperse those foggy mists,
Cover'd with which, and darkness of the night,
Their navy undiscern'd, without resistance,
Beset our harbour: make not that my fault,
Which you in justice must ascribe to fortune.—
But if that nor my former acts, nor what
I have deliver'd, can prevail with you,
To make good my integrity and truth;
Rip up this bosom, and pluck out the heart
That hath been ever loyal. [*A trumpet within.*

[6] *This* glorious *relation,*] Our old writers frequently use this word in the sense of *gloriosus*, vain, boastful, ostentatious.

Beauf. sen. How! a trumpet!
Enquire the cause. [*Exit Montreville.*
Malef. sen. Thou searcher of men's hearts,
And sure defender of the innocent,
(My other crying sins—awhile not look'd on)
If I in this am guilty, strike me dead,
Or by some unexpected means confirm,
I am accused unjustly!

Re-enter MONTREVILLE *with a* Sea Captain.

Beauf. sen. Speak, the motives
That bring thee hither?
Capt. From our admiral thus:
He does salute you fairly, and desires
It may be understood no publick hate
Hath brought him to Marseilles; nor seeks he
The ruin of his country, but aims only
To wreak a private wrong: and if from you
He may have leave[7] and liberty to decide it
In single combat, he'll give up good pledges,
If he fall in the trial of his right,
We shall weigh anchor, and no more molest
This town with hostile arms.
Beauf. sen. Speak to the man,
If in this presence he appear to you,
To whom you bring this challenge.
Capt. 'Tis to you.
Beauf. sen. His father!
Montr. Can it be?
Beauf. jun. Strange and prodigious!
Malef. sen. Thou seest I stand unmoved; were thy voice thunder,
It should not shake me; say, what would the viper?

7 ——— *and if from you*
He may have leave &c.] This passage is very incorrectly pointed in the former editions.

Capt. The reverence a father's name may challenge,
And duty of a son no more remember'd,
He does defy thee to the death.
Malef. sen. Go on.
Capt. And with his sword will prove it on thy head,
Thou art a murderer, an atheist;
And that all attributes of men turn'd furies
Cannot express thee: this he will make good,
If thou dar'st give him meeting.
Malef. sen. Dare I live!
Dare I, when mountains of my sins o'erwhelm me,
At my last gasp ask for mercy! How I bless
Thy coming, captain; never man to me
Arrived so opportunely; and thy message,
However it may seem to threaten death,
Does yield to me a second life in curing
My wounded honour. Stand I yet suspected
As a confederate with this enemy,
Whom of all men, against all ties of nature,
He marks out for destruction! you are just,
Immortal Powers, and in this merciful;
And it takes from my sorrow, and my shame
For being the father to so bad a son,
In that you are pleased to offer up the monster
To my correction. Blush and repent,
As you are bound, my honourable lords,
Your ill opinions of me. Not great Brutus,
The father of the Roman liberty,
With more assured constancy beheld
His traitor sons, for labouring to call home
The banish'd Tarquins, scourged with rods to death,
Than I will shew, when I take back the life
This prodigy of mankind received from me.

Beauf. sen. We are sorry, monsieur Malefort,
for our errour,
And are much taken with your resolution;
But the disparity of years and strength,
Between you and your son, duly consider'd,
We would not so expose you.
Malef. sen. Then you kill me,
Under pretence to save me. O my lords,
As you love honour, and a wrong'd man's
fame,
Deny me not this fair and noble means
To make me right again to all the world.
Should any other but myself be chosen
To punish this apostata with death,[8]
You rob a wretched father of a justice
That to all after times will be recorded.
I wish his strength were centuple, his skill
equal
To my experience, that in his fall
He may not shame my victory! I feel
The powers and spirits of twenty strong men in
me.
Were he with wild fire circled, I undaunted
Would make way to him.—As you do affect,
sir,
My daughter Theocrine;[9] as you are

[8] *To punish this* apostata *with death.*] Both the editors read, *To punish this* apostate son *with death!* Here is the mischief of altering an author's language. When the metre does not suit our newfangled terms, we are obliged to insert words of our own, to complete it. *Apostata* stood in the verse very well; but Coxeter and M. Mason having determined to write *apostate*, found themselves compelled to tack *son* to it, and thus enfeebled the original expression.

[9] *My daughter* Theocrine;] *Theocrine* is constantly used as a quadrisyllable. It should be observed that as the story and the names are French, Massinger adopts the French mode of enouncing them. The reader must bear this in mind.

My true and ancient friend; as thou art valiant;[1]
And as all love a soldier, second me
[*They all sue to the governor.*
In this my just petition. In your looks
I see a grant, my lord.
Beauf. sen. You shall o'erbear me;
And since you are so confident in your cause,
Prepare you for the combat.
Malef. sen. With more joy
Than yet I ever tasted: by the next sun,
The disobedient rebel shall hear from me,
And so return in safety. [*To the Captain.*] My good lords,
To all my service.—I will die, or purchase
Rest to Marseilles; nor can I make doubt,
But his impiety is a potent charm,
To edge my sword, and add strength to my arm.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An open Space without the City.

Enter three Sea Captains.

2 *Capt.* He did accept the challenge, then?
1 *Capt.* Nay more,
Was overjoy'd in't; and, as it had been
A fair invitement to a solemn feast,
And not a combat to conclude with death,
He cheerfully embraced it.

[1] ——— *as thou art valiant;*] This is said to the captain who brought the challenge: the other persons adjured are young Beaufort, and Montreville. It appears, from the pointing of the former editions, that the passage was not understood.

3 *Capt.* Are the articles
Sign'd to on both parts?
1 *Capt.* At the father's suit,
With much unwillingness the governor
Consented to them.
2 *Capt.* You are inward with
Our admiral; could you yet never learn
What the nature of the quarrel is, that renders
The son more than incensed, implacable,
Against the father?
1 *Capt.* Never; yet I have,
As far as manners would give warrant to it,
With my best curiousness of care observed him.
I have sat with him in his cabin a day together,[2]
Yet not a syllable exchanged between us.
Sigh he did often, as if inward grief
And melancholy at that instant would
Choke up his vital spirits, and now and then
A tear or two, as in derision of
The toughness of his rugged temper, would
Fall on his hollow cheeks, which but once felt,
A sudden flash of fury did dry up;
And laying then his hand upon his sword,
He would murmur, but yet so as I oft heard him,
We shall meet, cruel father, yes, we shall;
When I'll exact, for every womanish drop
Of sorrow from these eyes, a strict accompt
Of much more from thy heart.
2 *Capt.* 'Tis wondrous strange.
3 *Capt.* And past my apprehension.
1 *Capt.* Yet what makes
The miracle greater, when from the maintop
A sail's descried, all thoughts that do concern
Himself laid by, no lion, pinch'd with hunger,

[2] *I have sat with him in his cabin* &c.] This beautiful passage, expressing concealed resentment, deserves to be remarked by every reader of taste and judgment. COXETER.

Rouses himself more fiercely from his den,
Than he comes on the deck; and there how wisely
He gives directions, and how stout he is
In his executions, we, to admiration,
Have been eyewitnesses: yet he never minds
The booty when 'tis made ours; but as if
The danger, in the purchase of the prey,
Delighted him much more than the reward,
His will made known, he does retire himself
To his private contemplation, no joy
Express'd by him for victory.

Enter MALEFORT *junior.*

2 *Capt.* Here he comes,
But with more cheerful looks than ever yet
I saw him wear.

Malef. jun. It was long since resolved on,
Nor must I stagger now [in't.[3]] May the cause,
That forces me to this unnatural act,
Be buried in everlasting silence,
And I find rest in death, or my revenge!
To either I stand equal. Pray you, gentlemen,
Be charitable in your censures of me,
And do not entertain a false belief
That I am mad, for undertaking that
Which must be, when effected, still repented.
It adds to my calamity, that I have
Discourse[4] and reason, and but too well know

[3] *Nor must I stagger now* [in't.] In the old copy, a syllable has dropt out, which renders the line quite unmetrical. I have no great confidence in the genuineness of what I have inserted between brackets: it is harmless, however, and serves, as Falstaff says, to fill a pit as well as a better.

[4] *It adds to my calamity, that I have*
Discourse *and reason.*] It is very difficult to determine the precise meaning which our ancestors gave to *discourse;* or to

I can nor live, nor end a wretched life,
But both ways I am impious. Do not, therefore,
Ascribe the perturbation of my soul
To a servile fear of death: I oft have view'd
All kinds of his inevitable darts,
Nor are they terrible. Were I condemn'd to leap
From the cloud-cover'd brows of a steep rock,
Into the deep; or, Curtius like, to fill up,
For my country's safety, and an after-name,
A bottomless abyss, or charge through fire,
It could not so much shake me, as th' encounter
Of this day's single enemy.

distinguish the line which separated it from *reason*. Perhaps, it indicated a *more rapid* deduction of consequences from premises, than was supposed to be effected by reason:—but I speak with hesitation. The acute Glanville says, "The act of the mind which connects propositions, and deduceth conclusions from them, the schools call *discourse*, and we shall not miscall it, if we name it *reason*." Whatever be the sense, it frequently appears in our old writers, by whom it is usually coupled with *reason* or *judgment*, which last should seem to be the more proper word. Thus in *the City Madam:*

——— "Such as want
"*Discourse* and *judgment*, and through weakness fall,
"May merit men's compassion."

Again, in *the Coxcomb:*

"Why should a man that has *discourse* and *reason*,
"And knows how near he loses all in these things,
"Covet to have his wishes satisfied?"

The reader remembers the exclamation of Hamlet,

"Oh heaven! a beast that wants discourse *of* reason," &c.

"This," says Warburton, who contrived to blunder with more ingenuity than usually falls to the lot of a commentator, "is finely expressed, and with a philosophical exactness! Beasts want not *reason*," (this is a new discovery,) "but the *discourse of reason:* i. e. the regular inferring one thing from another by the assistance of universals"! Discourse *of* reason is so poor and perplexed a phrase, that, without regard for the "philosophical exactness" of Shakspeare, I should dismiss it at once, for what I believe to be his genuine language:

"O heaven! a beast that wants discourse *and* reason," &c.

1 *Capt.* If you please, sir,
You may shun it, or defer it.
Malef. jun. Not for the world:
Yet two things I entreat you; the first is,
You'll not enquire the difference between
Myself and him, which as a father once
I honour'd, now my deadliest enemy;
The last is, if I fall, to bear my body
Far from this place, and where you please inter it.—
I should say more, but by his sudden coming
I am cut off.

Enter BEAUFORT *junior and* MONTREVILLE, *leading in* MALEFORT *senior;* BELGARDE *following, with others.*

Beauf. jun. Let me, sir, have the honour
To be your second.
Montr. With your pardon, sir,
I must put in for that, since our tried friendship
Hath lasted from our infancy.
Belg. I have served
Under your command, and you have seen me fight,
And handsomely, though I say it; and if now,[5]
At this downright game, I may but hold your cards,
I'll not pull down the side.

[5] ——————— *and if now,*
At this downright game, I may but hold your cards,
I'll not pull down the side.] i. e. I'll not injure your cause: the same expression occurs in the *Grand Duke of Florence:*
"*Coz.* Pray you pause a little.
"If I hold your cards, I shall *pull down the side,*
"I am not good at the game."
The allusion is to a party at cards: to *set up a side*, was to become partners in a game; to *pull* or *pluck down a side* (for both

Malef. sen. I rest much bound
To your so noble offers, and I hope
Shall find your pardon, though I now refuse them;
For which I'll yield strong reasons, but as briefly
As the time will give me leave. For me to borrow
(That am supposed the weaker) any aid
From the assistance of my second's sword,
Might write me down in the black list of those
That have nor fire nor spirit of their own;
But dare, and do, as they derive their courage
From his example, on whose help and valour
They wholly do depend. Let this suffice
In my excuse for that. Now, if you please,
On both parts, to retire to yonder mount,
Where you, as in a Roman theatre,
May see the bloody difference determined,
Your favours meet my wishes.

Malef. jun. 'Tis approved of
By me; and I command you [*To his Captains.*] lead the way,
And leave me to my fortune.

Beauf. jun. I would gladly
Be a spectator (since I am denied
To be an actor) of each blow and thrust,
And punctually observe them.

Malef. jun. You shall have
All you desire; for in a word or two
I must make bold to entertain the time,
If he give suffrage to it.

Malef. sen. Yes, I will;
I'll hear thee, and then kill thee: nay, farewell.

these terms are found in our old plays) was to occasion its loss by ignorance or treachery. Thus, in *the Parson's Wedding:*

"*Pleas.* A traitor! bind him, he has *pull'd down a side.*"

And in *the Maid's Tragedy:*

"*Evad.* Aspatia, take her part.
"*Dela.* I will refuse it,
"She will *pluck down a side*, she does not use it."

Malef. jun. Embrace with love on both sides, and with us
Leave deadly hate and fury.
Malef. sen. From this place
You ne'er shall see both living.
Belg. What's past help, is
Beyond prevention.
[*They embrace on both sides, and take leave severally of the father and son.*
Malef. sen. Now we are alone, sir;
And thou hast liberty to unload the burthen
Which thou groan'st under. Speak thy griefs.
Malef. jun. I shall, sir;
But in a perplex'd form and method, which
You only can interpret: Would you had not
A guilty knowledge in your bosom, of
The language which you force me to deliver,
So I were nothing! As you are my father,
I bend my knee, and, uncompell'd, profess
My life, and all that's mine, to be your gift;
And that in a son's duty I stand bound
To lay this head beneath your feet, and run
All desperate hazards for your ease and safety:
But this confest on my part, I rise up,
And not as with a father, (all respect,
Love, fear, and reverence cast off,) but as
A wicked man, I thus expostulate with you.
Why have you done that which I dare not speak,
And in the action changed the humble shape
Of my obedience, to rebellious rage,
And insolent pride? and with shut eyes constrain'd me
To run my bark of honour on a shelf
I must not see, nor, if I saw it, shun it?
In my wrongs nature suffers, and looks backward,
And mankind trembles to see me pursue
What beasts would fly from. For when I advance

This sword, as I must do, against your head,
Piety will weep, and filial duty mourn,
To see their altars which you built up in me,
In a moment razed and ruin'd. [6]That you could
(From my grieved soul I wish it) but produce,
To qualify, not excuse, your deed of horror,
One seeming reason, that I might fix here,
And move no further!

Malef. sen. Have I so far lost
A father's power, that I must give account
Of my actions to my son? or must I plead
As a fearful prisoner at the bar, while he
That owes his being to me sits a judge
To censure that, which only by myself
Ought to be question'd? mountains sooner fall
Beneath their valleys, and the lofty pine
Pay homage to the bramble, or what else is
Preposterous in nature, ere my tongue
In one short syllable yields satisfaction
To any doubt of thine; nay, though it were
A certainty disdaining argument!
Since, though my deeds wore hell's black livery,
To thee they should appear triumphal robes,
Set off with glorious honour, thou being bound
To see with my eyes, and to hold that reason,
That takes or birth or fashion from my will.

Malef. jun. This sword divides that slavish knot.

Malef. sen. It cannot:
It cannot, wretch; and if thou but remember
From whom thou hadst this spirit, thou dar'st not hope it.
Who train'd thee up in arms but I? Who taught thee

[6] *That you could* &c.] *O that*, &c. This omission of the sign of the optative interjection is common to all our old dramatists.

Men were men only when they durst look down
With scorn on death and danger, and contemn'd
All opposition, till plumed Victory[7]
Had made her constant stand upon their helmets?
Under my shield thou hast fought as securely
As the young caglet, cover'd with the wings
Of her fierce dam, learns how and where to prey.
All that is manly in thee, I call mine;
But what is weak and womanish, thine own.
And what I gave, since thou art proud, ungrateful,
Presuming to contend with him, to whom
Submission is due, I will take from thee.
Look, therefore, for extremities, and expect not
I will correct thee as a son, but kill thee
As a serpent swollen with poison; who surviving
A little longer, with infectious breath,
Would render all things near him, like itself,
Contagious. Nay, now my anger's up,
Ten thousand virgins kneeling at my feet,
And with one general cry howling for mercy,
Shall not redeem thee.

Malef. jun. Thou incensed Power,
Awhile forbear thy thunder! let me have
No aid in my revenge, if from the grave
My mother——

Malef. sen. Thou shalt never name her more.

[*They fight.*

7 ——— *till* plumed *Victory*
Had made her constant stand upon their helmets?] This noble image seems to have been copied by Milton, who describing Satan, says,

"His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
"Sat Horror *plumed;*"——

And, in another place:

"—— at his right hand Victory
"Sat *eagle-wing'd,*"——

The whole speech of Malefort here noticed is truly sublime, and above all commendation. COXETER.

BEAUFORT *junior*, MONTREVILLE, BELGARDE, *and the three* Sea Captains, *appear on the* Mount.

Beauf. jun. They are at it.
2 Capt. That thrust was put strongly home.
Montr. But with more strength avoided.
Belg. Well come in;
He has drawn blood of him yet: well done, old cock.
1 Capt. That was a strange miss.
Beauf. jun. That a certain hit.
[*Young Malefort is slain.*
Belg. He's fallen, the day is ours!
2 Capt. The admiral's slain.
Montr. The father is victorious!
Belg. Let us haste
To gratulate his conquest.
1 Capt. We to mourn
The fortune of the son.
Beauf. jun. With utmost speed
Acquaint the governor with the good success,
That he may entertain, to his full merit,
The father of his country's peace and safety.
[*They retire.*
Malef. sen. Were a new life hid in each mangled limb,
I would search, and find it: and howe'er to some
I may seem cruel thus to tyrannize
Upon this senseless flesh, I glory in it.—
That I have power to be unnatural,
Is my security; die all my fears,
And waking jealousies, which have so long
Been my tormentors! there's now no suspicion:
A fact, which I alone am conscious of,
Can never be discover'd, or the cause
That call'd this duel on, I being above

All perturbations; nor is it in.
The power of fate, again to make me wretched.

Re-enter BEAUFORT *junior*, MONTREVILLE, BELGARDE, *and the three* Sea Captains.

Beauf. jun. All honour to the conqueror! who dares tax
My friend of treachery now?
Belg. I am very glad, sir,
You have sped so well: but I must tell you thus much,
To put you in mind that a low ebb must follow
Your high-swoll'n tide of happiness, you have purchased
This honour at a high price.
Malef. 'Tis, Belgarde,
Above all estimation, and a little
To be exalted with it cannot savour
Of arrogance. That to this arm and sword
Marseilles owes the freedom of her fears,
Or that my loyalty, not long since eclipsed,
Shines now more bright than ever, are not things
To be lamented: though, indeed, they may
Appear too dearly bought, my falling glories
Being made up again, and cemented
With a son's blood. 'Tis true, he was my son,
While he was worthy; but when he shook off
His duty to me, (which my fond indulgence,
Upon submission, might perhaps have pardon'd,)
And grew his country's enemy, I look'd on him
As a stranger to my family, and a traitor
Justly proscribed, and he to be rewarded
That could bring in his head. I know in this
That I am censured rugged, and austere,
That will vouchsafe not one sad sigh or tear
Upon his slaughter'd body: but I rest

Well satisfied in myself, being assured
That extraordinary virtues, when they soar
Too high a pitch for common sights to judge of,
Losing their proper splendour, are condemn'd
For most remarkable vices.[8]
Beauf. jun. 'Tis too true, sir,
In the opinion of the multitude;
But for myself, that would be held your friend,
And hope to know you by a nearer name,
They are as they deserve, received.
Malef. My daughter
Shall thank you for the favour.
Beauf. jun. I can wish
No happiness beyond it.
1 *Cap.* Shall we have leave
To bear the corpse of our dead admiral,
As he enjoin'd us, from this coast?
Malef. Provided
The articles agreed on be observed,
And you depart hence with it, making oath
Never hereafter, but as friends, to touch
Upon this shore.
1 *Capt.* We'll faithfully perform it.
Malef. Then as you please dispose of it: 'tis an object
That I could wish removed. His sins die with him!
So far he has my charity.
1 *Capt.* He shall have
A soldier's funeral.
[*The Captains bear the body off, with sad musick.*
Malef. Farewell!

[8] *For most* remarkable *vices.*] *Remarkable* had in Massinger's time a more dignified sound, and a more appropriate meaning, than it bears at present. With him it constantly stands for surprising, highly striking, or observable in an uncommon degree; of this it will be well to take notice.

Beauf. jun. These rites
Paid to the dead, the conqueror that survives
Must reap the harvest of his bloody labour.
Sound all loud instruments of joy and triumph,
And with all circumstance and ceremony,
Wait on the patron of our liberty,
Which he at all parts merits.
Malef. I am honour'd
Beyond my hopes.
Beauf. jun. 'Tis short of your deserts.
Lead on: oh, sir, you must; you are too modest.
[*Exeunt with loud musick.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Malefort's *House.*

Enter THEOCRINE, Page, *and* Waiting Women.

Theoc. Talk not of comfort; I am both ways wretched,
And so distracted with my doubts and fears,
I know not where to fix my hopes. My loss
Is certain in a father, or a brother,
Or both; such is the cruelty of my fate,
And not to be avoided.
1 *Wom.* You must bear it,
With patience, madam.
2 *Wom.* And what's not in you
To be prevented, should not cause a sorrow
Which cannot help it.
Page. Fear not my brave lord,
Your noble father; fighting is to him
Familiar as eating. He can teach
Our modern duellists how to cleave a button,

And in a new way, never yet found out
By old Caranza.[9]

1 *Wom.* May he be victorious,
And punish disobedience in his son!
Whose death, in reason, should at no part move you,
He being but half your brother, and the nearness
Which that might challenge from you, forfeited
By his impious purpose to kill him, from whom
He received life. [*A shout within.*

2 *Wom.* A general shout——

1 *Wom.* Of joy.

Page. Look up, dear lady; sad news never came
Usher'd with loud applause.

Theoc. I stand prepared
To endure the shock of it.

Enter Usher.

Ush. I am out of breath,
With running to deliver first——

Theoc. What?

Ush. We are all made.
My lord has won the day; your brother's slain;
The pirates gone: and by the governor,
And states, and all the men of war, he is
Brought home in triumph:—nay, no musing, pay me
For my good news hereafter.

Theoc. Heaven is just!

Ush. Give thanks at leisure; make all haste to meet him.
I could wish I were a horse, that I might bear you
To him upon my back.

Page. Thou art an ass,
And this is a sweet burthen.

Ush. Peace, you crack-rope! [*Exeunt.*

[9] *By old Caranza.*] See *the Guardian*, Vol. IV. p. 175.

SCENE III.

A Street.

Loud musick. Enter MONTREVILLE, BELGARDE, BEAUFORT *senior*, BEAUFORT *junior*; MALEFORT, *followed by* MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, *and* LANOUR.

Beauf. sen. All honours we can give you, and rewards,
Though all that's rich or precious in Marseilles
Were laid down at your feet, can hold no weight
With your deservings: let me glory in
Your action, as if it were mine own;
And have the honour, with the arms of love,
To embrace the great performer of a deed
Transcending all this country e'er could boast of.
Mont. Imagine, noble sir, in what we may
Express our thankfulness, and rest assured
It shall be freely granted.
Cham. He's an enemy
To goodness and to virtue, that dares think
There's any thing within our power to give,[1]
Which you in justice may not boldly challenge.
Lan. And as your own; for we will ever be
At your devotion.
Malef. Much honour'd sir,
And you, my noble lords, I can say only,
The greatness of your favours overwhelms me,

[1] *There's any thing within our power to give,*] The old copy incorrectly reads, *There's any* other *thing* &c. and in the next speech, *overwhelm* for *overwhelms*—the last is so common a mode of expression, that I should not have corrected it, if *sinks* had not immediately followed.

And like too large a sail, for the small bark
Of my poor merits, sinks me. That I stand
Upright in your opinions, is an honour
Exceeding my deserts, I having done
Nothing but what in duty I stood bound to:
And to expect a recompense were base,
Good deeds being ever in themselves rewarded.
Yet since your liberal bounties tell me that
I may, with your allowance, be a suitor,
To you, my lord, I am an humble one,
And must ask that, which known, I fear you will
Censure me over bold.

Beauf. sen. It must be something
Of a strange nature, if it find from me
Denial or delay.

Malef. Thus then, my lord,
Since you encourage me: You are happy in
A worthy son, and all the comfort that
Fortune has left me, is one daughter; now,
If it may not appear too much presumption,
To seek to match my lowness with your height,
I should desire (and if I may obtain it,
I write *nil ultra* to my largest hopes)
She may in your opinion be thought worthy
To be received into your family,
And married to your son: their years are equal,
And their desires, I think, too; she is not
Ignoble, nor my state contemptible,
And if you think me worthy your alliance,
'Tis all I do aspire to.

Beauf. jun. You demand
That which with all the service of my life
I should have labour'd to obtain from you.
O sir, why are you slow to meet so fair
And noble an offer? can France shew a virgin
That may be parallel'd with her? is she not

The phœnix of the time, the fairest star
In the bright sphere of women?
Beauf. sen. Be not rapt so:
Though I dislike not what is motion'd, yet
In what so near concerns me, it is fit
I should proceed with judgment.

Enter Usher, THEOCRINE, Page, *and* Waiting Women.

Beauf. jun. Here she comes:
Look on her with impartial eyes, and then
Let envy, if it can, name one graced feature
In which she is defective.
Malef. Welcome, girl!
My joy, my comfort, my delight, my all,
Why dost thou come to greet my victory
In such a sable habit? this shew'd well
When thy father was a prisoner, and suspected;
But now his faith and loyalty are admired,
Rather than doubted, in your outward garments
You are to express the joy you feel within:
Nor should you with more curiousness and care
Pace to the temple to be made a bride,
Than now, when all men's eyes are fixt upon you,
You should appear to entertain the honour
From me descending to you, and in which
You have an equal share.
Theoc. Heaven has my thanks,
With all humility paid for your fair fortune,
And so far duty binds me; yet a little
To mourn a brother's loss, however wicked,
The tenderness familiar to our sex
May, if you please, excuse.
Malef. Thou art deceived.
He, living, was a blemish to thy beauties,
But in his death gives ornament and lustre

To thy perfections, but that they are
So exquisitely rare, that they admit not
The least addition. Ha! here's yet a print
Of a sad tear on thy cheek; how it takes from
Our present happiness! with a father's lips,
A loving father's lips, I'll kiss it off,
The cause no more remember'd.
Theoc. You forget, sir,
The presence we are in.
Malef. 'Tis well consider'd;
And yet, who is the owner of a treasure
Above all value, but, without offence,
May glory in the glad possession of it?
Nor let it in your excellence beget wonder,
Or any here, that looking on the daughter,
I feast myself in the imagination
Of those sweet pleasures, and allow'd delights,
I tasted from the mother, who still lives
In this her perfect model; for she had
Such smooth and high-arch'd brows, such sparkling eyes,
Whose every glance stored Cupid's emptied quiver,
Such ruby lips,—and such a lovely bloom,[2]
Disdaining all adulterate aids of art,
Kept a perpetual spring upon her face,
As Death himself lamented, being forced
To blast it with his paleness: and if now,
Her brightness dimm'd with sorrow, take and please you,
Think, think, young lord, when she appears herself,

[2] *And such a lovely* bloom,] For this reading we are indebted to Mr. M. Mason. All the former editions read *brown*; which the concluding lines of this beautiful speech incontestably prove to be a misprint.

This veil removed, in her own natural pureness,
How far she will transport you.
Beauf. jun. Did she need it,
The praise which you (and well deserved) give to her,
Must of necessity raise new desires
In one indebted more to years; to me
Your words are but as oil pour'd on a fire,
That flames already at the height.
Malef. No more;
I do believe you, and let me from you
Find so much credit; when I make her yours,
I do possess you of a gift, which I
With much unwillingness part from. My good lords,
Forbear your further trouble; give me leave,
For on the sudden I am indisposed,
To retire to my own house, and rest: to morrow,
As you command me, I will be your guest,
And having deck'd my daughter like herself,
You shall have further conference.
Beauf. sen. You are master
Of your own will; but fail not, I'll expect you.
Malef. Nay, I will be excused; I must part with you. [*To young Beaufort and the rest.*
My dearest Theocrine, give me thy hand,
I will support thee.
Theoc. You gripe it too hard, sir.
Malef. Indeed I do, but have no further end in it
But love and tenderness, such as I may challenge,
And you must grant. Thou art a sweet one; yes,
And to be cherish'd.
Theoc. May I still deserve it!

[*Exeunt several ways.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Banqueting-room in Beaufort's *House.*

Enter BEAUFORT *senior, and* Servant.[3]

Beauf. sen. Have you been careful?
Serv. With my best endeavours.
Let them bring stomachs, there's no want of meat, sir.
Portly and curious viands are prepared,
To please all kinds of appetites.
Beauf. sen. 'Tis well.
I love a table furnish'd with full plenty,
And store of friends to eat it: but with this caution,
I would not have my house a common inn,
For some men that come rather to devour me,
Than to present their service. At this time, too,
It being a serious and solemn meeting,
I must not have my board pester'd with shadows,[4]
That, under other men's protection, break in
Without invitement.
Serv. With your favour, then,

[3] *Enter* BEAUFORT *senior, and* Servant.] This servant, it afterwards appears, is the steward, and so, perhaps, he should have been termed in this place.

[4] *I must not have my board pester'd with* shadows,] It was considered, Plutarch says, as a mark of politeness, to let an invited guest know that he was at liberty to bring a friend or two with him; a permission that was, however, sometimes abused. These friends the Romans called *shadows*, (*umbræ*,) a term which Massinger has very happily explained.

You must double your guard, my lord, for on my
knowledge,
There are some so sharp set, not to be kept out
By a file of musketeers: and 'tis less danger,
I'll undertake, to stand at push of pike
With an enemy in a breach, that undermined too,
And the cannon playing on it, than to stop
One harpy, your perpetual guest, from entrance,
When the dresser, the cook's drum, thunders,
Come on,
The service will be lost else![5]

Beauf. sen. What is he?

Serv. As tall a trencherman,[6] that is most
certain,
As e'er demolish'd pye-fortification
As soon as batter'd; and if the rim of his belly
Were not made up of a much tougher stuff
Than his buff jerkin, there were no defence

[5] *When the dresser, the cook's drum, thunders, Come on,*
The service will be lost else!] It was formerly customary for the cook, when dinner was ready, to knock on the dresser with his knife, by way of summoning the servants to carry it into the hall; to this there are many allusions. In *the Merry Beggars*, Old Rents says, "Hark! they *knock to the dresser.*" Servants were not then allowed, as at present, to frequent the kitchen, lest they should interfere with the momentous concerns of the cook. Mr. Reed says that this practice "was continued in the family of Lord Fairfax" (and doubtless in that of many others) "after the civil wars: in that nobleman's orders for the servants of his household, is the following: *Then must he warn to the dresser*, Gentlemen and yeomen, *to the dresser.*" Old Plays xii. 430.

[6] Serv. *As* tall *a trencherman*, &c.] *Tall*, in the language of our old writers, meant stout, or rather bold and fearless; but they abused the word (of which they seem fond) in a great variety of senses. A *tall man of his hands* was a great fighter; a *tall man of his tongue*, a licentious speaker; and a *tall man of his trencher*, or, as above, *a tall trencherman*, a hearty feeder. Instances of these phrases occur so frequently, that it would be a waste of time to dwell upon them.

Against the charge of his guts: you needs must know him,
He's eminent for his eating.
Beauf. sen. O, Belgarde!
Serv. The same; one of the admiral's cast captains,
Who swear,[7] there being no war, nor hope of any,
The only drilling is to eat devoutly,
And to be ever drinking—that's allow'd of,
But they know not where to get it, there's the spite on't.
Beauf. sen. The more their misery; yet, if you can,
For this day put him off.[8]
Serv. It is beyond
The invention of man.
Beauf. sen. No:—say this only, [*Whispers to him.*
And as from me; you apprehend me?
Serv. Yes, sir.
Beauf. sen. But it must be done gravely.
Serv. Never doubt me, sir.
Beauf. sen. We'll dine in the great room, but let the musick
And banquet[9] be prepared here. [*Exit.*
Serv. This will make him
Lose his dinner at the least, and that will vex him.
As for the sweetmeats, when they are trod under foot,
Let him take his share with the pages and the lackies,
Or scramble in the rushes.

7 *Who* swear, &c.] So the old copy: the modern editors read *swears*, than which nothing can be more injudicious.

8 Beauf. sen. *The more their misery; yet, if you can,*
For this day put him off.] This has been hitherto given as an imperfect speech; why, it is difficult to imagine.

9 ——————*but let the musick*
And banquet *be prepared here.*] That is, the dessert. See *the City Madam*. Vol. IV.

Enter BELGARDE.

Belg. 'Tis near twelve;
I keep a watch within me never misses.
Save thee, master steward!
Serv. You are most welcome, sir.
Belg. Has thy lord slept well to night? I come to enquire.
I had a foolish dream, that, against my will,
Carried me from my lodging, to learn only
How he's disposed.
Serv. He's in most perfect health, sir.
Belg. Let me but see him feed heartily at dinner,
And I'll believe so too; for from that ever
I make a certain judgment.
Serv. It holds surely
In your own constitution.
Belg. And in all men's,
'Tis the best symptom; let us lose no time,
Delay is dangerous.
Serv. Troth, sir, if I might,
Without offence, deliver what my lord has
Committed to my trust, I shall receive it
As a special favour.
Belg. We'll see it, and discourse,
As the proverb says, for health sake, after dinner,
Or rather after supper; willingly then
I'll walk a mile to hear thee.[1]
Serv. Nay, good sir,
I will be brief and pithy.
Belg. Prithee be so.
Serv. He bid me say, of all his guests, that he

[1] *Or rather after* supper; *willingly then*
I'll walk a mile *to hear thee.*] Alluding to the good old proverb, which inculcates temperance at this meal, by recommending a walk after it.

Stands most affected to you, for the freedom
And plainness of your manners. He ne'er observed you
To twirl a dish about, you did not like of,
All being pleasing to you; or to take
A say of venison, or stale fowl, by your nose,
Which is a solecism at another's table;
But by strong eating of them, did confirm
They never were delicious to your palate,
But when they were mortified, as the Hugonot says,
And so your part grows greater; nor do you
Find fault with the sauce, keen hunger being the best,
Which ever, to your much praise, you bring with you;
Nor will you with impertinent relations,
Which is a masterpiece when meat's before you,
Forget your teeth, to use your nimble tongue,
But do the feat you come for.

Belg. Be advised,
And end your jeering; for if you proceed,
You'll feel, as I can eat I can be angry,
And beating may ensue.

Serv. I'll take your counsel,
And roundly come to the point: my lord much wonders,
That you, that are a courtier as a soldier,
In all things else, and every day can vary
Your actions and discourse, continue constant
To this one suit.

Belg. To one! 'tis well I have one,
Unpawn'd, in these days; every cast commander
Is not blest with the fortune, I assure you.
But why this question? does this offend him?

Serv. Not much; but he believes it is the reason

You ne'er presume to sit above the salt;[2]
And therefore, this day, our great admiral,
With other states, being invited guests,
He does entreat you to appear among them,
In some fresh habit,

Belg. This staff shall not serve
To beat the dog off; these are soldier's garments,
And so by consequence grow contemptible.

Serv. It has stung him.

Belg. I would I were acquainted with the players,
In charity they might furnish me: but there is
No faith in brokers; and for believing tailors,
They are only to be read of, but not seen;
And sure they are confined to their own hells,
And there they live invisible. Well, I must not
Be fubb'd off thus: pray you, report my service

[2] *You ne'er presume to sit above the* salt;] This refers to the manner in which our ancestors were usually seated at their meals. The tables being long, the salt was commonly placed about the middle, and served as a kind of boundary to the different quality of the guests invited. Those of distinction were ranked above; the space below was assigned to the dependents, inferiour relations of the master of the house, &c. See Mr. Whalley's edition of *Ben Jonson*, Vol. I. p. 327. It argues little for the delicacy of our ancestors, that they should admit of such distinctions at their board; but, in truth, they seem to have placed their guests *below the salt*, for no better purpose than that of mortifying them. Nixon, in his *Strange Footpost*, (F. 3.) gives a very admirable account, of the miseries "of a poor scholar," (Hall's well known satire, "*A gentle squire*," &c. is a versification of it,) from which I have taken the following characteristick traits: "Now as for his fare, it is lightly at the cheapest table, but he must sit *under the salt*, that is an axiome in such places:—then, having drawne his knife leisurably, unfolded his napkin mannerly, after twice or thrice wyping his beard, if he have it, he may reach the bread on his knife's point, and fall to his porrige, and between every sponefull take as much deliberation, as a capon traming, *lest he be out of his porrige before they have buried part of their first course in their bellies.*"

To the lord governor; I will obey him;
And though my wardrobe's poor, rather than lose
His company at this feast, I will put on
The richest suit I have, and fill the chair
That makes me worthy of.[1] [*Exit.*

Serv. We are shut of him,
He will be seen no more here: how my fellows
Will bless me for his absence! he had starved them,
Had he staid a little longer. Would he could,
For his own sake, shift a shirt! and that's the utmost
Of his ambition: adieu, good captain. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter BEAUFORT *senior, and* BEAUFORT *junior.*

Beauf. sen. 'Tis a strange fondness.
Beauf. jun. 'Tis beyond example.
His resolution to part with his estate,
To make her dower the weightier, is nothing;
But to observe how curious he is
In his own person, to add ornament
To his daughter's ravishing features, is the wonder.
I sent a page of mine in the way of courtship
This morning to her, to present my service,
From whom I understand all: there he found him
Solicitous in what shape she should appear;

[1] ——————*and fill the chair*
That makes me worthy of.] This too has been hitherto printed as an imperfect sentence; but, surely, without necessity. The meaning is, "I will fill the chair of which *that* (i. e. the richest suit I have) makes me worthy."

This gown was rich, but the fashion stale; the other
Was quaint, and neat, but the stuff not rich enough:
Then does he curse the tailor, and in rage
Falls on her shoemaker, for wanting art
To express in every circumstance the form
Of her most delicate foot; then sits in council
With much deliberation, to find out
What tire would best adorn her; and one chosen,
Varying in his opinion, he tears off,
And stamps it under foot; then tries a second,
A third, and fourth, and satisfied at length,
With much ado, in that, he grows again
Perplex'd and troubled where to place her jewels,
To be most mark'd, and whether she should wear
This diamond on her forehead, or between
Her milkwhite paps, disputing on it both ways;
Then taking in his hand a rope of pearl,
(The best of France,) he seriously considers,
Whether he should dispose it on her arm,
Or on her neck; with twenty other trifles,
Too tedious to deliver.

Beauf. sen. I have known him
From his first youth, but never yet observed,
In all the passages of his life and fortunes,
Virtues so mix'd with vices: valiant the world speaks him,
But with that, bloody; liberal in his gifts too,
But to maintain his prodigal expense,
A fierce extortioner; an impotent lover
Of women for a flash,[4] but, his fires quench'd,
Hating as deadly: the truth is, I am not

[4] ——————*an* impotent *lover*
Of women for a flash, &c.] Wild, fierce, uncontrollable in his passions; this is a Latinism, *impotens amoris*, and is a very strong expression.

Ambitious of this match; nor will I cross you
In your affections.

Beauf. jun. I have ever found you
(And 'tis my happiness) a loving father,
[*Loud musick.*
And careful of my good:——by the loud musick,
As you gave order for his entertainment,
He's come into the house. Two long hours since,
The colonels, commissioners, and captains,
To pay him all the rites his worth can challenge,
Went to wait on him hither.

Enter MALEFORT, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, LANOUR, MONTREVILLE, THEOCRINE, Usher, Page, *and* Waiting Women.

Beauf. sen. You are most welcome,
And what I speak to you, does from my heart
Disperse itself to all.

Malef. You meet, my lord,
Your trouble.

Beauf. sen. Rather, sir, increase of honour,
When you are pleased to grace my house.

Beauf. jun. The favour
Is doubled on my part, most worthy sir,
Since your fair daughter, my incomparable mistress,
Deigns us her presence.

Malef. View her well, brave Beaufort,
But yet at distance; you hereafter may
Make your approaches nearer, when the priest
Hath made it lawful: and were not she mine,
I durst aloud proclaim it, Hymen never
Put on his saffron-colour'd robe, to change
A barren virgin name, with more good omens
Than at her nuptials. Look on her again,
Then tell me if she now appear the same,
That she was yesterday.

Beauf. sen. Being herself,
She cannot but be excellent; these rich
And curious dressings, which in others might
Cover deformities, from her take lustre,
Nor can add to her.
Malef. You conceive her right,
And in your admiration of her sweetness,
You only can deserve her. Blush not, girl,
Thou art above his praise, or mine; nor can
Obsequious Flattery, though she should use
Her thousand oil'd tongues to advance thy worth,
Give aught, (for that's impossible,) but take from
Thy more than human graces; and even then,
When she hath spent herself with her best strength,
The wrong she has done thee shall be so apparent,
That, losing her own servile shape and name,
She will be thought Detraction: but I
Forget myself; and something whispers to me,
I have said too much.
Mont. I know not what to think on't,
But there's some mystery in it, which I fear
Will be too soon discover'd.
Malef. I much wrong
Your patience, noble sir, by too much hugging
My proper issue, and, like the foolish crow,
Believe my black brood swans.
Beauf. sen. There needs not, sir,
The least excuse for this; nay, I must have
Your arm, you being the master of the feast,
And this the mistress.
Theoc. I am any thing
That you shall please to make me.
Beauf. jun. Nay, 'tis yours,
Without more compliment.

*Mont.** Your will's a law, sir.

[*Loud musick. Exeunt Beaufort senior, Malefort, Theocrine, Beaufort junior, Montaigne, Chamont, Lanour, Montreville.*

Ush. Would I had been born a lord!

1 *Wom.* Or I a lady!

Page. It may be you were both begot in court,
Though bred up in the city; for your mothers,
As I have heard, loved the lobby; and there, nightly,
Are seen strange apparitions: and who knows
But that some noble faun, heated with wine,
And cloy'd with partridge, had a kind of longing
To trade in sprats? this needs no exposition:—
But can you yield a reason for your wishes?

Ush. Why, had I been born a lord, I had been no servant.

1 *Wom.* And whereas now necessity makes us waiters,
We had been attended on.

2 *Wom.* And might have slept then
As long as we pleased,[5] and fed when we had stomachs,
And worn new clothes, nor lived, as now, in hope
Of a cast gown, or petticoat.

Page. You are fools,
And ignorant of your happiness. Ere I was
Sworn to the pantofle,[6] I have heard my tutor
Prove it by logick, that a servant's life
Was better than his master's; and by that

* *Mont.*] So the old copy: it must, however, be a mistake for *Theoc.* or rather, perhaps, for *Malef.*

5 *As long as we* pleased,] So the old copy: modern editions, less properly, *please.*

6 ——————— *Ere I was*
Sworn to the pantofle,] i. e. taken from attending in the porter's lodge, (which seems to have been the first degree of servitude,) to wait on Theocrine.

I learn'd from him, if that my memory fail not,
I'll make it good.
Ush. Proceed, my little wit
In decimo sexto.
Page. Thus then: From the king
To the beggar, by gradation, all are servants;
And you must grant, the slavery is less
To study to please one, than many.
Ush. True.
Page. Well then; and first to you, sir: you complain
You serve one lord, but your lord serves a thousand,
Besides his passions, that are his worst masters;
You must humour him, and he is bound to sooth
Every grim sir above him:[7] if he frown,
For the least neglect you fear to lose your place;
But if, and with all slavish observation,
From the minion's self, to the groom of his close-stool,
He hourly seeks not favour, he is sure
To be eased of his office, though perhaps he bought it.
Nay, more; that high disposer of all such
That are subordinate to him, serves and fears
The fury of the many-headed monster,
The giddy multitude: and as a horse
Is still a horse, for all his golden trappings,
So your men of purchased titles, at their best, are
But serving-men in rich liveries.

7 ——— *he is bound to sooth*
Every grim sir *above him:*] *Grim* sir, Mr. Dodsley injudiciously altered to *trim* sir; for this he is honoured with the approbation of Coxeter; though nothing can be more certain than that the old reading is right. Skelton calls Wolsey *a grim sire*, and Fletcher has a similar expression in *the Elder Brother:*
"*Coasy.* It is a faith
"That we will die in; since from the blackguard
"To the *grim sir in office*, there are few
"Hold other tenets."

Ush. Most rare infant!
Where learnd'st thou this morality?
Page. Why, thou dull pate,
As I told thee, of my tutor.
2 Wom. Now for us, boy.
Page. I am cut off:—the governor.

Enter BEAUFORT *senior, and* BEAUFORT *junior; Servants setting forth a banquet.*

Beauf. sen. Quick, quick, sirs.
See all things perfect.
Serv. Let the blame be ours else.
Beauf. sen. And, as I said, when we are at the banquet,
And high in our cups, for 'tis no feast without it,
Especially among soldiers; Theocrine
Being retired, as that's no place for her,
Take you occasion to rise from the table,
And lose no opportunity.
Beauf. jun. 'Tis my purpose;
And if I can win her to give her heart,
I have a holy man in readiness
To join our hands; for the admiral, her father,
Repents him of his grant to me, and seems
So far transported with a strange opinion
Of her fair features, that, should we defer it,
I think, ere long, he will believe, and strongly,
The dauphin is not worthy of her: I
Am much amazed with't.
Beauf. sen. Nay, dispatch there, fellows.
[*Exeunt Beaufort senior and Beaufort junior.*
Serv. We are ready, when you please. Sweet forms,[5] your pardon!
It has been such a busy time, I could not

[5] *Sweet* forms, &c.] This is a paltry play on words. The

Tender that ceremonious respect
Which you deserve; but now, the great work ended,
I will attend the less, and with all care
Observe and serve you.
Page. This is a penn'd speech,
And serves as a perpetual preface to
A dinner made of fragments.
Ush. We wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A Banquet set forth.

Loud musick. Enter BEAUFORT *senior*, MALEFORT, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, LANOUR, BEAUFORT *junior*, MONTREVILLE, *and* Servants.

Beauf. sen. You are not merry, sir.
Malef. Yes, my good lord,
You have given us ample means to drown all cares:—
And yet I nourish strange thoughts, which I would
Most willingly destroy. [*Aside.*
Beauf. sen. Pray you, take your place.
Beauf. jun. And drink a health; and let it be, if you please,
To the worthiest of women. Now observe him.
Malef. Give me the bowl; since you do me the honour,
I will begin it.

forms meant by the servant, are the long benches on which the guests were to sit: they are still called by this name. The trite pedantry of the speech is well exposed by the Page.

Cham. May we know her name, sir?
Malef. You shall; I will not choose a foreign queen's,
Nor yet our own, for that would relish of
Tame flattery; nor do their height of title,
Or absolute power, confirm their worth and goodness,
These being heaven's gifts, and frequently conferr'd
On such as are beneath them; nor will I
Name the king's mistress, howsoever she
In his esteem may carry it: but if I,
As wine gives liberty, may use my freedom,
Not sway'd this way or that, with confidence,
(And I will make it good on any equal,)
If it must be to her whose outward form
Is better'd by the beauty of her mind,
She lives not that with justice can pretend
An interest to this so sacred health,
But my fair daughter. He that only doubts it,
I do pronounce a villain: this to her, then.
[*Drinks.*
Mont. What may we think of this?
Beauf. sen. It matters not.
Lan. For my part, I will sooth him, rather than
Draw on a quarrel.[6]
Cham. It is the safest course;
And one I mean to follow.
Beauf. jun. It has gone round, sir. [*Exit.*

[6] *Draw on a quarrel.*] This has hitherto been printed, *Draw on a quarrel*, Chamont; and the next speech given to Montreville. It is not very probable that the latter should reply to an observation addressed to Chamont, with whom he does not appear to be familiar: and besides, the excess of metre seems to prove that the name has slipt from the margin of the succeeding line into the text of this.

Malef. Now you have done her right; if there be any
Worthy to second this, propose it boldly,
I am your pledge.

Beauf. sen. Let's pause here, if you please,
And entertain the time with something else.
Musick there! in some lofty strain; the song too
That I gave order for; the new one, call'd
The Soldier's Delight. [*Musick and a song.*

Enter BELGARDE *in armour, a case of carbines by his side.*

Belg. Who stops me now?
Or who dares only say that I appear not
In the most rich and glorious habit that
Renders a man complete? What court so set off
With state and ceremonious pomp, but, thus
Accoutred, I may enter? Or what feast,
Though all the elements at once were ransack'd
To store it with variety transcending
The curiousness and cost on Trajan's birthday;
(Where princes only, and confederate kings,
Did sit as guests, served and attended on
By the senators of Rome), at which[7] a soldier,
In this his natural and proper shape,

[7] ——— at which *a soldier* &c.] The old copy reads, *sat with* a soldier. The emendation, which is a very happy one, was made by Mr. M. Mason. The corruption is easily accounted for: the printer mistook the second parenthesis for an *f*; and having given *fat* for *at*, was obliged to alter the next word, to make sense of the line. This will be understood at once by a reference to the quarto, where the first parenthesis only appears, which was therefore omitted by the succeeding editors. I know not where Massinger found this anecdote of Trajan; he was, indeed, a magnificent, and, in some cases, an ostentatious prince; but neither his pride, nor his prudence, I believe, would have allowed the "senators of Rome" to degrade themselves by waiting on the allies of the republick.

Might not, and boldly, fill a seat, and by
His presence make the great solemnity
More honour'd and remarkable?
Beauf. sen. 'Tis acknowledged;
And this a grace done to me unexpected.
Mont. But why in armour?
Malef. What's the mystery?
Pray you, reveal that.
[8]*Belg.* Soldiers out of action,
That very rare * * * * *
* * * * * but, like unbidden guests,
Bring their stools with them, for their own defence,[9]
At court should feed in gauntlets, they may have

[8] Belg. *Soldiers out of action,*
That very rare * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *but, like unbidden guests,*
Bring their stools with them, &c.] So I have ventured to print this passage, being persuaded that a line is lost. The breaks cannot be filled up, but the sense might be, *Soldiers out of action, that very rarely* find seats reserved for them, *but, like* &c. How the modern editors understood this passage I know not, but they all give it thus:

Belg. *Soldiers out of action,*
That very rare, but like unbidden guests
Bring &c.

[9] ——————*for their own defence,*
At court should feed in gauntlets, *they may have*
Their fingers cut else:] Here is the bon-mot for which Quin was so much celebrated; that "at city feasts it was neither safe nor prudent to help one's self without a basket-hilted knife." Massinger got it, I suppose, from Barclay's *second Eclogue*, which has great merit for the time in which it was written:

"If the dishe be pleasaunt eyther fleshe or fishe,
"Ten handes at once swarme in the dishe——
"To put there thy handes is peril without fayle,
"Without *a gauntlet, or els a glove of mayle;*
"Among all those knives, thou one of both must have,
"Or els it is harde thy fingers to save."

Where Barclay found it, I cannot tell; but there is something of the kind in Diogenes Laertius. "There is nothing new under the sun!"

Their fingers cut else: there your carpet knights,
That never charged beyond a mistress' lips,
Are still most keen, and valiant. But to you,
Whom it does most concern, my lord, I will
Address my speech, and with a soldier's freedom
In my reproof, return the bitter scoff
You threw upon my poverty: you contemn'd
My coarser outside, and from that concluded
(As by your groom you made me understand)
I was unworthy to sit at your table,
Among these tissues and embroideries,
Unless I changed my habit: I have done it,
And shew myself in that which I have worn
In the heat and fervour of a bloody fight;
And then it was in fashion, not as now,
Ridiculous and despised. This hath past through
A wood of pikes, and every one aim'd at it,
Yet scorn'd to take impression from their fury:
With this, as still you see it, fresh and new,
I've charged through fire that would have singed your sables,
Black fox, and ermines, and changed the proud colour
Of scarlet, though of the right Tyrian die.—
But now, as if the trappings made the man,
Such only are admired that come adorn'd
With what's no part of them. This is mine own,
My richest suit, a suit I must not part from,
But not regarded now: and yet remember,
'Tis we that bring you in the means of feasts,
Banquets, and revels, which, when you possess,
With barbarous ingratitude you deny us
To be made sharers in the harvest, which
Our sweat and industry reap'd, and sow'd for you.
The silks you wear, we with our blood spin for you;
This massy plate, that with the ponderous weight

Does make your cupboards crack, we (unaf-
frighted
With tempests, or the long and tedious way,
Or dreadful monsters of the deep, that wait
With open jaws still ready to devour us,)
Fetch from the other world. Let it not then,
In after ages, to your shame be spoken,
That you, with no relenting eyes, look on
Our wants that feed your plenty: or consume,
In prodigal and wanton gifts on drones,
The kingdom's treasure, yet detain from us
The debt that with the hazard of our lives,
We have made you stand engaged for; or force
us,
Against all civil government, in armour
To require that, which with all willingness
Should be tender'd ere demanded.
Beauf. sen. I commend
This wholesome sharpness in you, and prefer it
Before obsequious tameness; it shews lovely:
Nor shall the rain of your good counsel fall
Upon the barren sands, but spring up fruit,[1]
Such as you long have wish'd for. And the rest
Of your profession, like you, discontented
For want of means, shall in their present payment
Be bound to praise your boldness: and hereafter
I will take order you shall have no cause,
For want of change, to put your armour on,
But in the face of an enemy; not as now,
Among your friends. To that which is due to
you,
To furnish you like yourself, of mine own bounty
I'll add five hundred crowns.

[1] ——*but* spring *up fruit*,] i. e. *cause it* to spring up. This sense of the word is familiar to Massinger and his contemporaries.

Cham. I, to my power,
Will follow the example.
Mont. Take this, captain,
'Tis all my present store; but when you please,
Command me further.
Lan. I could wish it more.
Belg. This is the luckiest jest ever came from me.
Let a soldier use no other scribe to draw
The form of his petition. This will speed
When your thrice-humble supplications,
With prayers for increase of health and honours
To their grave lordships, shall, as soon as read,
Be pocketed up, the cause no more remember'd:
When this dumb rhetorick—Well, I have a life,
Which I, in thankfulness for your great favours,
My noble lords, when you please to command it,
Must never think mine own. Broker, be happy,
These golden birds fly to thee. [*Exit.*
Beauf. sen. You are dull, sir,
And seem not to be taken with the passage
You saw presented.
Malef. Passage! I observed none,
My thoughts were elsewhere busied. Ha! she is
In danger to be lost, to be lost for ever,
If speedily I come not to her rescue,
For so my genius tells me.
Montr. What chimeras
Work on your fantasy?
Malef. Fantasies! they are truths.
Where is my Theocrine? you have plotted
To rob me of my daughter; bring me to her,
Or I'll call down the saints to witness for me,
You are inhospitable.
Beauf. sen. You amaze me.
Your daughter's safe, and now exchanging courtship

With my son, her servant.[2] Why do you hear this
With such distracted looks, since to that end
You brought her hither?

Malef. 'Tis confess'd I did;
But now, pray you, pardon me; and, if you please,
Ere she delivers up her virgin fort,
I would observe what is the art he uses
In planting his artillery against it:
She is my only care, nor must she yield,
But upon noble terms.

Beauf. sen. 'Tis so determined.

Malef. Yet I am jealous.

Mont. Overmuch, I fear.
What passions are these?

Beauf. sen. Come, I will bring you
Where you, with these, if they so please, may see
The love-scene acted.

Montr. There is something more
Than fatherly love in this.

Mont. We wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *Your daughter's safe, and now exchanging courtship
With my son,* her servant.] *Servant* was at this time the invariable term for a suitor, who, in return, called the object of his addresses, *mistress*. Thus Shirley, (one example for all,)

"*Bon.* What's the gentleman she has married?
"*Serv.* A man of pretty fortune, that has been
"Her *servant* many years.
"*Bon.* How do you mean,
"Wantonly, or does he serve for wages?
"*Serv.* Neither; I mean her *suitor*."

SCENE IV.

Another Room in Beaufort's *House.*

Enter BEAUFORT *junior, and* THEOCRINE.

Beauf. jun. Since then you meet my flames with equal ardour,
As you profess, it is your bounty, mistress,
Nor must I call it debt; yet 'tis your glory,
That your excess supplies my want, and makes me
Strong in my weakness, which could never be,
But in your good opinion.
Theoc. You teach me, sir,
What I should say; since from your sun of favour,
I, like dim Phœbe, in herself obscure,
Borrow that light I have.
Beauf. jun. Which you return
With large increase, since that you will o'ercome,
And I dare not contend, were you but pleased
To make what's yet divided one.
Theoc. I have
Already in my wishes; modesty
Forbids me to speak more.
Beauf. jun. But what assurance,
But still without offence, may I demand,
That may secure me that your heart and tongue
Join to make harmony.
Theoc. Choose any,
Suiting your love, distinguished from lust,
To ask, and mine to grant.

Enter, behind, BEAUFORT *senior,* MALEFORT, MONTREVILLE, *and the rest.*

Beauf. sen. Yonder they are.

Malef. At distance too! 'tis yet well.
Beauf jun. I may take then
This hand, and with a thousand burning kisses,
Swear 'tis the anchor to my hopes?
Theoc. You may, sir.
Malef. Somewhat too much.
Beauf. jun. And this done, view myself
In these true mirrors?
Theoc. Ever true to you, sir:
And may they lose the ability of sight,
When they seek other object!
Malef. This is more
Than I can give consent to.
Beauf. jun. And a kiss
Thus printed on your lips, will not distaste you?[3]
Malef. Her lips!
Montr. Why, where should he kiss? are you distracted?
Beauf. jun. Then, when this holy man hath made it lawful—— [*Brings in a Priest.*
Malef. A priest so ready too! I must break in.
Beauf. jun. And what's spoke here is register'd above;
I must engross those favours to myself
Which are not to be named.
Theoc. All I can give,
But what they are I know not.
Beauf. jun. I'll instruct you.
Malef. O how my blood boils!
Montr. Pray you, contain yourself;
Methinks his courtship's modest.[4]
Beauf. jun. Then being mine,

[3] Beauf. jun. *And a kiss*
Thus printed on your lips, will not distaste *you?*] i. e. displease *you*: the word perpetually recurs in this sense.

[4] *Methinks* his *courtship's modest.*] For *his* the modern editors have *this*. The change is unnecessary. The next speech, as

And wholly mine, the river of your love
To kinsmen and allies, nay, to your father,
(Howe'er out of his tenderness he admires you,)
Must in the ocean of your affection
To me, be swallow'd up, and want a name,
Compared with what you owe me.
Theoc. 'Tis most fit, sir.
The stronger bond that binds me to you, must
Dissolve the weaker
Malef. I am ruin'd, if
I come not fairly off.
Beauf. sen. There's nothing wanting
But your consent.
Malef. Some strange invention aid me!
This! yes, it must be so. [*Aside*
Montr. Why do you stagger,
When what you seem'd so much to wish, is offer'd,
Both parties being agreed too?[5]
Beauf. sen. I'll not court
A grant from you, nor do I wrong your daughter,
Though I say my son deserves her.
Malef. 'Tis far from
My humble thoughts to undervalue him
I cannot prize too high: for howsoever
From my own fond indulgence I have sung

Mr. Gilchrist observes, bears a distant resemblance to the first sonnet of Daniel to Delia:

"Unto the boundlesse ocean of thy beautie
"Runnes this poor river, charg'd with streames of zeale,
"Returning thee the tribute of my dutie,
"Which here my love, my truth, my plaints reveale."

[5] *Both parties being agreed* too?] The old copy gives this hemistich to Beaufort junior, and is probably right, as Malefort had by this time interposed between the lovers. The alteration is by Coxeter. For *to*, which stands in all the editions, I read *too*. It should be observed that our old writers usually spell those two words alike, leaving the sense to be discovered by the context.

Her praises with too prodigal a tongue,
That tenderness laid by, I stand confirm'd
All that I fancied excellent in her,
Balanced with what is really his own,
Holds weight in no proportion.
Montr. New turnings!
Beauf. sen. Whither tends this?
Malef. Had you observed, my lord,
With what a sweet gradation he woo'd,
As I did punctually, you cannot blame her,
Though she did listen with a greedy ear
To his fair modest offers: but so great
A good as then flow'd to her, should have been
With more deliberation entertain'd,
And not with such haste swallow'd; she shall first
Consider seriously what the blessing is,
And in what ample manner to give thanks for't,
And then receive it. And though I shall think
Short minutes years, till it be pérfected,[6]
I will defer that which I most desire;
And so must she, till longing expectation,
That heightens pleasure, makes her truly know
Her happiness, and with what outstretch'd arms
She must embrace it.
Beauf. jun. This is curiousness
Beyond example.[7]
Malef. Let it then begin
From me: in what's mine own I'll use my will,
And yield no further reason. I lay claim to
The liberty of a subject. Fall not off,

[6] ——*till it be* pérfected,] The old orthography was *perfitted*, a mode of spelling much better adapted to poetry, and which I am sorry we have suffered to grow obsolete.

[7] Beauf. jun. *This is* curiousness
Beyond example.] i. e. a refined and over scrupulous consideration of the subject. So the word is frequently applied by our old writers.

But be obedient, or by the hair
I'll drag thee home. Censure me as you please,
I'll take my own way.—O the inward fires
That, wanting vent, consume me!
[*Exit with Theocrine.*

Montr. 'Tis most certain
He's mad, or worse.
Beauf. sen. How worse?[8]
Montr. Nay, there I leave you;
My thoughts are free.
Beauf. jun. This I foresaw.
Beauf. sen. Take comfort,
He shall walk in clouds, but I'll discover him:
And he shall find and feel, if he excuse not,
And with strong reasons, this gross injury,
I can make use of my authority. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Malefort's *House.*

Enter MALEFORT.

What flames are these my wild desires fan in me?
The torch that feeds them was not lighted at
Thy altars, Cupid: vindicate thyself,
And do not own it; and confirm it rather,
That this infernal brand, that turns me cinders,
Was by the snake-hair'd sisters thrown into
My guilty bosom. O that I was ever

[8] Beauf. sen. *How worse?*] This short speech is not appropriated in the old copy. Dodsley gives it to the present speaker, and is evidently right. M. Mason follows Coxeter, who gives it to no one!

Accurs'd in having issue! my son's blood,
(That like the poison'd shirt of Hercules
Grows to each part about me,) which my hate
Forced from him with much willingness, may admit
Some weak defence; but my most impious love
To my fair daughter Theocrine, none;
Since my affection (rather wicked lust)
That does pursue her, is a greater crime
Than any detestation, with which
I should afflict her innocence. With what cunning
I have betray'd myself, and did not feel
The scorching heat that now with fury rages!
Why was I tender of her? cover'd with
That fond disguise, this mischief stole upon me.
I thought it no offence to kiss her often,
Or twine mine arms about her softer neck,[9]
And by false shadows of a father's kindness
I long deceived myself: but now the effect
Is too apparent. How I strove to be
In her opinion held the worthiest man
In courtship, form, and feature! envying him
That was preferr'd before me; and yet then
My wishes to myself were not discover'd.

[9] *Or twine mine arms about her* softer *neck,*] i. e. *her* soft *neck:* our old poets frequently adopt, and indeed with singular good taste, the comparative for the positive. Thus, in a very pretty passage in *the Combat of Love and Friendship*, by R. Mead:

"When I shall sit circled within your armes,
"How shall I cast a blemish on your honour,
"And appear onely like some *falser* stone,
"Placed in a ring of gold, which grows a jewel
"But from the seat which holds it!"

And indeed Massinger himself furnishes numerous instances of this practice; one occurs just below:

"———which your *gentler* temper,
"On my submission, I hope, will pardon."

Another we have already had, in *the Virgin-Martyr:*

"Judge not my *readier* will by the event."

But still my fires increased, and with delight
I would call her mistress,[1] willingly forgetting
The name of daughter, choosing rather she
Should style me servant, than, with reverence,
father:
Yet, waking, I ne'er cherish'd obscene hopes,[2]
But in my troubled slumbers often thought
She was too near to me, and then sleeping blush'd
At my imagination; which pass'd,
(My eyes being open not condemning it,)
I was ravish'd with the pleasure of the dream.
Yet spite of these temptations I have reason
That pleads against them, and commands me to
Extinguish these abominable fires;
And I will do it; I will send her back
To him that loves her lawfully. Within there!

Enter THEOCRINE.

Theoc. Sir, did you call?
Malef. I look no sooner on her,
But all my boasted power of reason leaves me,
And passion again usurps her empire.
Does none else wait me?
Theoc. I am wretched, sir,
Should any owe more duty?
Malef. This is worse
Than disobedience; leave me.
Theoc. On my knees, sir,
As I have ever squared my will by yours,

[1] *I would call her* mistress, &c.] See p. 185.

[2] *Yet* waking, *I ne'er cherish'd obscene hopes,*] The old copy reads, *Yet* mocking,—if this be the genuine word, it must mean "notwithstanding my wanton abuse of the terms mentioned above, I never cherished," &c. this is certainly not defective in sense; but the rest of the sentence calls so loudly for *waking*, that I have not scrupled to insert it in the text; the corruption, at the press, was sufficiently easy.

And liked and loath'd with your eyes, I beseech you
To teach me what the nature of my fault is,
That hath incensed you; sure 'tis one of weakness
And not of malice, which your gentler temper,
On my submission, I hope, will pardon:
Which granted by your piety, if that I,
Out of the least neglect of mine hereafter,
Make you remember it, may I sink ever
Under your dread command, sir.
Malef. O my stars!
Who can but doat on this humility,
That sweetens——Lovely in her tears!——The fetters
That seem'd to lessen in their weight but now,[4]
By this grow heavier on me.
Theoc. Dear sir.
Malef. Peace!
I must not hear thee.

[4] Malef. *O my stars!*
Who can but doat on this humility,
That sweetens——Lovely in her tears!——The fetters,
That seem'd to lessen in their weight but now,
By this grow heavier on me.] So I venture to point the passage: it is abrupt, and denotes the distracted state of the speaker's mind. It stands thus in Mr. M. Mason:

Malef. *O my stars! who can but doat on this humility*
That sweetens (lovely in her tears) the fetters
That seem'd to lessen in their weight; but now
By this grow heavier on me.

Coxeter follows the old copies, which only differ from this, in placing a note of interrogation after *tears*. Both are evidently wrong, because unintelligible.

The reader must not be surprised at the portentous verse which begins the quotation from Mr. M. Mason. Neither he, nor Coxeter, nor Dodsley, seems to have had the smallest solicitude (I will not say knowledge) respecting the metre of their author: and Massinger, the most harmonious of poets, appears, in their desultory pages, as untuneable as Marston or Donne.

Theoc. Nor look on me?
Malef. No,
Thy looks and words are charms.
Theoc. May they have power then
To calm the tempest of your wrath! Alas, sir,
Did I but know in what I give offence,
In my repentance I would shew my sorrow
For what is past, and, in my care hereafter,
Kill the occasion, or cease to be;
Since life, without your favour, is to me
A load I would cast off.
Malef. O that my heart
Were rent in sunder, that I might expire,
The cause in my death buried![5] yet I know not.——
With such prevailing oratory 'tis begg'd from me,
That to deny thee would convince me to
Have suck'd the milk of tigers; rise, and I,
[6]But in a perplex'd and mysterious method,
Will make relation: That which all the world
Admires and cries up in thee for perfections,
Are to unhappy me foul blemishes,
And mulcts in nature. If thou hadst been born[7]

[5] *The cause in my death buried! yet I know not.——*] Meaning, I apprehend, that his incestuous passion was perhaps suspected. As this passage hath been hitherto pointed, it is not to be understood.

[6] *But in a perplex'd and mysterious method,*] We have already had this expression from the son:

"But in a perplex'd form and method," &c. p. 152.

And nothing can more strongly express the character of this most vicious father, whose crimes were too horrible for his son to express, and whose wishes are too flagitious for his daughter to hear.

[7] *If thou hadst been born,* &c.] Thus in *King John:*

"If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
"Ugly, and slander'ous to thy mother's womb,
"Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
"Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,

Deform'd and crooked in the features of
Thy body, as the manners of thy mind;
Moor-lipp'd, flat-nosed, dim-eyed, and beetle-brow'd,
With a dwarf's stature to a giant's waist;
Sour-breath'd, with claws for fingers on thy hands,
Splay-footed, gouty-legg'd, and over all
A loathsome leprosy had spread itself,
And made thee shunn'd of human fellowships;
I had been blest.

Theoc. Why, would you wish a monster
(For such a one, or worse, you have described)
To call you father?

Malef. Rather than as now,
(Though I had drown'd thee for it in the sea,)
Appearing, as thou dost, a new Pandora,
With Juno's fair cow-eyes,[8] Minerva's brow,
Aurora's blushing cheeks, Hebe's fresh youth,
Venus' soft paps, with Thetis' silver feet.

Theoc. Sir, you have liked and loved them, and oft forced,
With your hyperboles of praise pour'd on them,
My modesty to a defensive red,
Strew'd o'er that paleness, which you then were pleased
To style the purest white.

"Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
"I would not care, I then would be content;
"For then I should not love thee;" COXETER.

[8] *With Juno's fair* cow-eyes, &c.] These lines of Massinger are an immediate translation from a pretty Greek epigram:

Ομματ' ἐχεις Ηρης, Μελιτη, τας χειρας Αθηνης,
Τὺς μαζὺς Παφιης, τα σφυρα της Θετιδος, &c. DODD.

These *cow-eyes*, however, make but a sorry kind of an appearance in English poetry; but so it ever will be when the figurative terms of one language are literally applied to another. See *the Emperor of the East*, Vol. III.

Malef. And in that cup
I drank the poison I now feel dispersed
Through every vein and artery. Wherefore art thou
So cruel to me? This thy outward shape
Brought a fierce war against me, not to be
By flesh and blood resisted: but to leave me
No hope of freedom, from the magazine
Of thy mind's forces, treacherously thou drew'st up
Auxiliary helps to strengthen that
Which was already in itself too potent.
Thy beauty gave the first charge, but thy duty,
Seconded with thy care and watchful studies
To please, and serve my will, in all that might
Raise up content in me, like thunder brake through
All opposition; and, my ranks of reason
Disbanded, my victorious passions fell
To bloody execution, and compell'd me
With willing hands to tie on my own chains,
And, with a kind of flattering joy, to glory
In my captivity.

Theoc. I, in this you speak, sir,
Am ignorance itself.

Malef. And so continue;
For knowledge of the arms thou bear'st against me,
Would make thee curse thyself, but yield no aids
For thee to help me; and 'twere cruelty
In me to wound that spotless innocence,
Howe'er it make me guilty. In a word,
Thy plurisy[9] of goodness is thy ill;

9 *Thy* plurisy *of goodness is thy ill;*] i. e. thy superabundance of goodness: the thought is from Shakspeare:

"For goodness, growing to a *plurisy*,
"Dies in his own too much."

For *thy*, the old copy reads *the;* it is, however, an evident error of the press.

Thy virtues vices, and thy humble lowness
Far worse than stubborn sullenness and pride;
Thy looks, that ravish all beholders else,
As killing as the basilisk's, thy tears,
Express'd in sorrow for the much I suffer,
A glorious insultation,[1] and no sign
Of pity in thee; and to hear thee speak
In thy defence, though but in silent action,
Would make the hurt, already deeply fester'd,
Incurable: and therefore, as thou wouldst not
By thy presence raise fresh furies to torment me,
I do conjure thee by a father's power,
(And 'tis my curse I dare not think it lawful
To sue unto thee in a nearer name,)
Without reply to leave me.

Theoc. My obedience
Never learn'd yet to question your commands,
But willingly to serve them; yet I must,
Since that your will forbids the knowledge of
My fault, lament my fortune. [*Exit.*

Malef. O that I
Have reason to discern the better way,
And yet pursue the worse![2] When I look on her,
I burn with heat, and in her absence freeze
With the cold blasts of jealousy, that another
Should e'er taste those delights that are denied me;
And which of these afflictions brings less torture,
I hardly can distinguish: Is there then
No mean? No; so my understanding tells me,

[1] *A* glorious *insultation,*] See p. 142.

[2] Malef. *O that I*
Have reason to discern the better way,
And yet pursue the worse!] This had been said before by Medea:

——————— *video meliora, proboque,*
Deteriora sequor.

And that by my cross fates it is determined
That I am both ways wretched.

Enter Usher *and* MONTREVILLE.

Ush. Yonder he walks, sir,
In much vexation: he hath sent my lady,
His daughter, weeping in; but what the cause is,
Rests yet in supposition.
Montr. I guess at it,
But must be further satisfied; I will sift him
In private, therefore quit the room.
Ush. I am gone, sir. [*Exit.*
Malef. Ha! who disturbs me? Montreville! your pardon.
Montr. Would you could grant one to yourself! I speak it
With the assurance of a friend, and yet,
Before it be too late, make reparation
Of the gross wrong your indiscretion offer'd
To the governor and his son; nay, to yourself;
For there begins my sorrow.
Malef. Would I had
No greater cause to mourn, than their displeasure!
For I dare justify——
Montr. We must not do[3]
All that we dare. We're private, friend. I observed
Your alterations with a stricter eye,
Perhaps, than others; and, to lose no time
In repetition, your strange demeanour
To your sweet daughter.
Malef. Would you could find out
Some other theme to treat of.

[3] *We must not do* &c.] This and the two next speeches are jumbled entirely out of metre by the modern editors. It seems odd that they should not know whether they were printing prose or verse.

Montr. None but this;
And this I'll dwell on; how ridiculous,
And subject to construction——
Malef. No more!
Montr. You made yourself, amazes me, and if
The frequent trials interchanged between us
Of love and friendship, be to their desert
Esteem'd by you, as they hold weight with me,
No inward trouble should be of a shape
So horrid to yourself, but that to me
You stand bound to discover it, and unlock
Your secret'st thoughts; though the most innocent were
Loud crying sins.
Malef. And so, perhaps, they are:
And therefore be not curious to learn that
Which, known, must make you hate me.
Montr. Think not so.
I am yours in right and wrong; nor shall you find
A verbal friendship in me, but an active;
And here I vow, I shall no sooner know
What the disease is, but, if you give leave,
I will apply a remedy. Is it madness?
[4]I am familiarly acquainted with
A deep-read man, that can with charms and herbs
Restore you to your reason; or suppose
You are bewitch'd? he with more potent spells

[4] *I am familiarly acquainted with a deep-read man,*
That can with charms and herbs] So the lines stand in all the editions: upon which Mr. M. Mason remarks, for the first time, that the metre requires a different division. This is well thought of! In his edition, *the Unnatural Combat* stands towards the end of the third volume, and, to speak moderately, I have already corrected his versification in a hundred places within the compass of as many pages: nay, of the little which has passed since the entrance of Montreville, nearly a moiety has undergone a new arrangement.

And magical rites shall cure you. Is't heaven's anger?
With penitence and sacrifice appease it:——
Beyond this, there is nothing that I can
Imagine dreadful; in your fame and fortunes
You are secure; your impious son removed too,
That render'd you suspected to the state;
And your fair daughter——
Malef. Oh! press me no further.
Montr. Are you wrung there! Why, what of her? hath she
Made shipwreck of her honour, or conspired
Against your life? or seal'd a contract with
The devil of hell, for the recovery of
Her young Inamorato?
Malef. None of these;
And yet, what must increase the wonder in you,
Being innocent in herself, she hath wounded me;
But where, enquire not. Yet, I know not how
I am persuaded, from my confidence
Of your vow'd love to me, to trust you with
My dearest secret; pray you chide me for it,
But with a kind of pity, not insulting
On my calamity.
Montr. Forward.
Malef. This same daughter——
Montr. What is her fault?
Malef. She is too fair to me.
Montr. Ha! how is this?
Malef. And I have look'd upon her
More than a father should, and languish to
Enjoy her as a husband.
Montr. Heaven forbid it!
Malef. And this is all the comfort you can give me!
Where are your promised aids, your charms, your herbs,

Your deep-read scholar's spells and magick rites?
Can all these disenchant me? No, I must be
My own physician, and upon myself
Practise a desperate cure.
Montr. Do not contemn me:
Enjoin me what you please, with any hazard
I'll undertake it. What means have you practised
To quench this hellish fire?
Malef. All I could think on,
But to no purpose; and yet sometimes absence
Does yield a kind of intermission to
The fury of the fit.
Montr. See her no more, then.
Malef. 'Tis my last refuge, and 'twas my intent,
And still 'tis, to desire your help.
Montr. Command it.
Malef. Thus then: you have a fort, of which you are
The absolute lord, whither, I pray you, bear her:
And that the sight of her may not again
Nourish those flames, which I feel something lessen'd,
By all the ties of friendship I conjure you,
And by a solemn oath you must confirm it,
That though my now calm'd passions should rage higher
Than ever heretofore, and so compel me
Once more to wish to see her; though I use
Persuasions mix'd with threatnings, (nay, add to it,
That I, this failing, should with hands held up thus,
Kneel at your feet, and bathe them with my tears,)
Prayers or curses, vows or imprecations,
Only to look upon her, though at distance,
You still must be obdurate.
Montr. If it be

Your pleasure, sir, that I shall be unmoved,
I will endeavour.
Malef. You must swear to be
Inexorable, as you would prevent
The greatest mischief to your friend, that fate
Could throw upon him.
Montr. Well, I will obey you.
But how the governor will be answer'd yet,
And 'tis material, is not consider'd.
Malef. Leave that to me. I'll presently give order
How you shall surprise her; be not frighted with
Her exclamations.
Montr. Be you constant to
Your resolution, I will not fail
In what concerns my part.
Malef. Be ever bless'd for't! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter BEAUFORT *junior*, CHAMONT, *and* LANOUR.

Cham. Not to be spoke with, say you?
Beauf. jun. No.
Lan. Nor you
Admitted to have conference with her?
Beauf. jun. Neither.
His doors are fast lock'd up, and solitude
Dwells round about them, no access allow'd
To friend or enemy; but——
Cham. Nay, be not moved, sir;

Let his passion work, and, like a hot-rein'd horse,[5]
'Twill quickly tire itself.

Beauf. jun. Or in his death,
Which, for her sake, 'till now I have forborn,
I will revenge the injury he hath done to
My true and lawful love.

Lan. How does your father,
The governor, relish it?

Beauf. jun. Troth, he never had
Affection to the match; yet in his pity
To me, he's gone in person to his house,
Nor will he be denied; and if he find not
Strong and fair reasons, Malefort will hear from him
In a kind he does not look for.

Cham. In the mean time,
Pray you put on cheerful looks.

Enter MONTAIGNE.

Beauf. jun. Mine suit my fortune.

Lan. O here's Montaigne.

Mont. I never could have met you
More opportunely. I'll not stale the jest
By my relation;[6] but if you will look on

[5] ——— *and, like a hot-rein'd horse,*
'Twill quickly tire itself.] This is directly copied from Shakspeare,

" ——— Anger is like
" A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
" Self-mettle tires him." COXETER.

[6] ——— *I'll not* stale *the jest*
By my relation;] i. e. render it flat, deprive it of zest by previous intimation. This is one of a thousand instances which might be brought to prove that the true reading in *Coriolanus*, Act. I. sc. i. is,

" I shall tell you
" A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
" But since it serves my purpose, I will venture
" To *stale*'t a little more."

The malecontent Belgarde, newly rigg'd up,
With the train that follows him, 'twill be an object
Worthy of your noting.

Beauf. jun. Look you the comedy
Make good the prologue, or the scorn will dwell
Upon yourself.

Mont. I'll hazard that; observe now.

BELGARDE *comes out in a gallant habit; stays at the door with his sword drawn.*

Several voices within. Nay, captain! glorious captain!

Belg. Fall back, rascals!
Do you make an owl of me? this day I will
Receive no more petitions.—
Here are bills of all occasions, and all sizes!
If this be the pleasure of a rich suit, would I were
Again in my buff jerkin, or my armour!
Then I walk'd securely by my creditors' noses,
Not a dog mark'd me; every officer shunn'd me,
And not one lousy prison would receive me:

The old copies have *scale*, for which Theobald judiciously proposed *stale*. To this Warburton objects petulantly enough, it must be confessed, because to *scale* signifies to *weigh*; so, indeed, it does, and many other things; none of which, however, bear any relation to the text. Steevens, too, prefers *scale*, which he proves, from a variety of learned authorities, to mean "scatter, disperse, spread:" to make any of them, however, suit his purpose, he is obliged to give an unfaithful version of the text: "Though *some of you* have heard the story, I will *spread* it yet wider, and diffuse it among *the rest*."! There is nothing of this in Shakspeare; and indeed I cannot avoid looking upon the whole of his long note, as a feeble attempt to justify a palpable error of the press, at the cost of taste and sense.

The mistakes of Steevens are dangerous, and should be noticed. They have seduced the editors of Beaumont and Fletcher, who have brought back to the text of their authors, a corruption long since removed, on the authority (as they say) of the quotations produced in the note to *Coriolanus*. See Vol. VII. p. 258.

But now, as the ballad says, *I am turn'd gallant*,
There does not live that thing I owe a sous to,
But does torment me. A faithful cobler told me,
With his awl in his hand, I was behindhand with him
For setting me upright, and bade me look to myself.
A sempstress too, that traded but in socks,
Swore she would set a serjeant on my back
For a borrow'd shirt: my pay, and the benevolence
The governor and the states bestow'd upon me,
The city cormorants, my money-mongers,
Have swallow'd down already; they were sums,
I grant,—but that I should be such a fool,
Against my oath, being a cashier'd captain,
To pay debts, though grown up to one and twenty,
Deserves more reprehension, in my judgment,
Than a shopkeeper, or a lawyer that lends money,
In a long, dead vacation.

Mont. How do you like
His meditation?

Cham. Peace! let him proceed.

Belg. I cannot now go on the score for shame,
And where I shall begin to pawn—ay, marry,
That is consider'd timely! I paid for
This train of yours, dame Estridge,[7] fourteen crowns,
And yet it is so light, 'twill hardly pass
For a tavern reckoning, unless it be
To save the charge of painting, nail'd on a post
For the sign of the feathers. Pox upon the fashion,

7 ——— *I paid for*
This train *of yours, dame Estridge,*] i. e. this *tail;* there is some humour in this lively apostrophe to the ostrich.

That a captain cannot think himself a captain,
If he wear not this, like a fore-horse! yet it is not
Staple commodity: these are perfumed too
O' the Roman wash, and yet a stale red herring
Would fill the belly better, and hurt the head less:
And this is Venice gold; would I had it again
In French crowns in my pocket! O you commanders,
That, like me, have no dead pays, nor can cozen
The commissary at a muster,[8] let me stand
For an example to you! as you would
Enjoy your privileges, *videlicet*,
To pay your debts, and take your letchery gratis;
To have your issue warm'd by others fires;
To be often drunk, and swear, yet pay no forfeit
To the poor, but when you share with one another;
With all your other choice immunities:
Only of this I seriously advise you,

[8] ——— *O you commanders,*
That, like me, have no dead pays, *nor can cozen*
The commissary at a muster,] The collusory practices here alluded to (as Mr. Gilchrist observes) appear not to have been unfrequent, and indeed, Sir W. D'Avenant, with this, mentions many similar corruptions in the "war department" of his time:

" Can you not gull the state finely,
" Muster up your ammunition cassocks stuff'd with straw,
" Number a hundred forty nine *dead pays*,
" And thank heaven for your arithmetick?
" Cannot you clothe your ragged infantry
" With cabbage leaves? devour the reckonings,
" And grow fat in the ribs, but you must hinder
" Poor ancients from eating warm beef?" *The Siege*, Act III.

Let courtiers[9] trip like courtiers, and your lords
Of dirt and dunghills mete their woods and acres,
In velvets, satins, tissues; but keep you
Constant to cloth and shamois.
Mont. Have you heard
Of such a penitent homily?
Belg. I am studying now
Where I shall hide myself till the rumour of
My wealth and bravery vanish:[1] let me see,
There is a kind of vaulting house not far off,
Where I used to spend my afternoons, among
Suburb she gamesters; and yet, now I think on't,
I have crack'd a ring or two there, which they made
Others to solder: No——

Enter a Bawd, *and two* Courtezans *with two Children.*

1 *Court.* O! have we spied you!
Bawd. Upon him without ceremony! now's the time,
While he's in the paying vein.
2 *Court.* Save you, brave captain!
Beauf. jun. 'Slight, how he stares! they are worse than she-wolves to him.

[9] *Let courtiers*, &c.] The reader will smile at the accurate notions of metre possessed by the former editors: this and the four following lines stand thus in Coxeter, and Mr. M. Mason:

Let courtiers trip like courtiers,
And your lords of dirt and dunghills mete
Their woods and acres, in velvets, sattins, tissues;
But keep you constant to cloth and shamois.
Mont. *Have you heard of such a penitent homily?*

[1] *My wealth and* bravery *vanish:*] *Bravery* is used by all the writers of Massinger's time, for ostentatious finery of apparel.

Belg. Shame me not in the streets; I was coming to you.

1 *Court.* O sir, you may in publick pay for the fiddling
You had in private.

2 *Court.* We hear you are full of crowns, sir,

1 *Court.* And therefore, knowing you are open-handed,
Before all be destroy'd, I'll put you in mind, sir,
Of your young heir here.

2 *Court.* Here's a second, sir,
That looks for a child's portion.

Bawd. There are reckonings
For muskadine and eggs too, must be thought on.

1 *Court.* We have not been hasty, sir.

Bawd. But staid your leisure:
But now you are ripe, and loaden with fruit——

2 *Court.* 'Tis fit you should be pull'd; here's a boy, sir,
Pray you, kiss him, 'tis your own, sir.

1 *Court.* Nay, buss this first,
It hath just your eyes; and such a promising nose,
That if the sign deceive me not, in time
'Twill prove a notable striker,[2] like his father.

Belg. And yet you laid it to another.

1 *Court.* True,
While you were poor; and it was policy;
But she that has variety of fathers,
And makes not choice of him that can maintain it,
Ne'er studied Aristotle.[3]

Lan. A smart quean!

[2] *'Twill prove a notable* striker,] A *striker* is a *wencher:* the word occurs again in *the Parliament of Love.*

[3] *Ne'er studied Aristotle.*] This has been hitherto printed, *Ne'er stuaied Aristotle's* problems: a prosaick redundancy, of which every reader of Massinger will readily acquit him.

Belg. Why, braches, will you worry me?[4]
2 Court. No, but ease you
Of your golden burthen; the heavy carriage may
Bring you to a sweating sickness.
Belg. Very likely;
I foam all o'er already.
1 Court. Will you come off, sir?[5]
Belg. Would I had ne'er come on! Hear me with patience,
Or I will anger you. Go to, you know me,
And do not vex me further: by my sins,
And your diseases, which are certain truths,
Whate'er you think, I am not master, at
This instant, of a livre.
2 Court. What, and in
Such a glorious suit!

[4] Belg. *Why*, braches, *will you worry me?*] A brache is a female hound. It is strange to see what quantities of paper have been wasted in confounding the sense of this plain word! The pages of Shakspeare, and Jonson, and Fletcher, are incumbered with endless quotations, which generally leave the reader as ignorant as they found him. One, however, which has escaped the commentators, at least the material part of it, is worth all that they have advanced on the word: "There are in England and Scotland two kinds of hunting dogs, and no where else in the world; the first kind is called a *rache*, and this is a foot-scenting creature both of wilde-beasts, birds, and fishes also which lie hid among the rocks. *The female hereof in England is called a brache: a brache is* A MANNERLY NAME for all hound-*bitches*:" and when we add *for all others*, it will be allowed that enough has been said on the subject. *The Gentleman's Recreation*, p. 28.

1 Court. *Will you* come off, *sir?*] i. e. Will you pay, sir? so the word is used by all our old dramatick writers:

" ——————— if he
"In the old justice's suit, whom he robb'd lately,
"Will *come off* roundly, we'll set him free too."
The Widow.

Again, in the *Wedding*, by Shirley:

"What was the price you took for Gratiana?
"Did Marwood *come off* roundly with his wages?"

Belg. The liker, wretched things,
To have no money.
Bawd. You may pawn your clothes, sir.
1 *Court.* Will you see your issue starve?
2 *Court.* Or the mothers beg?
Belg. Why, you unconscionable strumpets,
would you have me
Transform my hat to double clouts and biggins?
My corselet to a cradle? or my belt
To swaddlebands? or turn my cloak to blankets?
Or to sell my sword and spurs, for soap and
candles?
Have you no mercy? what a chargeable devil
We carry in our breeches!
Beauf. jun. Now 'tis time
To fetch him off.

Enter BEAUFORT *senior.*

Mont. Your father does it for us.
Bawd. The governor!
Beauf. sen. What are these?
1 *Court.* An it like your lordship,
Very poor spinsters.
Bawd. I am his nurse and laundress.
Belg. You have nurs'd and launder'd me, hell
take you for it!
Vanish!
Cham. Do, do, and talk with him hereafter.
1 *Court.* 'Tis our best course.
2 *Court.* We'll find a time to fit him.
[*Exeunt Bawd and Courtezans.*
Beauf. sen. Why in this heat, Belgarde?
Belg. You are the cause of 't.
Beauf. sen. Who, I?
Belg Yes, your pied livery and your gold
Draw these vexations on me; pray you strip me,

And let me be as I was: I will not lose
The pleasures and the freedom which I had
In my certain poverty, for all the wealth
Fair France is proud of.
Beauf. sen. We at better leisure
Will learn the cause of this.
Beauf. jun. What answer, sir,
From the admiral?
Beauf. sen. None; his daughter is removed
To the fort of Montreville, and he himself
In person fled; but where, is not discover'd;
I could tell you wonders, but the time denies me
Fit liberty. In a word, let it suffice
The power of our great master is contemn'd,
The sacred laws of God and man profaned;
And if I sit down with this injury,
I am unworthy of my place, and thou
Of my acknowledgment: draw up all the troops;
As I go, I will instruct you to what purpose.
Such as have power to punish, and yet spare,
From fear or from connivance, others ill,
Though not in act, assist them in their will.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street near Malefort's *House.*

Enter MONTREVILLE *with* Servants, THEOCRINE, Page, *and* Waiting Women.

Montr. Bind them, and gag their mouths sure; I alone
Will be your convoy.
1 *Wom.* Madam!

2 *Wom.* Dearest lady!
Page. Let me fight for my mistress.
Serv. 'Tis in vain,
Little cockerel of the kind.
Montr. Away with them,
And do as I command you.
[*Exeunt Servants with Page and Waiting Women.*
Theoc. Montreville,
You are my father's friend; nay more, a soldier,
And if a right one, as I hope to find you,
Though in a lawful war you had surprised
A city, that bow'd humbly to your pleasure,
In honour you stand bound to guard a virgin
From violence; but in a free estate,
Of which you are a limb, to do a wrong
Which noble enemies never consent to,
Is such an insolence——
Montr. How her heart beats![6]
Much like a partridge in a sparhawk's foot,
That with a panting silence does lament
The fate she cannot fly from! Sweet, take comfort,
You are safe, and nothing is intended to you,
But love and service.
Theoc. They came never clothed
In force and outrage. Upon what assurance
(Remembering only that my father lives,
Who will not tamely suffer the disgrace)
Have you presumed to hurry me from his house,
And, as I were not worth the waiting on,
To snatch me from the duty and attendance
Of my poor servants?
Montr. Let not that afflict you,

[6]Montr. *How her heart beats!* &c.] This is a very pretty simile, and, though not altogether new, is made striking by the elegance with which it is expressed.

You shall not want observance; I will be
Your page, your woman, parasite, or fool,
Or any other property, provided
You answer my affection...
Theoc. In what kind?
Montr. As you had done young Beaufort's.
Theoc. How!
Montr. So, lady;
Or, if the name of wife appear a yoke
Too heavy for your tender neck, so I
Enjoy you as a private friend or mistress,
'Twill be sufficient.
Theoc. Blessed angels guard me!
What frontless impudence is this? what devil
Hath, to thy certain ruin, tempted thee
To offer me this motion? by my hopes
Of after joys, submission nor repentance
Shall expiate this foul intent.
Montr. Intent!
'Tis more, I'll make it act.
Theoc. Ribald, thou darest not:
And if (and with a fever to thy soul)
Thou but consider that I have a father,
And such a father, as, when this arrives a
His knowledge, as it shall, the terrour of
His vengeance, which as sure as fate must follow,
Will make thee curse the hour in which lust taught thee
To nourish these bad hopes;—and 'tis my wonder
Thou darest forget how tender he is of me,
And that each shadow of wrong done to me,
Will raise in him a tempest not to be
But with thy heart-blood calm'd: this, when I see him——
Montr. As thou shalt never.
Theoc. Wilt thou murder me?
Montr. No, no, 'tis otherwise determined, fool.

The master which in passion kills his slave
That may be useful to him, does himself
The injury: know, thou most wretched creature,
That father thou presumest upon, that father,
That, when I sought thee in a noble way,
Denied thee to me, fancying in his hope
A higher match from his excess of dotage,
Hath in his bowels kindled such a flame
Of impious and most unnatural lust,
That now he fears his furious desires
May force him to do that, he shakes to think on.
Theoc. O me, most wretched!
Montr. Never hope again
To blast him with those eyes: their golden beams
Are unto him arrows of death and hell,
But unto me divine artillery.
And therefore, since what I so long in vain
Pursued, is offer'd to me, and by him
Given up to my possession; do not flatter
Thyself with an imaginary hope,
But that I'll take occasion by the forelock,
And make use of my fortune. As we walk,
I'll tell thee more.
Theoc. I will not stir.
Montr. I'll force thee.
Theoc. Help, help!
Montr. In vain.
Theoc. In me my brother's blood
Is punish'd at the height.
Montr. The coach there!
Theoc. Dear sir ——
Montr. Tears, curses, prayers, are alike to me;
I can, and must enjoy my present pleasure,
And shall take time to mourn for it at leisure.
[*He bears her off.*

SCENE II.

A Space before the Fort.

Enter MALEFORT.

I have play'd the fool, the gross fool, to believe
The bosom of a friend will hold a secret,
Mine own could not contain; and my industry
In taking liberty from my innocent daughter,
Out of false hopes of freedom to myself,
Is, in the little help it yields me, punish'd.
She's absent, but I have her figure here;
And every grace and rarity about her,
Are by the pencil of my memory,
In living colours painted on my heart.
My fires too, a short interim closed up,
Break out with greater fury. Why was I,
Since 'twas my fate, and not to be declined,
In this so tender-conscienced? Say I had
Enjoy'd what I desired, what had it been
But incest? and there's something here that tells me
I stand accomptable for greater sins
I never check'd at.[7] Neither had the crime
Wanted a precedent: I have read in story,[8]

7 ——— *and there's something here that tells me*
I stand accomptable for greater sins
I never check'd at.] These dark allusions to a dreadful fact, are introduced with admirable judgment, as they awaken, without gratifying, the curiosity of the reader, and continue the interest of the story.

8 ——— *I have read in story*, &c.] He had been studying Ovid. This wretched attempt of Malefort (a Christian, at least in name, we may suppose) to palliate, or defend his meditated crime, by the examples of fabulous deities, men in a state

Those first great heroes, that for their brave deeds
Were in the world's first infancy styled gods,
Freely enjoy'd what I denied myself.
Old Saturn, in the golden age, embraced
His sister Ops, and, in the same degree,
The Thunderer Juno, Neptune Thetis, and,
By their example, after the first deluge,
Deucalion Pyrrha. Universal nature,
As every day 'tis evident, allows it
To creatures of all kinds: the gallant horse
Covers the mare to which he was the sire;
The bird with fertile seed gives new increase
To her that hatch'd him: why should envious man then
Brand that close act, which adds proximity
To what's most near him, with the abhorred title
Of incest? or our later laws forbid
What by the first was granted? Let old men,
That are not capable of these delights,
And solemn superstitious fools, prescribe
Rules to themselves; I will not curb my freedom,
But constantly go on, with this assurance,
I but walk in a path which greater men
Have trod before me. Ha! this is the fort:
Open the gate! Within, there!

Enter two Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* With your pardon
We must forbid your entrance.
Malef. Do you know me?

of nature, and beasts, is a just and striking picture of the eagerness with which a mind resolved on guilt ministers to its own deception. This, in the Scripture phraseology, is called, "hardening the heart;" and seems to be the last stage of human depravation.

2 *Sold.* Perfectly, my lord.
Malef. I am your captain's friend.[9]
1 *Sold.* It may be so; but till we know his pleasure,
You must excuse us.
2 *Sold.* We'll acquaint him with
Your waiting here.
Malef. Waiting, slave! he was ever
By me commanded.
1 *Sold.* As we are by him.
Malef. So punctual! pray you then, in my name entreat
His presence.
2 *Sold.* That we shall do. [*Exeunt.*
Malef. I must use
Some strange persuasions to work him to
Deliver her, and to forget the vows,
And horrid oaths I, in my madness, made him
Take to the contrary: and may I get her
Once more in my possession, I will bear her
Into some close cave or desert, where we'll end
Our lusts and lives together.

Enter MONTREVILLE, *and* Soldiers.

Montr. Fail not, on
The forfeit of your lives, to execute
What I command. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*
Malef. Montreville! how is't friend?
Montr. I am glad to see you wear such cheerful looks;
The world's well alter'd.

9 Malef. *I am* your *captain's friend.*] Coxeter, following the old copy, reads, *I am* this *captain's friend.* Mr. M. Mason altered *this* to *thy:* if any change be necessary, of which I am doubtful, the word now inserted bids fairest to be genuine.

Malef. Yes, I thank my stars:
But methinks thou art troubled.
Montr. Some light cross,
But of no moment.
Malef. So I hope; beware
Of sad and impious thoughts; you know how far
They wrought on me.
Montr. No such come near me, sir.
I have, like you, no daughter, and much wish
You never had been curs'd with one.
Malef. Who, I?
Thou art deceived, I am most happy in her.
Montr. I am glad to hear it.
Malef. My incestuous fires
To'ards her are quite burnt out; I love her now
As a father, and no further.
Montr. Fix there then
Your constant peace, and do not try a second
Temptation from her.
Malef. Yes, friend, though she were
By millions of degrees more excellent
In her perfections; nay, though she could borrow
A form angelical to take my frailty,
It would not do: and therefore, Montreville,
My chief delight next her, I come to tell thee
The governor and I are reconciled,
And I confirm'd, and with all possible speed,
To make large satisfaction to young Beaufort,
And her, whom I have so much wrong'd; and for
Thy trouble in her custody, of which
I'll now discharge thee, there is nothing in
My nerves or fortunes, but shall ever be
At thy devotion.
Montr. You promise fairly,
Nor doubt I the performance; yet I would not
Hereafter be reported to have been
The principal occasion of your falling

Into a relapse: or but suppose, out of
The easiness of my nature, and assurance
You are firm and can hold out, I could consent;
You needs must know there are so many lets[6]
That make against it, that it is my wonder
You offer me the motion; having bound me
With oaths and imprecations on no terms,
Reasons, or arguments, you could propose,
I ever should admit you to her sight,
Much less restore her to you.

Malef. Are we soldiers,
And stand on oaths!

Montr. It is beyond my knowledge
In what we are more worthy, than in keeping
Our words, much more our vows.

Malef. Heaven pardon all!
How many thousands, in our heat of wine,
Quarrels, and play, and in our younger days,
In private I may say, between ourselves,
In points of love, have we to answer for,
Should we be scrupulous that way?

Montr. You say well:
And very aptly call to memory
Two oaths against all ties and rites of friendship
Broken by you to me.

Malef. No more of that.

Montr. Yes, 'tis material, and to the purpose:
The first (and think upon't) was, when I brought you
As a visitant to my mistress then, (the mother
Of this same daughter,) whom, with dreadful words,
Too hideous to remember, you swore deeply
For my sake never to attempt; yet then,
Then, when you had a sweet wife of your own,
I know not with what arts, philtres, and charms

[6] *You needs must know there are so many* lets] i. e. impediments, obstacles &c. See *the Virgin-Martyr*, p. 25.

(Unless in wealth[2] and fame you were above me)
You won her from me; and, her grant obtain'd,
A marriage with the second waited on
The burial of the first, that to the world
Brought your dead son: this I sat tamely down by,
Wanting, indeed, occasion and power
To be at the height revenged.
Malef. Yet this you seem'd
Freely to pardon,
Montr. As perhaps I did.
Your daughter Theocrine growing ripe,
(Her mother too deceased,) and fit for marriage,
I was a suitor for her, had your word,
Upon your honour, and our friendship made
Authentical, and ratified with an oath,
She should be mine: but vows with you being like
To your religion, a nose of wax
To be turn'd every way, that very day
The governor's son but making his approaches
Of courtship to her, the wind of your ambition
For her advancement, scatter'd the thin sand
In which you wrote your full consent to me,
And drew you to his party. What hath pass'd since,
You bear a register in your own bosom,
That can at large inform you.
Malef. Montreville,
I do confess all that you charge me with
To be strong truth, and that I bring a cause
Most miserably guilty, and acknowledge
That though your goodness made me mine own judge,
I should not shew the least compassion
Or mercy to myself. O, let not yet
My foulness taint your pureness, or my falsehood
Divert the torrent of your loyal faith!

[2] (*Unless in wealth* &c.] i. e. *Unless it were* that *in wealth*, &c.

My ills, if not return'd by you, will add
Lustre to your much good; and to o'ercome
With noble sufferance, will express your strength
And triumph o'er my weakness. If you please too,
My black deeds being only known to you,
And, in surrendering up my daughter, buried,
You not alone make me your slave, (for I
At no part do deserve the name of friend,)
But in your own breast raise a monument
Of pity to a wretch, on whom with justice
You may express all cruelty.

Montr. You much move me.

Malef. O that I could but hope it! To revenge
An injury is proper to the wishes
Of feeble women, that want strength to act it:[3]
But to have power to punish, and yet pardon,
Peculiar to princes. See! these knees,
That have been ever stiff to bend to heaven,
To you are supple. Is there aught beyond this
That may speak my submission? or can pride
(Though I well know it is a stranger to you)
Desire a feast of more humility,
To kill her growing appetite?

Montr. I required not
To be sought to this poor way;[4] yet 'tis so far
A kind of satisfaction, that I will
Dispense a little with those serious oaths

[3] ——————*To revenge*
An injury is proper to the wishes
Of feeble women, that want strength to act it:]
——————*Quippe minuti*
Semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas
Ultio. Continuò sic collige, quòd vindicta
Nemo magis gaudet, quam fœmina."——
Juv. *Sat.* xiii. 192.

[4] Montr. *I required not*
To be sought *to this poor way;*] So the old copy: the modern editors, ignorant of the language of the time, arbitrarily exchange

You made me take: your daughter shall come
to you,
I will not say, as you deliver'd her,
But as she is, you may dispose of her
As you shall think most requisite. [*Exit.*
Malef. His last words
Are riddles to me. Here the lion's force
Would have proved useless, and, against my nature,
Compell'd me from the crocodile to borrow
Her counterfeit tears: there's now no turning
backward.
May I but quench these fires that rage within me,
And fall what can fall, I am arm'd to bear it!

Enter Soldiers, *thrusting forth* THEOCRINE; *her garments loose, her hair dishevelled.*

2 *Sold.* You must be packing.
Theoc. Hath he robb'd me of
Mine honour, and denies me now a room
To hide my shame!
2 *Sold.* My lord the admiral
Attends your ladyship.
1 *Sold.* Close the port, and leave them.
[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

to for *in*, and thus pervert the sense. To *seek to*, is to supplicate, entreat, have earnest recourse to, &c. which is the meaning of the text.

There was a book, much read by our ancestors, from which, as being the pure well-head of English prose, they derived a number of phrases that have sorely puzzled their descendants. This book, which is fortunately still in existence, is the Bible: and I venture to affirm, without fear of contradiction, that those old fashioned people who have studied it well, are as competent judges of the meaning of our ancient writers, as most of the devourers of black literature, from Theobald to Steevens. The expression in the text frequently occurs in it: "And Asa was diseased in his feet—yet in his disease he *sought* not *to* the Lord, but *to* the physicians." 2 Chron. xvi. 12.

Malef. Ha! who is this? how alter'd! how deform'd!
It cannot be: and yet this creature has
A kind of a resemblance to my daughter,
My Theocrine! but as different
From that she was, as bodies dead are, in
Their best perfections, from what they were
When they had life and motion.
Theoc. 'Tis most true, sir;
I am dead indeed to all but misery.
O come not near me, sir, I am infectious:
To look on me at distance, is as dangerous
As from a pinnacle's cloud-kissing spire
With giddy eyes to view the steep descent;
But to acknowledge me, a certain ruin.
O, sir!
Malef. Speak, Theocrine, force me not
To further question; my fears already
Have choked my vital spirits.
Theoc. Pray you turn away
Your face and hear me, and with my last breath
Give me leave to accuse you: What offence,
From my first infancy, did I commit,
That for a punishment you should give up
My virgin chastity to the treacherous guard
Of goatish Montreville?
Malef. What hath he done?
Theoc. Abused me, sir, by violence; and this told,
I cannot live to speak more: may the cause
In you find pardon, but the speeding curse
Of a ravish'd maid fall heavy, heavy on him!
Beaufort, my lawful love, farewell for ever. [*Dies.*
Malef. Take not thy flight so soon, immaculate spirit!
'Tis fled already.—How the innocent,
As in a gentle slumber, pass away!

But to cut off the knotty thread of life
In guilty men, must force stern Atropos
To use her sharp knife often. I would help
The edge of her's with the sharp point of mine,
But that I dare not die, till I have rent
This dog's heart piecemeal. O, that I had wings
To scale these walls, or that my hands were cannons,
To bore their flinty sides! That I might bring
The villain in the reach of my good sword!
The Turkish empire offer'd for his ransome,
Should not redeem his life. O that my voice
Were loud as thunder, and with horrid sounds
Might force a dreadful passage to his ears,
And through them reach his soul! Libidinous monster!
Foul ravisher! as thou durst do a deed
Which forced the sun to hide his glorious face
Behind a sable mask of clouds, appear,
And as a man defend it; or, like me,
Shew some compunction for it.

Enter MONTREVILLE *on the Walls above.*

Montr. Ha, ha, ha!
Malef. Is this an object to raise mirth?
Montr. Yes, yes.
Malef. My daughter's dead.
Montr. Thou hadst best follow her;
Or if thou art the thing thou art reported,
Thou shouldst have led the way. Do tear thy hair,
Like a village nurse, and mourn, while I laugh at thee.
Be but a just examiner of thyself,
And in an equal balance poize the nothing,
Or little mischief I have done, compared

With the pond'rous weight of thine: and how canst thou
Accuse or argue with me? mine was a rape,
And she being in a kind contracted to me,
The fact may challenge some qualification:
But thy intent made nature's self run backward,
And done, had caused an earthquake.

Enter Soldiers *above.*

1 *Sold.* Captain!
Montr. Ha!
2 *Sold.* Our outworks are surprised, the centinel slain,
The corps de guard defeated too.
Montr. By whom?
1 *Sold.* The sudden storm and darkness of the night
Forbids the knowledge; make up speedily,
Or all is lost. [*Exeunt.*
Montr. In the devil's name, whence comes this? [*Exit.*
[*A storm; with thunder and lightning.*
Malef. Do, do rage on! rend open, Æolus,
Thy brazen prison, and let loose at once
Thy stormy issue! Blustering Boreas,
Aided with all the gales the pilot numbers
Upon his compass, cannot raise a tempest
Through the vast region of the air, like that
I feel within me: for I am possess'd
With whirlwinds, and each guilty thought to me is
A dreadful hurricano.[5] Though this centre

[5] '*A dreadful* hurricano.] So the old copy, and rightly: the modern editors prefer *hurricane*, a simple improvement, which merely destroys the metre! How they contrived to read the line, thus printed, I cannot conceive. With respect to *hurricane*, I doubt whether it was much in use in Massinger's time; he

Labour to bring forth earthquakes, and hell open
Her wide-stretch'd jaws, and let out all her furies,
They cannot add an atom to the mountain
Of fears and terrours that each minute threaten
To fall on my accursed head.

Enter the Ghost of young MALEFORT, *naked from the waist, full of wounds, leading in the Shadow of a Lady, her face leprous.*

Ha! is't fancy?
Or hath hell heard me, and makes proof if I
Dare stand the trial? Yes, I do; and now
I view these apparitions, I feel.
I once did know the substances. For what come you?
Are your aerial forms deprived of language,
And so denied to tell me, that by signs
[*The Ghosts use several gestures.*
You bid me ask here of myself?[6] 'Tis so:
And there is something here makes answer for you.
You come to lance my sear'd-up conscience; yes,
And to instruct me, that those thunderbolts,
That hurl'd me headlong from the height of glory,
Wealth, honours, worldly happiness, were forged
Upon the anvil of my impious wrongs
And cruelty to you! I do confess it;
And that my lust compelling me to make way
For a second wife, I poison'd thee; and that

and his contemporaries almost invariably write *hurricano*, just as they received it from the Portuguese narrators of voyages, &c.

[6] *You bid me ask* here *of myself?*] Δειχτικως, pointing to his breast.

The cause (which to the world is undiscover'd)
That forced thee to shake off thy filial duty
To me, thy father, had its spring and source
From thy impatience, to know thy mother,
That with all duty and obedience served me,
(For now with horrour I acknowledge it,)
Removed unjustly: yet, thou being my son,
Wert not a competent judge mark'd out by heaven
For her revenger, which thy falling by
My weaker hand confirm'd.—[*Answered still by signs.*]—'Tis granted by thee.
Can any penance expiate my guilt,
Or can repentance save me?—
[*The Ghosts disappear.*
They are vanish'd!
What's left to do then? I'll accuse my fate,
That did not fashion me for nobler uses:
For if those stars, cross to me in my birth,
Had not denied their prosperous influence to it,
With peace of conscience, like to innocent men,
I might have ceased to be, and not as now,
To curse my cause of being——
[*He is kill'd with a flash of lightning.*

Enter BELGARDE, *with* Soldiers.

Belg. Here's a night
To season my silks! Buff-jerkin, now I miss thee:
Thou hast endured many foul nights, but never
One like to this. How fine my feather looks now!
Just like a capon's tail stol'n out of the pen,
And hid in the sink; and yet 'thad been dishonour
To have charged without it.—Wilt thou never cease?[7]

[7] *Wilt thou never cease?*] This short apostrophe is addressed to the storm.

Is the petard, as I gave directions, fasten'd
On the portcullis?
1 *Sold.* It hath been attempted
By divers, but in vain.
Belg. These are your gallants,
That at a feast take the first place, poor I
Hardly allow'd to follow; marry, in
These foolish businesses they are content
That I shall have precedence: I much thank
Their manners, or their fear. Second me, soldiers;
They have had no time to undermine, or if
They have, it is but blowing up, and fetching
A caper or two in the air; and I will do it,
Rather than blow my nails here.
2 *Sold.* O brave captain! [*Exeunt.*

An Alarum; noise and cries within. After a flourish, enter BEAUFORT *senior*, BEAUFORT *junior*, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, LANOUR, BELGARDE, *and* Soldiers *with* MONTREVILLE.

Montr. Racks cannot force more from me than I have
Already told you: I expect no favour;
I have cast up my accompt.
Beauf. sen. Take you the charge
Of the fort, Belgarde; your dangers have deserved it.
Belg. I thank your excellence; this will keep me safe yet
From being pull'd by the sleeve, and bid remember
The thing I wot of.
Beauf. jun. All that have eyes to weep,
Spare one tear with me. Theocrine's dead.
Mont. Her father too lies breathless here, I think
Struck dead with thunder.

Cham. 'Tis apparent: how
His carcass smells!
Lan. His face is alter'd to
Another colour.
Beauf. jun. But here's one retains
Her native innocence, that never yet
Call'd down heaven's anger.
Beauf. sen. 'Tis in vain to mourn
For what's past help. We will refer, bad man,
Your sentence to the king. May we make use of
This great example, and learn from it, that
There cannot be a want of power above,
To punish murder, and unlawful love!
[*Exeunt.*

[8] This Play opens with considerable interest and vigour; but the principal action is quickly exhausted by its own briskness. The *Unnatural Combat* ends early in the second act, and leaves the reader at a loss what further to expect. The remaining part, at least from the beginning of the fourth act, might be called the *Unnatural Attachment*. Yet the two subjects are not without connexion; and this is afforded chiefly by the projected marriage of young Beaufort and Theocrine, which Malefort urges as the consequence of his victory.

The piece is therefore to be considered not so much in its plot, as in its characters; and these are drawn with great force, and admirable discrimination. The pity felt at first for old Malefort, is soon changed into horrour and detestation; while the dread inspired by the son is somewhat relieved by the suspicion that he avenges the cause of a murdered mother. Their parley is as terrible as their combat; and they encounter with a fury of passion and a deadliness of hatred approaching to savage nature.—Claudian will almost describe them:—

Torrus aper, fulvusque leo coiere superbis
Viribus; hic setâ sævior, ille jubâ.

On the other hand, Montreville artfully conceals his enmity till he can be "at the height revenged." Deprived of Theocrine by Malefort's treachery, he yet appears his "bosom friend," offers to be his second in the combat, on account of their tried affection "from his infancy," and seems even to recommend the marriage of Theocrine with his rival. To Theocrine herself, who can less comprehend his designs, he shews some glimpses of

spleen from the beginning. He takes a malignant pleasure in wounding her delicacy with light and vicious talking; and when at length he has possession of her person, and is preparing the dishonour which ends in her death, he talks to her of his villainous purpose with a coolness which shews him determined on his revenge, and secure of its accomplishment.

Theocrine herself is admirable throughout the piece. She has a true virgin modesty, and, perhaps, one of the best marks of modesty, a true virgin frankness. We admire her fearless purity of thought, her filial reverence, and her unconsciousness of the iniquity that approaches her; and we are filled with the most tender concern for the indignities to which she is exposed, and the fate which she suffers.

Among the lighter characters, Montaigne, Chamont, and Lanour are well drawn. They are some of those insignificant people who endeavour to support themselves in society by a ready subjection to the will of others. When Malefort is on his trial, they are glad to be his accusers; and it is allowed that they "push him hard." After his victory, they are most eager to profess themselves his friends and admirers. When he is in his moody humour, they sooth him, that being the "safest course;" * and when Beaufort at length takes up the neglected Belgarde, they are the first to lavish their money upon him.

Dr. IRELAND.

* This consistency in their insipid characters would of itself determine to whom these words belong, if the editor had not given them to Chamont on other accounts. See p. 179.

THE

DUKE OF MILAN.

THE DUKE OF MILAN.] Of this Tragedy there are two editions in quarto; the first, which is very correct, and now very rare, bears date 1623; the other, of little value, 1638. It does not appear in the Office-book of the licenser; from which, and its being without prologue or epilogue, we may be certain that it was among the author's earliest performances.

The plot, as the editor of the *Companion to the Play House* observes, is founded on Guicciardini, Lib. viii. It should be added, however, that by this expression nothing more must be understood than that a leading circumstance or two is taken from the historian. There was certainly a struggle in Italy between the emperor and the king of France, in which the duke of Milan sided with the latter, who was defeated and taken prisoner at the fatal battle of Pavia. The rest the poet has supplied, as suited his design. Charles was not in Italy when this victory was gained by his generals; and the final restoration of the Milanese to Sforza took place at a period long subsequent to that event. The duke is named Ludovico in the list of dramatis personæ; and it is observable that Massinger, either from oversight or design, has entered with great accuracy into the vigorous and active character of that prince: he, however, had long been dead, and Francis Sforza, the real agent in this play, was little capable of the spirited part here allotted to him. The Italian writers term him a weak and irresolute prince, the sport of fortune, and the victim of indecision.

The remaining part of the plot is from Josephus's *History of the Jews*, lib. xv. ch. 4; an interesting story, which has been told in many languages, and more than once in our own. The last piece on the subject was, I believe, the *Mariamne* of Fenton, which, though infinitely inferiour to the *Duke of Milan*, was, as I have heard, very well received.

That Fenton had read Massinger before he wrote his tragedy, is certain from internal evidence; there are not, however, many marks of similarity: on the whole, the former is as cold, uninteresting, and improbable, as the latter is ardent, natural, and affecting. Massinger has but two deaths; while, in Fenton, six out of eleven personages perish, with nearly as much rapidity, and as little necessity, as the heroes of *Tom Thumb* or *Chrononhotonthologos*.

It is said, in the title-page, to have "been often acted by his Majesty's Servants at the Black Friars." Either through ignorance or disingenuity, Coxeter and M. Mason represent it as frequently performed in 1623, giving, as in every other instance, the time of publication for that of its appearance on the stage.

TO

The Right Honourable, and much esteemed for her high birth, but more admired for her virtue,

THE LADY KATHERINE STANHOPE,

WIFE TO PHILIP LORD STANHOPE,

BARON OF SHELFORD.

MADAM,

IF I were not most assured that works of this nature have found both patronage and protection amongst the greatest princesses of Italy, and are at this day cherished by persons most eminent in our kingdom, I should not presume to offer these my weak and imperfect labours at the altar of your favour. Let the example of others, more knowing, and more experienced in this kindness (if my boldness offend) plead my pardon, and the rather, since there is no other means left me (my misfortunes having cast me on this course) to publish to the world (if it hold the least good opinion of me) that I am ever your ladyship's creature. Vouchsafe, therefore, with the never-failing clemency of your noble disposition, not to contemn the tender of his duty, who, while he is, will ever be*

An humble Servant to your

Ladyship, and yours.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

* *Princesses*] So the quarto 1623. That of 1638 exhibits *princes*, which Coxeter, and consequently M. Mason, follows.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ludovico Sforza, *duke of* Milan.
Francisco, *his especial favourite.*
Tiberio, Stephano, } *lords of his council.*
Graccho, *a creature of* Mariana.
Julio, Giovanni, } *courtiers.*
Charles *the emperor.*
Pescara, *an imperialist, but a friend to* Sforza.
Hernando, Medina, Alphonso, } *captains to the emperor.*
Three Gentlemen.
An Officer.
Two Doctors. *Two Couriers.*

Marcelia, *the dutchess, wife to* Sforza.
Isabella, *mother to* Sforza.
Mariana, *wife to* Francisco, *and sister to* Sforza.
Eugenia, *sister to* Francisco.
A Gentlewoman.

A Guard, Servants, Fiddlers, Attendants.

SCENE, for the first and second acts, in Milan; *during part of the third, in the* Imperial Camp *near* Pavia; *the rest of the play, in* Milan, *and its neighbourhood.*

THE

DUKE OF MILAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Milan. *An outer Room in the Castle.*[1]

Enter GRACCHO, JULIO, *and* GIOVANNI,[2] *with Flaggons.*

Grac. Take every man his flaggon: give the oath
To all you meet; I am this day the state-drunkard,
I'm sure against my will; and if you find
A man at ten that's sober, he's a traitor,
And, in my name, arrest him.

[1] Milan. *An outer Room in the Castle.*] The old copies have no distinction of scenery; indeed, they could have none with their miserable platform and raised gallery, but what was furnished by a board with *Milan* or *Rhodes* painted upon it. I have ventured to supply it, in conformity to the modern mode of printing Shakspeare, and to consult the ease of the general reader. I know not what pricked forward Coxeter, but he thought proper (for the first time) to be precise in this Play, and specify the place of action. I can neither compliment him upon his judgment, nor Mr. M. Mason upon his good sense in following him: the description here is, "*Scene, a public Palace in* Pisa," Pisa! a place which is not once mentioned, nor even hinted at, in the whole play.

[2] JULIO, *and* GIOVANNI,] These are not found among the old dramatis personæ, nor are they of much importance. In a subsequent scene, where they make their appearance as *1st* and *2nd Gentlemen*, I have taken the liberty to name them again. *Jovio*, which stood in this scene, appears to be a misprint for *Julio*.

Jul. Very good, sir:
But, say he be a sexton?
Grac. If the bells
Ring out of tune,[3] as if the street were burning,
And he cry, 'Tis rare musick; bid him sleep:
'Tis a sign he has ta'en his liquor; and if you meet
An officer preaching of sobriety,
Unless he read it in Geneva print,[4]
Lay him by the heels.
Jul. But think you 'tis a fault
To be found sober?
Grac. It is capital treason;
Or, if you mitigate it, let such pay
Forty crowns to the poor: but give a pension
To all the magistrates you find singing catches,
Or their wives dancing; for the courtiers reeling,
And the duke himself, I dare not say distemper'd,[5]
But kind, and in his tottering chair carousing,
They do the country service. If you meet
One that eats bread, a child of ignorance,

[3] Grac. *If the bells*
Ring out of tune, &c.] i. e. backward: the usual signal of alarm, on the breaking out of fires. So in *the Captain*:
" ———certainly, my body
" Is all a wildfire, for my head *rings backward.*"
Again: in *the City Match*:
" ———Then, sir, in time
" You may be remember'd at the quenching of
" Fired houses, when the bells *ring backward*, by
" Your name upon the buckets."

[4] *Unless he read it in* Geneva *print*,] Alluding to the spirituous liquor so called. M. Mason.

[5] ———*I dare not say* distemper'd,] i. e. intoxicated: so the word is frequently used by our old writers. Thus Shirley:
" *Clear.* My lord, he's gone.
" *Lod.* How?
" *Clear. Distemper'd.*
" *Lod.* Not with wine?" *The Grateful Servant.*
It occurs also in *Hamlet.*

And bred up in the darkness of no drinking,
Against his will you may initiate him
In the true posture; though he die in the taking
His drench, it skills not:[6] what's a private man,
For the publick honour? We've nought else to think on.
And so, dear friends, copartners in my travails,
Drink hard; and let the health run through the city,
Until it reel again, and with me cry,
Long live the dutchess!

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Jul. Here are two lords;—what think you?
Shall we give the oath to them?
Grac. Fie! no: I know them,
You need not swear them; your lord, by his patent,
Stands bound to take his rouse.[7] Long live the dutchess! [*Exeunt Grac. Jul. and Gio.*
Steph. The cause of this? but yesterday the court
Wore the sad livery of distrust and fear;
No smile, not in a buffoon to be seen,
Or common jester: the great duke himself
Had sorrow in his face; which, waited on
By his mother, sister, and his fairest dutchess,
Dispersed a silent mourning through all Milan;

[6] ——*though he die in the taking*
His drench, it skills not: &c.] It matters or signifies not. So in *the Gamester:*
"*Neph.* I desire no man's privilege: it *skills not* whether "I be kin to any man living."

[7] ——*your lord, by his patent,*
Stands bound to take his rouse.] This word has never been properly explained. It occurs in *Hamlet*, where it is said by Steevens, as well as Johnson, to mean a quantity of liquor rather too large: the latter derives it from *rusch*, half drunk, Germ. while he brings *carouse* from *gar ausz*, all out! *Rouse* and *carouse*, however,

As if some great blow had been given the state,
Or were at least expected.

like *vye* and *revye*, are but the reciprocation of the same action, and must therefore be derived from the same source. A *rouse* was a large glass (" not past a pint," as Iago says) in which a health was given, the drinking of which by the rest of the company formed a *carouse*. Barnaby Rich is exceedingly angry with the inventor of this custom, which, however, with a laudable zeal for the honour of his country, he attributes to an Englishman, who, it seems, " had his brains beat out with a pottlepot" for his ingenuity. " In former ages," says he, " they had no conceit whereby to draw on drunkenesse," (Barnaby was no great historian,) " their best was, I drinke to you, and I pledge you, till at length some shallow-witted drunkard found out the *carouse*," an invention of that worth and worthinesse as it is pitie the first founder was not hanged, that we might have found out his name in the antient record of the hangman's register." *English Hue and Cry*, 1617, p. 24. It is necessary to add, that there could be no *rouse* or *carouse*, unless the glasses were emptied: " The leader," continues honest Barnaby, " soupes up his broath, turnes the bottom of the cuppe upward, and in ostentation of his dexteritie, gives it a phylip, to make it cry *tynge*" ! *id.*

In process of time, both these words were used in a laxer sense; but I believe that what is here advanced, will serve to explain many passages of our old dramatists, in which they occur in their primal and appropriate signification :

" *Nor.* I've ta'en, since supper,
" A *rouse* or *two* too much, and by the gods
" It warms my blood." *Knight of Malta.*

This proves that Johnson and Steevens are wrong: a *rouse* has here a fixed and determinate sense. In the colloquial language of the present day it would be, a bumper or two too much. *Again:*

" *Duke.* Come, bring some wine. Here's to my sister, gentlemen,
" A *health*, and mirth to all!
" *Archas.* Pray *fill it full, sir;*
" 'Tis a high *health* to virtue. Here, lord Burris,
" A maiden health!——
" *Duke.* Go to, no more of this.
" *Archas.* Take the *rouse* freely, sir,
" 'Twill warm your blood, and make you fit for jollity."
The Loyal Subject.

Tib. Stephano,
I know as you are noble, you are honest,
And capable of secrets of more weight
Than now I shall deliver. If that Sforza,
The present duke, (though his whole life hath been
But one continued pilgrimage through dangers,
Affrights, and horrours, which his fortune, guided
By his strong judgment, still hath overcome,)
Appears now shaken, it deserves no wonder:
All that his youth hath labour'd for, the harvest
Sown by his industry ready to be reap'd too,
Being now at stake; and all his hopes confirm'd,
Or lost for ever.

Steph. I know no such hazard:
His guards are strong and sure, his coffers full;
The people well affected; and so wisely
His provident care hath wrought, that though war rages
In most parts of our western world, there is
No enemy near us.

Tib. Dangers, that we see
To threaten ruin, are with ease prevented;
But those strike deadly, that come unexpected:
The lightning is far off, yet, soon as seen,
We may behold the terrible effects
That it produceth. But I'll help your knowledge,
And make his cause of fear familiar to you.
The wars so long continued between
The emperor Charles, and Francis the French king,
Have interess'd, in either's cause, the most
Of the Italian princes;[8] among which, Sforza,

[8] *Have* interess'd *in either's cause the most*
Of the Italian princes; &c.] So the old copies. The modern editors, much to the advantage of the rhythm, read:
"*Have* interested *in either's cause, the most* &c.
Probably they were ignorant of the existence of such a word

As one of greatest power, was sought by both;
But with assurance, having one his friend,
The other lived his enemy.
Steph. 'Tis true:
And 'twas a doubtful choice.
Tib. But he, well knowing,
And hating too, it seems, the Spanish pride,
Lent his assistance to the king of France:
Which hath so far incensed the emperor,
That all his hopes and honours are embark'd
With his great patron's fortune.
Steph. Which stands fair,
For aught I yet can hear.
Tib. But should it change,
The duke's undone. They have drawn to the field
Two royal armies, full of fiery youth;
Of equal spirit to dare, and power to do:
So near intrench'd,[9] that 'tis beyond all hope
Of human counsel they can e'er be severed,
Until it be determined by the sword,
Who hath the better cause: for the success,
Concludes the victor innocent, and the vanquish'd
Most miserably guilty. How uncertain
The fortune of the war is, children know;
And, it being in suspense, on whose fair tent
Wing'd Victory will make her glorious stand,

as *interess*, which occurs, however, pretty frequently in our old writers. Johnson considers it as synonymous with *interest*, but in some of the examples which he gives, and in many others which I could produce, it seems to convey an idea of a more intimate connexion than is usually understood by that term; somewhat, for instance, like implicate, involve, inweave, &c. in which case, it must be derived from *intreccio*, through the medium of the French.

9 *So near intrench'd*, &c.] The French army was at this time engaged in the siege of Pavia, under the walls of which the decisive battle was fought, on the 24th of February, 1525.

You cannot blame the duke, though he appear
Perplex'd and troubled.
Steph. But why, then,
In such a time, when every knee should bend
For the success and safety of his person,
Are these loud triumphs? in my weak opinion,
They are unseasonable.
Tib. I judge so too;
But only in the cause to be excused.
It is the dutchess' birthday, once a year
Solemnized with all pomp and ceremony;
In which the duke is not his own, but hers:
Nay, every day, indeed, he is her creature,
For never man so doated;—but to tell
The tenth part of his fondness to a stranger,
Would argue me of fiction.
Steph. She's, indeed,
A lady of most exquisite form.
Tib. She knows it,
And how to prize it.
Steph. I ne'er heard her tainted
In any point of honour.
Tib. On my life,
She's constant to his bed, and well deserves
His largest favours. But, when beauty is
Stamp'd on great women, great in birth and fortune,
And blown by flatterers greater than it is,
'Tis seldom unaccompanied with pride;
Nor is she that way free: presuming on
The duke's affection, and her own desert,
She bears herself with such a majesty,
Looking with scorn on all as things beneath her,
That Sforza's mother, that would lose no part
Of what was once her own, nor his fair sister,
A lady too acquainted with her worth,
Will brook it well; and howsoe'er their hate

Is smother'd for a time, 'tis more than fear'd
It will at length break out.
Steph. He in whose power it is,
Turn all to the best!
Tib. Come, let us to the court;
We there shall see all bravery and cost,
That art can boast of.
Steph. I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter FRANCISCO, ISABELLA, *and* MARIANA.

Mari. I will not go; I scorn to be a spot
In her proud train.
Isab. Shall I, that am his mother,
Be so indulgent, as to wait on her
That owes me duty?
Fran. 'Tis done to the duke,
And not to her: and, my sweet wife, remember,
And, madam, if you please, receive my counsel,
As Sforza is your son, you may command him;
And, as a sister, you may challenge from him
A brother's love and favour: but, this granted,
Consider he's the prince, and you his subjects,
And not to question or contend with her
Whom he is pleased to honour. Private men
Prefer their wives; and shall he, being a prince,
And blest with one that is the paradise
Of sweetness, and of beauty, to whose charge
The stock of women's goodness is given up,
Not use her like herself?
Isab. You are ever forward
To sing her praises.

Mari. Others are as fair;
I am sure, as noble.
Fran. I detract from none,
In giving her what's due. Were she deform'd,
Yet being the dutchess, I stand bound to serve her;
But, as she is, to admire her. Never wife
Met with a purer heat her husband's fervour;
A happy pair, one in the other blest!
She confident in herself he's wholly her's,
And cannot seek for change; and he secure
That 'tis not in the power of man to tempt her.
And therefore to contest with her, that is
The stronger and the better part of him,
Is more than folly: you know him of a nature
Not to be play'd with; and, should you forget
To obey him as your prince, he'll not remember
The duty that he owes you.
Isab. 'Tis but truth:
Come, clear our brows, and let us to the banquet;
But not to serve his idol.
Mari. I shall do
What may become the sister of a prince;
But will not stoop beneath it.
Fran. Yet, be wise;
Soar not too high to fall; but stoop to rise.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A State Room in the same.

Enter three Gentlemen, *setting forth a banquet.*

1 *Gent.* Quick, quick, for love's sake! let the court put on
Her choicest outside: cost and bravery
Be only thought of.

2 *Gent.* All that may be had
To please the eye, the ear, taste, touch, or smell,
Are carefully provided.
3 *Gent.* There's a mask:
Have you heard what's the invention?
1 *Gent.* No matter:
It is intended for the dutchess' honour;
And if it give her glorious attributes,
As the most fair, most virtuous, and the rest,
'Twill please the duke. They come.
3 *Gent.* All is in order.

Enter TIBERIO, STEPHANO, FRANCISCO, SFORZA, MARCELIA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, *and Attendants.*

Sfor. You are the mistress of the feast—sit here,
O my soul's comfort! and when Sforza bows
Thus low to do you honour, let none think
The meanest service they can pay my love,
But as a fair addition to those titles
They stand possest of. Let me glory in
My happiness, and mighty kings look pale
With envy, while I triumph in mine own.
O mother, look on her! sister, admire her!
And, since this present age yields not a woman
Worthy to be her second, borrow of
Times past, and let imagination help,
Of those canonized ladies Sparta boasts of,
And, in her greatness, Rome was proud to owe,
To fashion, and yet still you must confess,
The phœnix of perfection ne'er was seen,
But in my fair Marcelia.
Fran. She's, indeed,
The wonder of all times.
Tib. Your excellence,

Though I confess, you give her but her own,
Forces[1] her modesty to the defence
Of a sweet blush.
Sfor. It need not, my Marcelia;
When most I strive to praise thee, I appear
A poor detractor: for thou art, indeed,
So absolute[2] in body and in mind,
That, but to speak the least part to the height,
Would ask an angel's tongue, and yet then end
In silent admiration!
Isab. You still court her,
As if she were a mistress, not your wife.
Sfor. A mistress, mother! She is more to me,
And every day deserves more to be sued to.
Such as are cloy'd with those they have embraced,
May think their wooing done: no night to me
But is a bridal one, where Hymen lights
His torches fresh and new; and those delights,
Which are not to be clothed in airy sounds,
Enjoy'd, beget desires as full of heat
And jovial fervour, as when first I tasted
Her virgin fruit.—Blest night! and be it number'd
Amongst those happy ones, in which a blessing
Was, by the full consent of all the stars,
Conferr'd upon mankind.
Marc. My worthiest lord!
The only object I behold with pleasure,—
My pride, my glory, in a word, my all!

[1] Forces *her modesty*] So the edition 1623, which Coxeter does not appear to have often consulted. He reads, after that of 1638, *enforces*, though it destroys the metre. Mr. M. Mason, of course, follows him.

[2] *So* absolute *in body and in mind*,] For this spirited reading, which is that of the first edition, the second has, *So* perfect both *in body and in mind*, and thus it stands in Coxeter and M. Mason!

Bear witness, heaven, that I esteem myself
In nothing worthy of the meanest praise
You can bestow, unless it be in this,
That in my heart I love and honour you.
And, but that it would smell of arrogance,
To speak my strong desire and zeal to serve yo
I then could say, these eyes yet never saw
The rising sun, but that my vows and prayers
Were sent to heaven for the prosperity
And safety of my lord: nor have I ever
Had other study, but how to appear
Worthy your favour; and that my embraces
Might yield a fruitful harvest of content
For all your noble travail, in the purchase
Of her that's still your servant; by these lips,
Which, pardon me, that I presume to kiss——
Sfor. O swear, for ever swear![3]
Marc. I ne'er will seek
Delight but in your pleasure; and desire,
When you are sated with all earthly glories,
And age and honours make you fit for heaven,
That one grave may receive us.
Sfor. 'Tis believed,
Believed, my blest one.
Mari. How she winds herself
Into his soul!
O. *Sfor.* Sit all.—Let others feed
Imm[illegible]hose gross cates, while Sforza banquets wi
I coulortal viands ta'en in at his eyes.
To sing alive ever thus. Command the eunuch
[illegible]he ditty that I last composed,

Enter a Courier.

In praise of my
Marcelia.——From whence?

[3] Sfor. *O* swear, *for*
first quarto; *the second* [illegible] *ever swear!*] This is the lection of
and is followed by Coxeter poorly reads, *O* sweet, *for ever swe*
r and M. Mason.

Cour. From Pavia, my dread lord.
Sfor. Speak, is all lost?
Cour. [*Delivers a letter.*] The letter will inform you. [*Exit.*
Fran. How his hand shakes,
As he receives it!
Mari. This is some allay
To his hot passion.
Sfor. Though it bring death, I'll read it:

May it please your excellence to understand, that the very hour I wrote this, I heard a bold defiance delivered by a herald from the emperor, which was cheerfully received by the king of France. The battailes being ready to join, and the vanguard committed to my charge, enforces me to end abruptly.
Your highness's servant,
GASPERO.

Ready to join!—By this, then, I am nothing,
Or my estate secure.
Marc. My lord.
Sfor. To doubt,
Is worse than to have lost; and to despair,
Is but to antedate those miseries
That must fall on us; all my hopes depending
Upon this battle's fortune. In my soul,
Methinks, there should be that imperious power,
By supernatural, not usual means,
T' inform me what I am. The cause consider'd,
Why should I fear? The French are bold and strong,
Their numbers full, and in their co[illegible]ls wise;
But then, the haughty Spaniard is all fire,
Hot in his executions; fortunate
In his attempts; married to victory:—
Ay, there it is that shakes me.
Fran. Excellent lady,

This day was dedicated to your honour;
One gale of your sweet breath will easily
Disperse these clouds; and, but yourself, there's none
That dare speak to him.
Marc. I will run the hazard.
My lord!
Sfor. Ha!—pardon me, Marcelia, I am troubled;
And stand uncertain, whether I am master
Of aught that's worth the owning.
Marc. I am yours, sir;
And I have heard you swear, I being safe,
There was no loss could move you. This day, sir,
Is by your gift made mine. Can you revoke
A grant made to Marcelia? your Marcelia?—
For whose love, nay, whose honour, gentle sir,
All deep designs, and state-affairs deferr'd,
Be, as you purposed, merry.
Sfor. Out of my sight! [*Throws away the letter.*
And all thoughts that may strangle mirth forsake me.
Fall what can fall, I dare the worst of fate:
Though the foundation of the earth should shrink,
The glorious eye of heaven lose his splendour,
Supported thus, I'll stand upon the ruins,
And seek for new life here. Why are you sad?
No other sports! by heaven, he's not my friend,
That wears one furrow in his face. I was told
There was a mask.
Fran. They wait your highness' pleasure,
And when you please to have it.
Sfor. Bid them enter:
Come, make me happy once again. I am rapt—
'Tis not to day, to morrow, or the next,

But all my days, and years, shall be employ'd
To do thee honour.
Marc. And my life to serve you.
[*A horn sounded.*
Sfor. Another post! Go hang him, hang him,
I say;
I will not interrupt my present pleasures,
Although his message should import my head:
Hang him, I say.
Marc. Nay, good sir, I am pleased
To grant a little intermission to you;
Who knows but he brings news we wish to hear,
To heighten our delights.
Sfor. As wise as fair!

Enter another Courier.

From Gaspero?
Cour. That was, my lord.
Sfor. How! dead?
Cour. [*Delivers a letter.*] With the delivery of
this, and prayers,
To guard your excellency from certain dangers,
He ceased to be a man. [*Exit.*
Sfor. All that my fears
Could fashion to me, or my enemies wish,
Is fallen upon me. Silence that harsh musick;
'Tis now unseasonable: a tolling bell,
As a sad harbinger to tell me, that
This pamper'd lump of flesh must feast the
worms,
Is fitter for me:—I am sick.
Marc. My lord!
Sfor. Sick to the death,[4] Marcelia. Remove

[4] *Sick to* the *death,*] The modern editors omit the article, no less to the injury of the metre than of the language of the poet, which was, indeed, that of the time.

These signs of mirth; they were ominous, and but usher'd
Sorrow and ruin.
Marc. Bless us, heaven!
Isab. My son.
Marc. What sudden change is this?
Sfor. All leave the room;
I'll bear alone the burden of my grief,
And must admit no partner. I am yet
Your prince, where's your obedience? Stay, Marcelia;
I cannot be so greedy of a sorrow,
In which you must not share.
[*Exeunt Tiberio, Stephano, Francisco, Isabella, Mariana, and Attendants.*
Marc. And cheerfully
I will sustain my part. Why look you pale?
Where is that wonted constancy, and courage,
That dared the worst of fortune? where is Sforza,
To whom all dangers, that fright common men,
Appear'd but panick terrours? why do you eye me
With such fix'd looks? love, counsel, duty, service,
May flow from me, not danger.
Sfor. O, Marcelia!
It is for thee I fear; for thee, thy Sforza
Shakes like a coward; for myself, unmoved
I could have heard my troops were cut in pieces,
My general slain, and he, on whom my hopes
Of rule, of state, of life, had their dependence,
The king of France, my greatest friend, made prisoner
To so proud enemies.
Marc. Then you have just cause
To shew you are a man.
Sfor. All this were nothing,

Though I add to it, that I am assured,
For giving aid to this unfortunate king,
The emperor, incens'd, lays his command
On his victorious army, flesh'd with spoil,
And bold of conquest, to march up against me,
And seize on my estates: suppose that done too,
The city ta'en, the kennels running blood,
The ransack'd temples falling on their saints;
My mother, in my sight, toss'd on their pikes,
And sister ravish'd; and myself bound fast
In chains, to grace their triumph; or what else
An enemy's insolence could load me with,
I would be Sforza still. But, when I think
That my Marcelia, to whom all these
Are but as atoms to the greatest hill,
Must suffer in my cause, and for me suffer!
All earthly torments, nay, even those the damn'd
Howl for in hell, are gentle strokes, compared
To what I feel, Marcelia.

Marc. Good sir, have patience:
I can as well partake your adverse fortune,
As I thus long have had an ample share
In your prosperity. 'Tis not in the power
Of fate to alter me; for while I am,
In spite of it, I'm yours.

Sfor. But should that will
To be so, be forced,[5] Marcelia; and I live
To see those eyes I prize above my own,
Dart favours, though compell'd, upon another;
Or those sweet lips, yielding immortal nectar,
Be gently touch'd by any but myself;

[5] *But* should *that will*
To be so, be *forced*,] I have ventured to insert *be*, which was probably dropt at the press, before *forced*. In the preceding line, Coxeter and M. Mason read, But *were* that will, &c. which cannot be right; both the old quarto's have *should*, as it stands here.

Think, think, Marcelia, what a cursed thing
I were, beyond expression!
Marc. Do not feed
Those jealous thoughts; the only blessing that
Heaven hath bestow'd on us, more than on beasts,
Is, that 'tis in our pleasure when to die.
Besides, were I now in another's power,
There are so many ways to let out life,
I would not live, for one short minute, his;
I was born only yours, and I will die so.
Sfor. Angels reward the goodness of this woman!

Enter FRANCISCO.

All I can pay is nothing.—Why, uncall'd for?
Fran. It is of weight, sir, that makes me thus press
Upon your privacies. Your constant friend,
The marquis of Pescara, tired with haste,
Hath business that concerns your life and fortunes,
And with speed, to impart.
Sfor. Wait on him hither: [*Exit Francisco.*
And, dearest, to thy closet. Let thy prayers
Assist my councils.
Marc. To spare imprecations
Against myself, without you I am nothing. [*Exit.*
Sfor. The marquis of Pescara! a great soldier;[6]
And, though he serv'd upon the adverse party,
Ever my constant friend.

[6] Sfor. *The marquis of Pescara! a* great soldier;] The duke does not exaggerate the merits of Pescara: he was, indeed, a *great soldier*, a fortunate commander, an able negociator, in a word, one of the greatest ornaments of a period which abounded in extraordinary characters.

Enter FRANCISCO *and* PESCARA.

Fran. Yonder he walks,
Full of sad thoughts.
Pesc. Blame him not, good Francisco,
He hath much cause to grieve; would I might
end so,
And not add this,—to fear.
Sfor. My dear Pescara;
A miracle in these times! a friend, and happy,
Cleaves to a falling fortune!
Pesc. If it were
As well in my weak power, in act, to raise it,
As 'tis to bear a part of sorrow with you,
You then should have just cause to say, Pescara
Look'd not upon your state, but on your virtues,
When he made suit to be writ in the list
Of those you favour'd.——But my haste forbids
All compliment; thus, then, sir, to the purpose:
The cause that, unattended, brought me hither,
Was not to tell you of your loss, or danger;
For fame hath many wings to bring ill tidings,
And I presume you've heard it; but to give you
Such friendly counsel, as, perhaps, may make
Your sad disaster less.
Sfor. You are all goodness;
And I give up myself to be disposed of,
As in your wisdom you think fit.
Pesc. Thus, then, sir:
To hope you can hold out against the emperor,
Were flattery in yourself,[7] to your undoing:
Therefore, the safest course that you can take,
Is, to give up yourself to his discretion,

[7] *Were* flattery *in yourself,*] So, both the quartos; the modern editors read, *Were* flattering *yourself.*

Before you be compell'd; for, rest assured,
A voluntary yielding may find grace,
And will admit defence, at least excuse:
But, should you linger doubtful, till his powers
Have seized your person and estates perforce,
You must expect extremes.
Sfor. I understand you;
And I will put your counsel into act,
And speedily. I only will take order
For some domestical affairs, that do
Concern me nearly, and with the next sun
Ride with you: in the mean time, my best friend,
Pray take your rest.
Pesc. Indeed, I have travell'd hard;
And will embrace your counsel. [*Exit.*
Sfor. With all care,
Attend my noble friend. Stay you, Francisco.
You see how things stand with me?
Fran. To my grief:
And if the loss of my poor life could be
A sacrifice to restore them as they were,
I willingly would lay it down.
Sfor. I think so;
For I have ever found you true and thankful,
Which makes me love the building I have raised
In your advancement; and repent no grace
I have conferr'd upon you. And, believe me,
Though now I should repeat my favours to you,
The titles I have given you, and the means
Suitable to your honours; that I thought you
Worthy my sister and my family,
And in my dukedom made you next myself;
It is not to upbraid you; but to tell you
I find you are worthy of them, in your love
And service to me.

Fran. Sir, I am your creature;
And any shape, that you would have me wear,
I gladly will put on.
Sfor. Thus, then, Francisco:
I now am to deliver to your trust
A weighty secret; of so strange a nature,
And 'twill, I know, appear so monstrous to you,
That you will tremble in the execution,
As much as I am tortured to command it:
For 'tis a deed so horrid, that, but to hear it,
Would strike into a ruffian flesh'd in murders,
Or an obdurate hangman, soft compassion;
And yet, Francisco, of all men the dearest,
And from me most deserving, such my state
And strange condition is, that thou alone
Must know the fatal service, and perform it.
Fran. These preparations, sir, to work a stranger,
Or to one unacquainted with your bounties,
Might appear useful; but to me they are
Needless impertinencies: for I dare do
Whate'er you dare command.
Sfor. But you must swear it;
And put into the oath all joys or torments
That fright the wicked, or confirm the good;
Not to conceal it only, that is nohing,
But, whensoe'er my will shall speak, Strike now,
To fall upon't like thunder.
Fran. Minister
The oath in any way or form you please,
I stand resolved to take it.
Sfor. Thou must do, then,
What no malevolent star will dare to look on,
It is so wicked: for which men will curse thee
For being the instrument; and the blest angels
Forsake me at my need, for being the authour:
For 'tis a deed of night, of night, Francisco!

In which the memory of all good actions
We can pretend to, shall be buried quick:
Or, if we be remember'd, it shall be
To fright posterity by our example,
That have outgone all precedents of villains
That were before us; and such as succeed,
Though taught in hell's black school, shall ne'er come near us.
Art thou not shaken yet?
Fran. I grant you move me:
But to a man confirm'd——
Sfor. I'll try your temper:
What think you of my wife?
Fran. As a thing sacred;
To whose fair name and memory I pay gladly
These signs of duty.
Sfor. Is she not the abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman?
Fran. It were a kind of blasphemy to dispute it:
But to the purpose, sir.
Sfor. Add too, her goodness,
Her tenderness of me, her care to please me,
Her unsuspected chastity, ne'er equall'd;
Her innocence, her honour:—O, I am lost
In the ocean of her virtues and her graces,
When I think of them!
Fran. Now I find the end
Of all your conjurations; there's some service
To be done for this sweet lady. If she have enemies
That she would have removed——
Sfor. Alas! Francisco,
Her greatest enemy is her greatest lover;
Yet, in that hatred, her idolater.
One smile of her's would make a savage tame;
One accent of that tongue would calm the seas,

Though all the winds at once strove there for empire.
Yet I, for whom she thinks all this too little,
Should I miscarry in this present journey,
From whence it is all number to a cipher,
I ne'er return with honour, by thy hand
Must have her murder'd.

Fran. Murder'd!—She that loves so,
And so deserves to be beloved again!
And I, who sometimes you were pleased to favour,
Pick'd out the instrument!

Sfor. Do not fly off:
What is decreed can never be recall'd;
'Tis more than love to her, that marks her out
A wish'd companion to me in both fortunes:
And strong assurance of thy zealous faith,
That gives up to thy trust a secret, that
Racks should not have forced from me. O, Francisco!
There is no heaven without her; nor a hell,
Where she resides. I ask from her but justice,
And what I would have paid to her, had sickness,
Or any other accident, divorced
Her purer soul from his unspotted body.[8]
The slavish Indian princes, when they die,
Are cheerfully attended to the fire,
By the wife and slave that, living, they loved best,
To do them service in another world:
Nor will I be less honour'd, that love more.

[8] *Her purer soul from* his *unspotted body.*] This is the old reading, and should not have been changed. The modern editors, who are in a state of constant warfare with the language of the poet's time, read *her*, as if the pronoun related to Marcelia, but it must be referred to *soul*. With respect to *purer*, it is used in perfect concurrence with the practice of Massinger's contemporaries, for *pure*, the comparative for the positive. See the *Unnatural Combat*, p. 191.

And therefore trifle not, but in thy looks
Express a ready purpose to perform
What I command; or, by Marcelia's soul,
This is thy latest minute.
Fran. 'Tis not fear
Of death, but love to you, makes me embrace it;
But for mine own security, when 'tis done,
What warrant have I? If you please to sign one,
I shall, though with unwillingness and horrour,
Perform your dreadful charge.
Sfor. I will, Francisco:
But still remember, that a prince's secrets
Are balm, conceal'd; but poison, if discover'd.
I may come back; then this is but a trial
To purchase thee, if it were possible,
A nearer place in my affection:—but
I know thee honest.
Fran. 'Tis a character
I will not part with.
Sfor. I may live to reward it.[9] [*Exeunt.*

[9] The judicious observations which will be found in the Essay prefixed to this Volume, preclude the necessity of any remarks from me, on this admirable scene: as it seems, however, to have engrossed the criticks' attention, (to the manifest neglect of the rest,) let me suggest, in justice to the authour, that it is equalled, if not surpassed, by some of the succeeding ones, and, among the rest, by that which concludes the second act.

There is a striking similarity (as Mr. Gilchrist observes to me) between a passage in the duke's conference with his wife, p. 250, (where, indeed, the circumstance should have been mentioned,) and the parting speech of Hector and Andromache:

Αλλ' ϑ μοι Τρωων τοσσον μελει αλγεα οπισσω,
Οϐτ' αυϑις Εκαϐης, ετε Πριαμοιο ανακτος,
Ουτε κασιγνητων, οι κεν πολεες τε και εσϑλοι
Εν χθονι πιτνοιεν ὑπ' ανδρασι δυσμενεσσιν,
Οσσον σει, κ. τ. α. Il. vi. 450.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. An open Space before the Castle.

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Steph. How, left the court!
Tib. Without guard or retinue
Fitting a prince.
Steph. No enemy near, to force him
To leave his own strengths, yet deliver up
Himself, as 'twere, in bonds, to the discretion
Of him that hates him! 'tis beyond example.
You never heard the motives that induced him
To this strange course?
Tib. No, those are cabinet councils,
And not to be communicated, but
To such as are his own, and sure. Alas!
We fill up empty places, and in publick
Are taught to give our suffrages to that
Which was before determined; and are safe so.
Signior Francisco (upon whom alone
His absolute power is with all strength conferr'd,
During his absence) can with ease resolve you:
To me they are riddles.
Steph. Well, he shall not be
My Œdipus; I'll rather dwell in darkness.
But, my good lord Tiberio, this Francisco
Is, on the sudden, strangely raised.
Tib. O sir,
He took the thriving course: he had a sister,[1]

[1] ———*He had a sister*, &c.] There is great art in this introduction of the sister. In the management of these preparatory hints, Massinger surpasses all his contemporaries. In

A fair one too, with whom, as it is rumour'd,
The duke was too familiar; but she, cast off
(What promises soever past between them)
Upon the sight of this,[2] forsook the court,
And since was never seen. To smother this,
As honours never fail to purchase silence,
Francisco first was graced, and, step by step,
Is raised up to this height.

Steph. But how is
His absence born?

Tib. Sadly, it seems, by the dutchess;
For since he left the court,
For the most part she hath kept her private chamber,
No visitants admitted. In the church,
She hath been seen to pay her pure devotions,
Season'd with tears; and sure her sorrow's true,
Or deeply counterfeited; pomp, and state,
And bravery cast off: and she, that lately
Rivall'd Poppæa in her varied shapes,
Or the Egyptian queen, now, widow-like,
In sable colours, as her husband's dangers
Strangled in her the use of any pleasure,
Mourns for his absence.

Steph. It becomes her virtue,
And does confirm what was reported of her.

Tib. You take it right: but, on the other side,
The darling of his mother, Mariana,
As there were an antipathy between

Beaumont and Fletcher, "the end sometimes forgets the beginning;" and even Shakspeare is not entirely free from inattentions of a similar nature. I will not here praise the general felicity of our authour's plots; but whatever they were, he seems to have minutely arranged all the component parts before a line of the dialogue was written.

[2] *Upon the sight of* this, &c.] i. e. of the present dutchess. M. Mason.

Her and the dutchess' passions; and as
She'd no dependence on her brother's fortune,
She ne'er appear'd so full of mirth.
Steph. 'Tis strange.

Enter GRACCHO *with* Fiddlers.

But see! her favourite, and accompanied,
To your report.
Grac. You shall scrape, and I will sing
A scurvy ditty to a scurvy tune,
Repine who dares.
1 *Fid.* But, if we should offend,
The dutchess having silenced us;—and these lords
Stand by to hear us.
Grac. They in name are lords,
But I am one in power: and, for the dutchess,
But yesterday we were merry for her pleasure,
We now'll be for my lady's.
Tib. Signior Graccho.
Grac. A poor man, sir, a servant to the princess;
But you, great lords[3] and counsellors of state,
Whom I stand bound to reverence.
Tib. Come; we know
You are a man in grace.
Grac. Fie! no: I grant,
I bear my fortunes patiently; serve the princess,
And have access at all times to her closet,
Such is my impudence! when your gravelordships
Are masters of the modesty to attend
Three hours, nay sometimes four; and then bid wait
Upon her the next morning.

[3] *But you, great lords* &c.] So the old copies. Mr. M. Mason chooses to deviate from them, and read *But you* are *great lords* &c. Never was alteration more unnecessary.

Steph. He derides us.
Tib. Pray you, what news is stirring? you know all.
Grac. Who, I? alas! I've no intelligence
At home nor abroad; I only sometimes guess
The change o' the times: I should ask of your lordships
Who are to keep their honours, who to lose them;
Who the dutchess smiled on last, or on whom frown'd,
You only can resolve me; we poor waiters
Deal, as you see, in mirth, and foolish fiddles:
It is our element; and—could you tell me
What point of state 'tis that I am commanded
To muster up this musick, on mine honesty,
You should much befriend me.
Steph. Sirrah, you grow saucy.
Tib. And would be laid by the heels.
Grac. Not by your lordships,
Without a special warrant; look to your own stakes;
Were I committed, here come those would bail me:
Perhaps, we might change places too.

Enter ISABELLA, *and* MARIANA.

Tib. The princess!
We must be patient.
Steph. There is no contending.
Tib. See, the informing rogue!
Steph. That we should stoop
To such a mushroom!
Mari. Thou dost mistake; they durst not
Use the least word of scorn, although provoked,
To any thing of mine. Go, get you home,
And to your servants, friends, and flatterers, number

How many descents you're noble:—look to your
wives too;
The smooth-chinn'd courtiers are abroad.
Tib. No way to be a freeman!
Exeunt Tiberio and Stephano.
Grac. Your excellence hath the best gift to
dispatch
These arras pictures of nobility,
I ever read of.
Mari. I can speak sometimes.
Grac. And cover so your bitter pills, with
sweetness
Of princely language to forbid reply,
They are greedily swallowed.
Isab. But to the purpose, daughter,
That brings us hither. Is it to bestow
A visit on this woman, that, because
She only would be thought truly to grieve
The absence and the dangers of my son,
Proclaims a general sadness?
Mari. If to vex her
May be interpreted to do her honour,
She shall have many of them. I'll make use
Of my short reign: my lord now governs all;
And she shall know that her idolater,
My brother, being not by now to protect her,
I am her equal.
Grac. Of a little thing,
It is so full of gall![4] A devil of this size,

[4] Grac. *Of a* little thing,
It is so full of gall!] Nothing more strongly marks the poverty of the stage in those times, than the frequent allusions we find to the size of the actors, which may be considered as a kind of apology to the audience. It is not possible to ascertain who played the part of Mariana, but it was, not improbably, Theophilus Bourne, who acted Paulina in *the Renegado*, where an expression of the same nature occurs. Domitilla, in *the Roman Actor*, is also little; she was played by John Hunnieman. I do not condemn these indirect apologies; indeed, there appears to

Should they run for a wager to be spiteful,
Gets not a horse-head of her. [*Aside.*
Mari. On her birthday,
We were forced to be merry, and now she's musty,
We must be sad, on pain of her displeasure;
We will, we will! this is her private chamber,
Where, like an hypocrite, not a true turtle,
She seems to mourn her absent mate; her servants
Attending her like mutes: but I'll speak to her,
And in a high key too. Play any thing
That's light and loud enough but to torment her,
And we will have rare sport. [*Musick and a song.*[5]

MARCELIA *appears at a Window above, in black.*

Isab. She frowns as if
Her looks could fright us.
Mari. May it please your greatness,
We heard that your late physick hath not work'd;
And that breeds melancholy, as your doctor tells us:
To purge which, we, that are born your highness' vassals,
And are to play the fool to do you service,
Present you with a fit of mirth. What think you
Of a new antick?
Isab. 'Twould shew rare in ladies.
Mari. Being intended for so sweet a creature,
Were she but pleased to grace it.
Isab. Fie! she will,
Be it ne'er so mean; she's made of courtesy.

be something of good sense in them, and of proper deference to the understandings of the audience. At present, we run intrepidly into every species of absurdity, men and women unweildy at once from age and fatness, take upon them the parts of active boys and girls; and it is not only in a pantomime that we are accustomed to see children of six feet high in leading strings!

[5] *A song.*] This, like many others, does not appear; it was probably supplied at pleasure, by the actors.

Mari. The mistress of all hearts. One smile, I pray you,
On your poor servants, or a fiddler's fee;
Coming from those fair hands, though but a ducat,
We will inshrine it as a holy relick.
Isab. 'Tis wormwood, and it works.
Marc. If I lay by
My fears and griefs, in which you should be sharers,
If doting age could let you but remember,
You have a son; or frontless impudence,
You are a sister; and in making answer,
To what was most unfit for you to speak,
Or me to hear, borrow of my just anger——
Isab. A set speech, on my life.
Mari. Penn'd by her chaplain.
Marc. Yes, it* can speak, without instruction speak,
And tell your want of manners, that you are rude,
And saucily rude, too.
Grac. Now the game begins.
Marc. You durst not, else, on any hire or hope,
Remembering what I am, and whose I am,
Put on the desperate boldness, to disturb
The least of my retirements.
Mari. Note her, now.
Marc. For both shall understand, though the one presume
Upon the privilege due to a mother,
The duke stands now on his own legs, and needs
No nurse to lead him.
Isab. How, a nurse!
Marc. A dry one,
And useless too:—but I am merciful,
And dotage signs your pardon.

* Marc. *Yes, it can speak,*] So the old copies: the modern editions, *Yes, I can speak!*

Isab. I defy thee;
Thee, and thy pardons, proud one.
Marc. For you, puppet——
Mari. What of me, pine-tree?[6]
Marc. Little you are, I grant,
And have as little worth, but much less wit;
You durst not else, the duke being wholly mine,
His power and honour mine, and the allegiance,
You owe him, as a subject, due to me——
Mari. To you?
Marc. To me: and therefore, as a vassal,
From this hour learn to serve me, or you'll feel
I must make use of my authority,
And, as a princess, punish it.
Isab. A princess!
Mari. I had rather be a slave unto a Moor,
Than know thee for my equal.
Isab. Scornful thing!
Proud of a white face.
Mari. Let her but remember[7]
The issue in her leg.

[6] Marc. *For you*, puppet——
Mari. *What of me*, pine-tree?]
"Now I perceive that she hath made compare
"Between our statures"——

Puppet and *may-pole*, and many other terms of equal elegance, are bandied about between Hermia and Helena, in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, which is here too closely imitated. I forbear to quote the passages, which are familiar to every reader of Shakspeare.

[7] Mari. *Let her but remember* &c.] For this Massinger is indebted to less respectable authority, to the treacherous loquacity of the dutchess's waiting woman, in her midnight conference with Don Quixote. These traits, however disgusting, are not without their value; they strongly mark the prevailing features of the times, which were universally coarse and indelicate: they exhibit also a circumstance worthy of particular notice, namely, that those vigorous powers of genius, which carry men far beyond the literary state of their age, do not enable them to

Isab. The charge she puts
The state to, for perfumes.
Mari. And howsoe'er
She seems when she's made up, as she's herself,
She stinks above the ground. O that I could reach you!
The little one you scorn so, with her nails
Would tear your painted face, and scratch those eyes out.
Do but come down.
Marc. Were there no other way,
But leaping on thy neck, to break mine own,
Rather than be outbraved thus. [*She retires.*
Grac. Forty ducats
Upon the little hen: she's of the kind,
And will not leave the pit.
Mari. That it were lawful
To meet her with a poniard and a pistol!
But these weak hands shall shew my spleen.

Re-enter MARCELIA *below.*

Marc. Where are you,
You modicum, you dwarf?
Mari. Here, giantess, here.

Enter FRANCISCO, TIBERIO, *and* STEPHANO.

Fran. A tumult in the court!
Mari. Let her come on.
Fran. What wind hath raised this tempest?
Sever them, I command you. What's the cause?
Speak, Mariana.

outgo that of its manners. This must serve as an apology for our authour; indeed, it is the only one that can be offered for many who stand higher in the ranks of fame than Massinger, and who have still more need of it.

Mari. I am out of breath;
But we shall meet, we shall.—And do you hear, sir!
Or right me on this monster, (she's three feet
Too high for a woman,) or ne'er look to have
A quiet hour with me.
Isab. If my son were here,
And would endure this, may a mother's curse
Pursue and overtake him!
Fran. O forbear:
In me he's present, both in power and will;
And, madam, I much grieve that, in his absence,
There should arise the least distaste to move you:
It being his principal, nay, only charge,
To have you, in his absence, served and honour'd,
As when himself perform'd the willing office.
Mari. This is fine, i'faith.
Grac. I would I were well off!
Fran. And therefore, I beseech you, madam, frown not,
Till most unwittingly he hath deserved it,
On your poor servant; to your excellence
I ever was and will be such; and lay
The duke's authority, trusted to me,
With willingness at your feet.
Mari. O base!
Isab. We are like
To have an equal judge!
Fran. But, should I find
That you are touch'd in any point of honour,
Or that the least neglect is fall'n upon you,
I then stand up a prince.
Fid. Without reward,
Pray you dismiss us.
Grac. Would I were five leagues hence!
Fran. I will be partial
To none, not to myself;

Be you but pleased to shew me my offence,
Or if you hold me in your good opinion,
Name those that have offended you.
Isab. I am one,
And I will justify it.
Mari. Thou art a base fellow,
To take her part.
Fran. Remember, she's the dutchess.
Marc. But used with more contempt, than if I were
A peasant's daughter; baited, and hooted at,
Like to a common strumpet; with loud noises
Forced from my prayers; and my private chamber,
Which, with all willingness, I would make my prison
During the absence of my lord, denied me:
But if he e'er return——
Fran. Were you an actor
In this lewd comedy?
Mari. Ay, marry was I;
And will be one again.
Isab. I'll join with her,
Though you repine at it.
Fran. Think not, then, I speak,
For I stand bound to honour, and to serve you,
But that the duke, that lives in this great lady,
For the contempt of him in her, commands you
To be close prisoners.
Isab. Mari. Prisoners!
Fran. Bear them hence;
This is your charge, my lord Tiberio,
And, Stephano, this is yours.
Marc. I am not cruel,
But pleased they may have liberty.
Isab. Pleased, with a mischief!
Mari. I'll rather live in any loathsome dungeon,

Than in a paradise at her entreaty:
And, for you, upstart——
Steph. There is no contending.
Tib. What shall become of these?
Fran. See them well whipp'd,
As you will answer it.
Tib. Now, signior Graccho,
What think you[8] of your greatness?
Grac. I preach patience,
And must endure my fortune.
1 *Fid.* I was never yet
At such a hunt's-up,[9] nor was so rewarded.
[*Exeunt all but Francisco and Marcelia.*
Fran. Let them first know themselves, and how you are

[8] Tib. *Now, signior Graccho,*
What think you *of your greatness?*] So the first quarto. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason follow the second, which reads, What's become *of your greatness?*

[9] 1 Fid. *I was never yet*
At such a hunt's-up,] The *hunt's-up* was a lesson on the horn, played under the windows of sportsmen, to call them up in the morning. It was, probably, sufficiently obstreperous, for it is frequently applied by our old writers, as in this place, to any noise or clamour of an awakening or alarming nature. The tune, or rather, perhaps, the words to it, was composed by one Gray, in the time of Henry VIII. who, as Puttenham tells us, in his *Art of English Poesy*, was much pleased with it. Of its popularity there can be no doubt, for it was one of the songs travestied by the Scotch Reformers into "ane gude and godly ballate," for the edification of the elect. The first stanza of the original is come down to us:

"The hunte is up, the hunte is up,
"And nowe it is almost daye;
"And he that's in bed with another man's wife,
"It is time to get awaye."

The tune, I suppose, is lost; but we have a *hunt's-up* of our own, which is still played under the windows of the sluggish sportsman, and consists of a chorus of men, dogs, and horns, not a little alarming.

To be served and honour'd; which, when they confess,
You may again receive them to your favour:
And then it will shew nobly.
Marc. With my thanks
The duke shall pay you his, if he return
To bless us with his presence.
Fran. There is nothing
That can be added to your fair acceptance;
That is the prize, indeed; all else are blanks,
And of no value. As, in virtuous actions,
The undertaker finds a full reward,
Although conferr'd upon unthankful men;
So, any service done to so much sweetness,
However dangerous, and subject to
An ill construction, in your favour finds
A wish'd, and glorious end.
Marc. From you, I take this
As loyal duty; but, in any other,
It would appear gross flattery.
Fran. Flattery, madam!
You are so rare and excellent in all things,
And raised so high upon a rock of goodness,
As that vice cannot reach you;[1] who but looks on
This temple, built by nature to perfection,
But must bow to it; and out of that zeal,
Not only learn to adore it, but to love it?
Marc. Whither will this fellow?
Fran. Pardon, therefore, madam,
If an excess in me of humble duty,
Teach me to hope, and though it be not in
The power of man to merit such a blessing,

[1] *As* that vice cannot *reach you;*] i. e. flattery: Coxeter deserts the old copies here, and reads, I know not for what reason,
That vice can never *reach you!*
His Achates follows him, as usual.

My piety, for it is more than love,
May find reward.
Marc. You have it in my thanks;
And, on my hand, I am pleased that you shall take
A full possession of it: but, take heed
That you fix here, and feed no hope beyond it;
If you do, it will prove fatal.
Fran. Be it death,
And death with torments tyrants ne'er found out,
Yet I must say, I love you.
Marc. As a subject;
And 'twill become you.
Fran. Farewell circumstance!
And since you are not pleased to understand me,
But by a plain and usual form of speech;
All superstitious reverence laid by,
I love you as a man, and, as a man,
I would enjoy you. Why do you start, and fly me?
I am no monster, and you but a woman,
A woman made to yield, and by example
Told it is lawful: favours of this nature,
Are, in our age, no miracles in the greatest;
And, therefore, lady——
Marc. Keep off. O you Powers!——.
Libidinous beast! and, add to that, unthankful!
A crime, which creatures wanting reason, fly from;
Are all the princely bounties, favours, honours,
Which, with some prejudice to his own wisdom,
Thy lord and raiser hath conferr'd upon thee,
In three days absence buried? Hath he made thee,
A thing obscure, almost without a name,
The envy of great fortunes? Have I graced thee,
Beyond thy rank, and entertain'd thee, as
A friend, and not a servant? and is this,
This impudent attempt to taint mine honour,
The fair return of both our ventured favours!
Fran. Hear my excuse.

Marc. The devil may plead mercy,
And with as much assurance, as thou yield one.
Burns lust so hot in thee? or is thy pride
Grown up to such a height, that, but a princess,
No woman can content thee; and, add to it,
His wife and princess, to whom thou art tied
In all the bonds of duty?—Read my life,
And find one act of mine so loosely carried,
That could invite a most self-loving fool,
Set off with all that fortune could throw on him,
To the least hope to find way to my favour;
And, what's the worst mine enemies could wish me,
I'll be thy strumpet.

Fran. 'Tis acknowledged, madam,
That your whole course of life hath been a pattern
For chaste and virtuous women. In your beauty,
Which I first saw, and loved, as a fair crystal,
I read your heavenly mind, clear and untainted;
And while the duke did prize you to your value,
Could it have been in man to pay that duty,
I well might envy him, but durst not hope
To stop you in your full career of goodness:
But now I find that he's fall'n from his fortune,
And, howsoever he would appear doting,
Grown cold in his affection; I presume,
From his most barbarous neglect of you,
To offer my true service. Nor stand I bound,
To look back on the courtesies of him,
That, of all living men, is most unthankful.

Marc. Unheard-of impudence!

Fran. You'll say I am modest,
When I have told the story. Can he tax me,
That have received some worldly trifles from him,
For being ungrateful; when he, that first tasted,
And hath so long enjoy'd, your sweet embraces,

In which all blessings that our frail condition
Is capable of, are wholly comprehended,
As cloy'd with happiness, contemns the giver
Of his felicity! and, as he reach'd not
The masterpiece of mischief which he aims at,
Unless he pay those favours he stands bound to,
With fell and deadly hate!—You think he loves you
With unexampled fervour; nay, dotes on you,
As there were something in you more than woman:
When, on my knowledge, he long since hath wish'd
You were among the dead;—and I, you scorn so,
Perhaps, am your preserver.

Marc. Bless me, good angels,
Or I am blasted! Lies so false and wicked,
And fashion'd to so damnable a purpose,
Cannot be spoken by a human tongue.
My husband hate me! give thyself the lie,
False and accurs'd! Thy soul, if thou hast any,
Can witness, never lady stood so bound
To the unfeign'd affection of her lord,
As I do to my Sforza. If thou wouldst work
Upon my weak credulity, tell me, rather,
That the earth moves; the sun and stars stand still;
The ocean keeps nor floods nor ebbs; or that
There's peace between the lion and the lamb;
Or that the ravenous eagle and the dove
Keep in one aerie,[2] and bring up their young;
Or any thing that is averse to nature:
And I will sooner credit it, than that
My lord can think of me, but as a jewel,
He loves more than himself, and all the world.

[2] *Or that the ravenous eagle and the dove*
Keep in one aerie,] i. e. in one nest. Mr. M. Mason degrades Massinger and himself, by reading, *Keep in one* aviary! Such rashness, and such incompetence, it is to be hoped, do not often meet in one person.

Fran. O innocence abused! simplicity cozen'd!
It were a sin, for which we have no name,
To keep you longer in this wilful errour.
Read his affection here;—[*Gives her a paper.*]—and then observe
How dear he holds you! 'Tis his character,
Which cunning yet could never counterfeit.
Marc. 'Tis his hand, I'm resolved[3] of it. I'll try
What the inscription is.
Fran. Pray you, do so.

Marc. [reads.] *You know my pleasure, and the hour of Marcelia's death, which fail not to execute, as you will answer the contrary, not with your head alone, but with the ruin of your whole family. And this, written with mine own hand, and signed with my privy signet, shall be your sufficient warrant.*

LODOVICO SFORZA.

I do obey it; every word's a poniard,
And reaches to my heart. [*She swoons.*
Fran. What have I done!
Madam! for heaven's sake, madam!—O my fate!
I'll bend her body:[4] this is, yet, some pleasure:

[3] *'Tis his hand, I'm* resolved *of it.*] I am convinced of it: so the word is frequently used by Massinger's contemporaries. Thus Fletcher, in *the Faithful Shepherdess:*

"But be they far from me with their fond terrour!—
"I am *resolved* my Chloe yet is true."

And Webster, in *the White Devil:*

"I am *resolved,*
"Were there a second paradise to lose,
"This devil would betray it."

[4] *I'll* bend *her body:*]—to try if there be any life in it. Thus, in *the Maid's Tragedy:*

"I've heard, if there be any life, but *bow*
"The body thus, and it will show itself."

I'll kiss her into a new life. Dear lady!—
She stirs. For the duke's sake, for Sforza's sake—
Marc. Sforza's! stand off; though dead, I will be his,
And even my ashes shall abhor the touch
Of any other.—O unkind, and cruel!
Learn, women, learn to trust in one another;
There is no faith in man: Sforza is false,
False to Marcelia!
Fran. But I am true,
And live to make you happy. All the pomp,
State, and observance you had, being his,
Compared to what you shall enjoy, when mine,
Shall be no more remember'd. Lose his memory,
And look with cheerful beams on your new creature;
And know, what he hath plotted for your good,
Fate cannot alter. If the emperor
Take not his life, at his return he dies,
And by my hand; my wife, that is his heir,
Shall quickly follow:—then we reign alone!
For with this arm I'll swim through seas of blood,
Or make a bridge, arch'd with the bones of men,
But I will grasp my aims in you, my dearest,
Dearest, and best of women![5]
Marc. Thou art a villain!
All attributes of archvillains made into one,
Cannot express thee. I prefer the hate

[5] *But I will* grasp my aims in you, *my dearest,*
Dearest, and best of women!] It would scarcely be credited, if we had not the proof before us, that for this bold and animated expression, which is that of both the quartos, Mr. M. Mason should presume to print, *But I will* grasp you in my arms, in the tame rant of modern comedy. Coxeter's reading is simple nonsense, which is better than specious sophistication, as it excites suspicion.

Of Sforza, though it mark me for the grave,
Before thy base affection. I am yet
Pure and unspotted in my true love to him;
Nor shall it be corrupted, though he's tainted:
Nor will I part with innocence, because
He is found guilty. For thyself, thou art
A thing, that, equal with the devil himself,
I do detest and scorn.

Fran. Thou, then, art nothing:
Thy life is in my power, disdainful woman!
Think on't, and tremble.

Marc. No, though thou wert now
To play thy hangman's part.—Thou well may'st be
My executioner, and art only fit
For such employment; but ne'er hope to have
The least grace from me. I will never see thee,
But as the shame of men: so, with my curses
Of horrour to thy conscience in this life,
And pains in hell hereafter, I spit at thee;
And, making haste to make my peace with heaven,
Expect thee as my hangman. [*Exit.*

Fran. I am lost
In the discovery of this fatal secret.
Curs'd hope, that flatter'd me, that wrongs could make her
A stranger to her goodness! all my plots
Turn back upon myself; but I am in,
And must go on: and, since I have put off
From the shore of innocence, guilt be now my pilot!
Revenge first wrought me;[6] murder's his twin-brother:
One deadly sin, then, help to cure another! [*Exit.*

[6] *Revenge first wrought me*, &c.] The reader should not suffer these hints, of which he will find several in the succeeding pages, to escape him: they are not thrown out at random by Massinger, but intended to prepare the mind for the dreadful retaliation which follows.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Imperial Camp, *before* Pavia.

Enter MEDINA, HERNANDO, *and* ALPHONSO.

Med. The spoil, the spoil! 'tis that the soldier fights for.
Our victory, as yet, affords us nothing
But wounds and empty honour. We have pass'd
The hazard of a dreadful day, and forced
A passage with our swords through all the dangers
That, page-like, wait on the success of war;
And now expect reward.
Hern. Hell put it in
The enemy's mind to be desperate, and hold out!
Yieldings and compositions will undo us;
And what is that way given, for the most part,
Comes to the emperor's coffers, to defray
The charge of the great action, as 'tis rumour'd;
When, usually, some thing in grace, that ne'er heard
The cannon's roaring tongue, but at a triumph,
Puts in, and for his intercession shares
All that we fought for; the poor soldier left
To starve, or fill up hospitals.
Alph. But, when
We enter towns by force, and carve ourselves,
Pleasure with pillage, and the richest wines,
Open our shrunk-up veins, and pour into them
New blood and fervour——
Med. I long to be at it;

To see these chuffs,[7] that every day may spend
A soldier's entertainment for a year,
Yet make a third meal of a bunch of raisins:[8]
These sponges, that suck up a kingdom's fat,
Battening like scarabs[9] in the dung of peace,
To be squeezed out by the rough hand of war;
And all that their whole lives have heap'd together,
By cozenage, perjury, or sordid thrift,
With one gripe to be ravish'd.

[7] *To see these* chuffs,] So it stood in every edition before Mr. M. Mason's, when it was altered to *choughs*, and explained in a note, to mean *magpies!* What magpies could have to do here, it would, perhaps, have puzzled the editor, had he thought at all on the subject, to discover. The truth is, that *chuff* is the genuine word: it is always used in a bad sense, and means a coarse unmannered clown, at once sordid and wealthy.

[8] *Yet make a* third *meal of a bunch of raisins:*] So all the old copies: and so, indeed, Coxeter; but Mr. M. Mason, whose sagacity nothing escapes, detected the poet's blunder, and for *third* suggested, nay, actually printed, *thin*. "This passage," quoth he, "appears to be erroneous: the making a *third* meal of raisins, if they made two good meals before, would be no proof of penuriousness. I therefore read *thin*."

Seriously, was ever alteration so capricious, was ever reasoning so absurd? Where is it said that these chuffs "had made two good meals before?" Is not the whole tendency of the speech to shew that they starved themselves in the midst of abundance? and are not the reproaches such, as have been cast, in all ages, by men of Medina's stamp, on the sober and frugal citizen, who lived within his income? "Surely," says Plotwell, in *the City Match*,

"Surely, myself,
"Cipher his factor, and an ancient cat,
"Did keep strict diet, had our Spanish fare,
"Four olives among three! My uncle would
"Look fat with fasting; I have known him surfeit
"*Upon a bunch of raisins*, swoon at sight
"Of a whole joint, and rise an epicure
"From half an orange."

[9] *Battening like* scarabs] Scarabs means beetles. M. Mason. Very true; and beetles means scarabs!

Hern. I would be tousing
Their fair madonas, that in little dogs,
Monkeys, and paraquittos, consume thousands:
Yet, for the advancement of a noble action,
Repine to part with a poor piece of eight:
War's plagues upon them! I have seen them stop
Their scornful noses first, then seem to swoon,
At sight of a buff jerkin, if it were not
Perfumed, and hid with gold: yet these nice wantons,
Spurr'd on by lust, cover'd in some disguise,
To meet some rough court-stallion, and be leap'd,
Durst enter into any common brothel,
Though all varieties of stink contend there;
Yet praise the entertainment.
Med. I may live
To see the tatter'd'st rascals of my troop
Drag them out of their closets with a vengeance!
When neither threatening, flattering, kneeling, howling,
Can ransome one poor jewel, or redeem
Themselves, from their blunt wooing.
Hern. My main hope is,
To begin the sport at Milan: there's enough,
And of all kinds of pleasure we can wish for,
To satisfy the most covetous.
Alph. Every day,
We look for a remove.
Med. For Lodowick Sforza,
The duke of Milan, I, on mine own knowledge,
Can say thus much: he is too much a soldier,
Too confident of his own worth, too rich too,
And understands too well the emperor hates him,
To hope for composition.

Alph. On my life,
We need not fear his coming in.[1]
Hern. On mine,
I do not wish it: I had rather that,
To shew his valour, he'd put us to the trouble
To fetch him in by the ears.
Med. The emperor.

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, PESCARA, *and* Attendants.

Charl. You make me wonder:—nay, it is no counsel,[2]
You may partake it, gentlemen: who'd have thought,
That he, that scorn'd our proffer'd amity
When he was sued to, should, ere he be summon'd,
(Whether persuaded to it by base fear,
Or flatter'd by false hope, which, 'tis uncertain,)
First kneel for mercy?
Med. When your majesty
Shall please to instruct us who it is, we may
Admire it with you.
Charl. Who, but the duke of Milan,
The right hand of the French! of all that stand
In our displeasure, whom necessity
Compels to seek our favour, I would have sworn
Sforza had been the last.
Hern. And should be writ so,
In the list of those you pardon. Would his city

[1] Alph. *On my life*
We need not fear his coming in.] His surrender of himself. Hernando, in the next speech, plays upon the word.

[2] ——— *nay, it is* no counsel,] i. e. no secret: so in *Cupid's Revenge:*
" ——— I would worry her,
" As never cur was worried, I would, neighbour,
" Till my teeth met I know where; but that *is counsel.*"

Had rather held us out a siege, like Troy,
Than, by a feign'd submission, he should cheat you
Of a just revenge; or us, of those fair glories
We have sweat blood to purchase!
Med. With your honour
You cannot hear him.
Alph. The sack alone of Milan
Will pay the army.
Charl. I am not so weak,
To be wrought on, as you fear; nor ignorant
That money is the sinew of the war:
And on what terms soever he seek peace,
'Tis in our power to grant it, or deny it:
Yet, for our glory, and to shew him that
We've brought him on his knees, it is resolved
To hear him as a suppliant. Bring him in;
But let him see the effects of our just anger,
In the guard that you make for him.
[*Exit Pescara.*
Hern. I am now
Familiar with the issue; all plagues on it!
He will appear in some dejected habit,
His countenance suitable, and, for his order,
A rope about his neck: then kneel, and tell
Old stories, what a worthy thing it is
To have power, and not to use it; then add to that,
A tale of king Tigranes, and great Pompey,
Who said, forsooth, and wisely! 'Twas more honour
To make a king, than kill one: which, applied
To the emperor, and himself, a pardon's granted
To him, an enemy; and we, his servants,
Condemn'd to beggary.
Med. Yonder he comes;
But not as you expected.

Re-enter PESCARA *with* SFORZA.

Alph. He looks as if
He would outface his dangers.
Hern. I am cozen'd:
A suitor, in the devil's name!
Med. Hear him speak.
Sfor. I come not, emperor, to invade thy mercy,
By fawning on thy fortune; nor bring with me
Excuses, or denials. I profess,
And with a good man's confidence, even this instant
That I am in thy power, I was thine enemy;
Thy deadly and vow'd enemy: one that wish'd
Confusion to thy person and estates;
And with my utmost powers, and deepest counsels,
Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it.
Nor will I now, although my neck were under
The hangman's axe, with one poor syllable
Confess, but that I honour'd the French king,
More than thyself, and all men,
Med. By saint Jaques,
This is no flattery.
Hern. There is fire and spirit in't;
But not long-lived, I hope.
Sfor. Now give me leave,
My hate against thyself, and love to him
Freely acknowledged, to give up the reasons
That made me so affected: In my wants
I ever found him faithful; had supplies
Of men and monies from him; and my hopes,
Quite sunk, were, by his grace, buoy'd up again:
He was, indeed, to me, as my good angel,

To guard me from all dangers. I dare speak,
Nay, must and will, his praise now, in as high
And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.
The benefits he sow'd in me, met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own
With fair increase, and I still glory in it.
And, though my fortunes, poor, compared to his,
And Milan, weigh'd with France, appear as nothing,
Are in thy fury burnt, let it be mention'd,
They served but as small tapers to attend
The solemn flame at this great funeral:[3]
And with them I will gladly waste myself,
Rather than undergo the imputation
Of being base, or unthankful.

Alph. Nobly spoken!

Hern. I do begin, I know not why, to hate him
Less than I did.

Sfor. If that, then, to be grateful
For courtesies received, or not to leave,
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards, which other nations
That, like you, aim'd at empire, loved, and cherish'd
Where'er they found it, Sforza brings his head
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,
For a forestall'd remission: that were poor,
And would but shame thy victory; for conquest
Over base foes, is a captivity,
And not a triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,

[3] ——— *at this great funeral:*] Mr. M. Mason, whether by design or not, I will not say, reads, his *great funeral*: meaning, perhaps, the French king's; but the old reading is better in every respect.

More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,
This crown upon my head, and to my side
This sword was girt; and witness truth, that, now
'Tis in another's power when I shall part
With them and life together, I'm the same:
My veins then did not swell with pride; nor now
Shrink they for fear. Know, sir, that Sforza stands
Prepared for either fortune.

Hern. As I live,
I do begin strangely to love this fellow;
And could part with three quarters of my share in
The promised spoil, to save him.

Sfor. But, if example
Of my fidelity to the French, whose honours,
Titles, and glories, are now mix'd with yours,
As brooks, devour'd by rivers, lose their names,
Has power to invite you to make him a friend,
That hath given evident proof, he knows to love,
And to be thankful; this my crown, now yours,
You may restore me, and in me instruct
These brave commanders, should your fortune change,
Which now I wish not, what they may expect
From noble enemies, for being faithful.
The charges of the war I will defray,
And, what you may, not without hazard, force,
Bring freely to you: I'll prevent the cries
Of murder'd infants, and of ravish'd maids,
Which, in a city sack'd, call on heaven's justice,
And stop the course of glorious victories:
And, when I know the captains and the soldiers,
That have in the late battle done best service,
And are to be rewarded, I myself,
According to their quality and merits,

Will see them largely recompensed.—I have said,
And now expect my sentence.
Alph. By this light,
'Tis a brave gentleman.
Med. How like a block
The emperor sits!
Hern. He hath deliver'd reasons,[4]
Especially in his purpose to enrich
Such as fought bravely, I myself am one,
I care not who knows it, as I wonder that
He can be so stupid. Now he begins to stir:
Mercy, an't be thy will!
Charl. Thou hast so far
Outgone my expectation, noble Sforza,
For such I hold thee;—and true constancy,
Raised on a brave foundation, bears such palm
And privilege with it, that where we behold it,
Though in an enemy, it does command us
To love and honour it. By my future hopes,
I am glad, for thy sake, that, in seeking favour,
Thou didst not borrow of vice her indirect,
Crooked, and abject means; and for mine own,
That, since my purposes must now be changed,
Touching thy life and fortunes, the world cannot
Tax me of levity in my settled counsels;
I being neither wrought by tempting bribes,

[4] *He hath deliver'd* reasons,] Hernando evidently means to say that Sforza has spoken rationally, especially in expressing his purpose of enriching those who fought bravely: the word *reasons* in the plural will not express that sense. M. Mason.

He therefore alters it to *reason!* To attempt to prove that the old copies are right, would be superfluous:—but I cannot reflect, without some indignation, on the scandalous manner in which Mr. M. Mason has given this speech. He first deprives it of metre and sense, and then builds up new readings on his own blunders.

Nor servile flattery; but forced into it
By a fair war of virtue.

Hern. This sounds well.

Charl. All former passages of hate be buried:
For thus with open arms I meet thy love,
And as a friend embrace it; and so far
I am from robbing thee of the least honour,
That with my hands, to make it sit the faster,
I set thy crown once more upon thy head;
And do not only style thee, Duke of Milan,
But vow to keep thee so. Yet, not to take
From others to give only to myself,[5]
I will not hinder your magnificence
To my commanders, neither will I urge it;
But in that, as in all things else, I leave you
To be your own disposer,

[*Flourish. Exit with Attendants.*

Sfor. May I live
To seal my loyalty, though with loss of life,
In some brave service worthy Cæsar's favour,
And I shall die most happy! Gentlemen,
Receive me to your loves; and if henceforth
There can arise a difference between us,
It shall be in a noble emulation
Who hath the fairest sword, or dare go farthest,
To fight for Charles the emperor.

Hern. We embrace you,
As one well read in all the points of honour:
And there we are your scholars.

Sfor. True; but such
As far outstrip the master. We'll contend

[5] ——*Yet, not to take*
From others, to give only to myself,] This is the reading of all the old copies, and nothing can be clearer than that it is perfectly proper. The modern editors, however, choose to weaken both the sense and the sentiment, by a conceit of their own: they print, ——*to give only to* thyself!

In love hereafter; in the mean time, pray you,
Let me discharge my debt, and, as an earnest
Of what's to come, divide this cabinet:
In the small body of it there are jewels
Will yield a hundred thousand pistolets,
Which honour me to receive.

Med. You bind us to you.

Sfor. And when great Charles commands me to his presence,
If you will please to excuse my abrupt departure,
Designs that most concern me, next this mercy,
Calling me home, I shall hereafter meet you,
And gratify the favour.

Hern. In this, and all things,
We are your servants.

Sfor. A name I ever owe you.

[*Exeunt Medina, Hernando, and Alphonso.*

Pesc. So, sir; this tempest is well overblown,
And all things fall out to our wishes: but,
In my opinion, this quick return,
Before you've made a party in the court
Among the great ones, (for these needy captains
Have little power in peace,) may beget danger,
At least suspicion.

Sfor. Where true honour lives,
Doubt hath no being: I desire no pawn
Beyond an emperor's word, for my assurance.
Besides, Pescara, to thyself, of all men,
I will confess my weakness:—though my state
And crown's restored me, though I am in grace,
And that a little stay might be a step
To greater honours, I must hence. Alas!
I live not here; my wife, my wife Pescara,[6]
Being absent, I am dead. Prithee, excuse,

[6] ——*my wife*, my wife, *Pescara*,] Mr. M. Mason feebly and unmetrically reads,——*my wife, Pescara.* There is great beauty in the repetition; it is, besides, perfectly in character.

And do not chide, for friendship's sake, my fondness,
But ride along with me; I'll give you reasons,
And strong ones, to plead for me.
Pesc. Use your own pleasure;
I'll bear you company.
Sfor. Farewell, grief! I am stored with
Two blessings most desired in human life,
A constant friend, an unsuspected wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Milan. *A Room in the Castle.*[7]

Enter an Officer *with* GRACCHO.

Offic. What I did, I had warrant for; you have tasted
My office gently, and for those soft strokes,
Flea-bitings to the jerks I could have lent you,
There does belong a feeling.
Grac. Must I pay
For being tormented, and dishonour'd?
Offic. Fie! no,
Your honour's not impair'd in't. What's the letting out
Of a little corrupt blood,[8] and the next way too?
There is no surgeon like me, to take off
A courtier's itch that's rampant at great ladies,
Or turns knave for preferment, or grows proud

[7] Milan. *A Room in the Castle.*] Here too Coxeter prints, "*Scene changes to Pisa*"! and here too he is followed by the "most accurate of editors," Mr. M. Mason.

[8] *Of a little* corrupt *blood,*] So the old copies; the modern editors read, *Of a little* corrupted *blood!* This reduces the line to very good prose, which is indeed its only merit.

Of his rich cloaks and suits, though got by brokage,
And so forgets his betters.
Grac. Very good, sir:
But am I the first man of quality
That e'er came under your fingers?
Offic. Not by a thousand;
And they have said I have a lucky hand too:
Both men and women of all sorts have bow'd
Under this sceptre. I have had a fellow
That could endite, forsooth, and make fine metres
To tinkle in the ears of ignorant madams,
That, for defaming of great men, was sent me
Threadbare and lousy, and in three days after,
Discharged by another that set him on, I have seen him
Cap à pié gallant, and his stripes wash'd of
With oil of angels.[9]
Grac. 'Twas a sovereign cure.
Offic. There was a secretary too, that would not be
Conformable to the orders of the church,
Nor yield to any argument of reason,
But still rail at authority, brought to me,
When I had worm'd his tongue, and truss'd his haunches,
Grew a fine pulpitman, and was beneficed:
Had he not cause to thank me?
Grac. There was physick
Was to the purpose.
Offic. Now, for women, sir,
For your more consolation, I could tell you
Twenty fine stories, but I'll end in one,
And 'tis the last that's memorable.

9 *With oil of* angels.] It may be just necessary to observe, that this is a pleasant allusion to the gold coin of that name.

Grac. Prithee, do;
For I grow weary of thee.
Offic. There was lately[1]
A fine she-waiter in the court, that doted
Extremely of a gentleman, that had
His main dependence on a signior's favour
I will not name, but could not compass him
On any terms. This wanton, at dead midnight,
Was found at the exercise behind the arras,
With the 'foresaid signior: he got clear off,
But she was seized on, and, to save his honour,
Endured the lash; and, though I made her often
Curvet and caper, she would never tell
Who play'd at pushpin with her.
Grac. But what follow'd?
Prithee be brief.
Offic. Why this, sir: She, deliver'd,
Had store of crowns assign'd her by her patron,
Who forced the gentleman, to save her credit,
To marry her, and say he was the party
Found in lob's pound: so she, that, before, gladly
Would have been his whore, reigns o'er him as his wife;
Nor dares he grumble at it. Speak but truth, then,
Is not my office lucky?
Grac. Go, there's for thee;
But what will be my fortune?

[1] Offic. *There was lately* &c.] I have little doubt but that this lively story was founded in fact, and well understood by the poet's contemporaries. The courtiers were not slow in indemnifying themselves for the morose and gloomy hours which they had passed during the last two or three years of Elizabeth; and the coarse and inelegant manners of James, which bordered closely on licentiousness, afforded them ample opportunities.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, that wherever our old dramatists laid the scene of their plays, the habits and manners of them are, generally speaking, as truly English as the language.

Offic. If you thrive not
After that soft correction, come again.
Grac. I thank you, knave.
Offic. And then, knave, I will fit you. [*Exit.*
Grac. Whipt like a rogue! no lighter punishment serve
To balance with a little mirth! 'tis well.
My credit sunk for ever, I am now
Fit company only for pages and for footboys,
That have perused the porter's lodge.[2]

Enter JULIO *and* GIOVANNI.[3]

Giov. See, Julio,
Yonder the proud slave is; how he looks now,
After his castigation!
Jul. As he came
From a close fight[4] at sea under the hatches,
With a she-Dunkirk, that was shot before
Between wind and water; and he hath sprung a leak too,
Or I am cozen'd.

[2] *Fit company for pages and for footboys,*
That have perused the porter's lodge.] i. e. that have been whipt there. The porter's lodge, in our authour's days, when the great claimed, and, indeed, frequently exercised, the right of chastising their servants, was the usual place of punishment. Thus Shirley, in *the Grateful Servant*:—"My friend, what make you here? Begone, begone, I say;—there is a *porter's lodge* else, where you may have due chastisement."

[3] *Enter* JULIO *and* GIOVANNI.] This has been hitherto printed, *Enter two Gentlemen*, though one of them is immediately named. Not to multiply characters unnecessarily, I have supposed them to be the same that appear with Graccho, in the first scene of the first act.

[4] Jul. *As he came*
From a close fight &c.] Our old poets made very free with one another's property: it must be confessed, however, that their literary rapine did not originate in poverty, for they gave

Giov. Let's be merry with him.

Grac. How they stare at me! am I turn'd to an owl?
The wonder, gentlemen?

Jul. I read, this morning,
Strange stories of the passive fortitude
Of men in former ages, which I thought
Impossible, and not to be believed:
But, now I look on you, my wonder ceases.

Grac. The reason, sir?

Jul. Why, sir, you have been whipt,
Whipt, signior Graccho; and the whip, I take it,
Is, to a gentleman, the greatest trial
That may be of his patience.

Grac. Sir, I'll call you
To a strict account for this.

Giov. I'll not deal with you,
Unless I have a beadle for my second;
And then I'll answer you.

Jul. Farewell, poor Graccho.

[*Exeunt Julio and Giovanni.*

Grac. Better and better still. If ever wrongs
Could teach a wretch to find the way to vengeance,

Enter FRANCISCO *and a* Servant.

Hell now inspire me! How, the lord protector!

as liberally as they took. This speech has been "conveyed" by Fletcher into his excellent comedy of *the Elder Brother:*

"————They look ruefully,
"As they had newly come from a vaulting house,
"And had been quite shot through between wind and water,
"By a she-Dunkirk, and had sprung a leak, sir."

I charge the petty depredation on Fletcher, because the publication of *the Duke of Milan* preceeded that of *the Elder Brother*, by many years.

My judge; I thank him! Whither thus in private?
I will not see him. [*Stands aside.*
Fran. If I am sought for,
Say I am indisposed, and will not hear
Or suits, or suitors.
Serv. But, sir, if the princess
Enquire, what shall I answer?
Fran. Say, I am rid[5]
Abroad to take the air; but by no means
Let her know I'm in court.
Serv. So I shall tell her. [*Exit.*
Fran. Within there, ladies!

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gentlew. My good lord, your pleasure?
Fran. Prithee, let me beg thy favour for access
To the dutchess.
Gentlew. In good sooth, my lord, I dare not;
She's very private.
Fran. Come, there's gold to buy thee
A new gown, and a rich one.
Gentlew. I once swore[6]
If e'er I lost my maidenhead, it should be
With a great lord, as you are; and, I know not
how,
I feel a yielding inclination in me,
If you have appetite.

[5] Fran. *Say I am* rid
Abroad &c.] So the old copies: the modern editors, with equal accuracy and elegance,
Say I'm rode
Abroad, &c.

[6] *I once swore*] Both the quartos have a marginal hemistich here: they read, *This will tempt me;* an addition of the prompter, or an unnecessary interpolation of the copyist, which spoils the metre. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason have advanced it into the text.

Fran. Pox on thy maidenhead!
Where is thy lady?
Gentlew. If you venture on her,
She's walking in the gallery; perhaps,
You will find her less tractable.
Fran. Bring me to her.
Gentlew. I fear you'll have cold entertainment, when
You are at your journey's end; and 'twere discretion
To take a snatch by the way.
Fran. Prithee, leave fooling:
My page waits in the lobby; give him sweetmeats;
He is train'd up[7] for his master's ease,
And he will cool thee. [*Exeunt Fran. and Gentlew.*
Grac. A brave discovery beyond my hope,
A plot even offer'd to my hand to work on!
If I am dull now, may I live and die
The scorn of worms and slaves!—Let me consider;
My lady and her mother first committed,
In the favour of the dutchess, and I whipt!
That, with an iron pen, is writ in brass
On my tough heart, now grown a harder metal:—
And all his bribed approaches to the dutchess
To be conceal'd! good, good. This to my lady
Deliver'd, as I'll order it, runs her mad.
But this may prove but courtship;[8] let it be,
I care not, so it feed her jealousy. [*Exit.*

[7] *He is train'd up* &c.] A hemistich, or more, is lost here, or, not improbably, purposely omitted. I only mention it to account for the defect of metre; for the circumstance itself is not worth regretting.

[8] *But this may prove but* courtship; &c.] That is, merely paying his court to her as dutchess. M. Mason.

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter MARCELIA *and* FRANCISCO

Marc. Believe thy tears or oaths! can it be hoped,
After a practice so abhorr'd and horrid,
Repentance e'er can find thee?
Fran. Dearest lady,
Great in your fortune, greater in your goodness,
Make a superlative of excellence,
In being greatest in your saving mercy.
I do confess, humbly confess my fault,
To be beyond all pity; my attempt,
So barbarously rude, that it would turn
A saint-like patience into savage fury.
But you, that are all innocence and virtue,
No spleen or anger in you of a woman,
But when a holy zeal to piety fires you,
May, if you please, impute the fault to love,
Or call it beastly lust, for 'tis no better;
A sin, a monstrous sin! yet with it many
That did prove good men after, have been tempted;
And, though I'm crooked now, 'tis in your power
To make me straight again.
Marc. Is't possible
This can be cunning!
Fran. But, if no submission,
Nor prayers can appease you, that you may know
'Tis not the fear of death that makes me sue thus,
But a loath'd detestation of my madness,

Which makes me wish to live to have your pardon;
I will not wait the sentence of the duke,
Since his return is doubtful, but I myself
Will do a fearful justice on myself,
No witness by but you, there being no more,
When I offended. Yet, before I do it,
For I perceive in you no signs of mercy,
I will disclose a secret, which, dying with me,
May prove your ruin.

Marc. Speak it; it will take from
The burthen of thy conscience.

Fran. Thus, then, madam:
The warrant by my lord sign'd for your death,
Was but conditional; but you must swear
By your unspotted truth, not to reveal it,
Or I end here abruptly.

Marc. By my hopes
Of joys hereafter. On.

Fran. Nor was it hate
That forced him to it, but excess of love:
And, if I ne'er return, (so said great Sforza,)
No living man deserving to enjoy
My best Marcelia, with the first news
That I am dead, for no man after me
Might e'er enjoy her——But till certain proof
Assure thee I am lost, (these were his words,)
Observe and honour her,[9] *as if the seal*

[9] ——*with the first news*
That I am dead, for *no man after me*
Might, e'er enjoy her——But till certain proof
Assure thee I am lost, (these were his words,)
Observe and honour her,——] *For,* i. e. *for that, because no man* &c. I have followed the old copies, which are much confused in this place, and seem to be carelessly made up from two different readings in the prompter's books. After the break in the third line, the words, *fail not to kill her,* which stand in the quartos as a marginal reference, (in allusion, perhaps, to the

Of woman's goodness only dwelt in her's.
This trust I have abused, and basely wrong'd;
And, if the excelling pity of your mind
Cannot forgive it, as I dare not hope it,
Rather than look on my offended lord,
I stand resolved to punish it.

Marc. Hold! 'tis forgiven,
And by me freely pardon'd. In thy fair life
Hereafter, study to deserve this bounty,
Which thy true penitence, such I believe it,
Against my resolution hath forced from me.—
But that my lord, my Sforza, should esteem
My life fit only as a page, to wait on
The various course of his uncertain fortunes;
Or cherish in himself that sensual hope,
In death to know me as a wife, afflicts me;
Nor does his envy less deserve mine anger,
Which, though, such is my love, I would not nourish,
Will slack the ardour that I had to see him
Return in safety.

Fran. But if your entertainment
Should give the least ground to his jealousy,
To raise up an opinion I am false,
You then destroy your mercy. Therefore, madam,
(Though I shall ever look on you as on
My life's preserver, and the miracle
Of human pity,) would you but vouchsafe,
In company, to do me those fair graces,
And favours, which your innocence and honour
May safely warrant, it would to the duke,

terms of the secret order left by the duke, p. 257,) or others of a similar import, should be inserted, or rather understood, as Francisco might now be desirous of avoiding the irritating expression. The modern editors are very harsh and unmetrical in this speech.

I being to your best self alone known guilty,
Make me appear most innocent.
Marc. Have your wishes;
And something I may do to try his temper,
At least, to make him know a constant wife
Is not so slaved to her husband's doting humours,
But that she may deserve to live a widow,
Her fate appointing it.
Fran. It is enough;
Nay, all I could desire, and will make way
To my revenge, which shall disperse itself
On him, on her, and all. [*Shout and flourish.*
Marc. What shout is that?

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Tib. All happiness to the dutchess, that may flow
From the duke's new and wish'd return!
Marc. He's welcome.
Steph. How coldly she receives it!
Tib. Observe the encounter.

Flourish. *Enter* SFORZA, PESCARA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, GRACCHO, *and Attendants.*

Mari. What you have told me, Graccho, is believed,
And I'll find time to stir in't.
Grac. As you see cause;
I will not do ill offices.
Sfor. I have stood
Silent thus long, Marcelia, expecting
When, with more than a greedy haste, thou wouldst
Have flown into my arms, and on my lips
Have printed a deep welcome. My desires

To glass myself in these fair eyes, have born me
With more than human speed: nor durst I stay
In any temple, or to any saint
To pay my vows and thanks for my return,
Till I had seen thee.

Marc. Sir, I am most happy
To look upon you safe, and would express
My love and duty in a modest fashion,
Such as might suit with the behaviour
Of one that knows herself a wife, and how
To temper her desires, not like a wanton
Fired with hot appetite; nor can it wrong me
To love discreetly.

Sfor. How! why, can there be
A mean in your affections to Sforza?
Or any act, though ne'er so loose, that may
Invite or heighten appetite, appear
Immodest or uncomely? Do not move me;
My passions to you are in extremes,
And know no bounds:—come; kiss me.

Marc. I obey you.

Sfor. By all the joys of love, she does salute me
As if I were her grandfather! What witch,
With cursed spells, hath quench'd the amorous heat
That lived upon these lips? Tell me, Marcelia,
And truly tell me, is't a fault of mine
That hath begot this coldness? or neglect
Of others, in my absence?

Marc. Neither, sir:
I stand indebted to your substitute,
Noble and good Francisco, for his care
And fair observance of me: there was nothing
With which you, being present, could supply me,
That I dare say I wanted.

Sfor. How!

Marc. The pleasures

That sacred Hymen warrants us, excepted,
Of which, in troth, you are too great a doter;
And there is more of beast in it than man.
Let us love temperately; things violent last not,
And too much dotage rather argues folly
Than true affection.
Grac. Observe but this,
And how she praised my lord's care and observance;
And then judge, madam, if my intelligence
Have any ground of truth.
Mari. No more; I mark it.
Steph. How the duke stands!
Tib. As he were rooted there,
And had no motion.
Pesc. My lord, from whence
Grows this amazement?
Sfor. It is more, dear my friend;
For I am doubtful whether I've a being,
But certain that my life's a burthen to me.
Take me back, good Pescara, shew me to Cæsar
In all his rage and fury; I disclaim
His mercy: to live now, which is his gift,
Is worse than death, and with all studied torments.
Marcelia is unkind, nay, worse, grown cold
In her affection; my excess of fervour,
Which yet was never equall'd, grown distasteful.
—But have thy wishes, woman; thou shalt know
That I can be myself, and thus shake off
The fetters of fond dotage. From my sight,
Without reply; for I am apt to do
Something I may repent.—[*Exit Marc.*]—Oh! who would place
His happiness in most accursed woman,
In whom obsequiousness engenders pride;

And harshness deadly[1]—! From this hour
I'll labour to forget there are such creatures;
True friends be now my mistresses. Clear your brows,
And, though my heart-strings crack for't, I will be
To all a free example of delight:
We will have sports of all kinds, and propound
Rewards to such as can produce us new:
Unsatisfied, though we surfeit in their store,
And never think of curs'd Marcelia more.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Castle.

Enter FRANCISCO *and* GRACCHO.

Fran. And is it possible thou shouldst forget
A wrong of such a nature, and then study
My safety and content?
Grac. Sir, but allow me
Only to have read the elements of courtship,[2]
Not the abstruse and hidden arts to thrive there;
And you may please to grant me so much knowledge,
That injuries from one in grace, like you,
Are noble favours. Is it not grown common*

[1] *And* harshness deadly—!] These inversions are not common in Massinger; nor was this probably intended by him: the metre, too, is defective by a foot, so that some word has been lost at the press.

[2] ——— *the elements of* courtship,] i. e. of court-policy. M. MASON.

* ——— *Is it not grown common* &c.] Graccho is an apt

In every sect, for those that want, to suffer
From such as have to give? Your captain cast,
If poor, though not thought daring, but approved so,
To raise a coward into name, that's rich,
Suffers disgraces publickly; but receives
Rewards for them in private.
Fran. Well observed.
Put on;[3] we'll be familiar, and discourse
A little of this argument. That day,
In which it was first rumour'd, then confirm'd,
Great Sforza thought me worthy of his favour,
I found myself to be another thing;
Not what I was before. I passed then
For a pretty fellow, and of pretty parts too,
And was perhaps received so; but, once raised,
The liberal courtier made me master of
Those virtues which I ne'er knew in myself:
If I pretended to a jest, 'twas made one
By their interpretation; if I offer'd
To reason of philosophy, though absurdly,
They had helps to save me, and without a blush
Would swear that I, by nature, had more knowledge,
Than others could acquire by any labour:
Nay, all I did, indeed, which in another
Was not remarkable, in me shew'd rarely.
Grac. But then they tasted of your bounty.
Fran. True:
They gave me those good parts I was not born to,
And, by my intercession, they got that
Which, had I cross'd them, they durst not have hoped for.
Grac. All this is oracle: and shall I, then,

scholar: these notable observations are derived from the lessons of the Officer, in the last act. See p. 289.

[3] *Put on;*] Be covered; a frequent expression in these plays.

For a foolish whipping, leave to honour him,
That holds the wheel of fortune? no; that savours
Too much of the ancient freedom. Since great men
Receive disgraces and give thanks, poor knaves
Must have nor spleen, nor anger. Though I love
My limbs as well as any man, if you had now
A humour to kick me lame into an office,
Where I might sit in state and undo others,
Stood I not bound to kiss the foot that did it?
Though it seem strange, there have been such things seen
In the memory of man.

Fran. But to the purpose,
And then, that service done, make thine own fortunes.
My wife, thou say'st, is jealous I am too
Familiar with the dutchess.

Grac. And incensed
For her commitment in her brother's absence;
And by her mother's anger is spurr'd on
To make discovery of it. This her purpose
Was trusted to my charge, which I declined
As much as in me lay; but, finding her
Determinately bent to undertake it,
Though breaking my faith to her may destroy
My credit with your lordship, I yet thought,
Though at my peril, I stood bound to reveal it.

Fran. I thank thy care, and will deserve this secret,
In making thee acqainted with a greater,
And of more moment. Come into my bosom,
And take it from me: Canst thou think, dull Graccho,
My power and honours were conferr'd upon me,
And, add to them, this form, to have my pleasures
Confined and limited? I delight in change,

And sweet variety; that's my heaven on earth,
For which I love life only. I confess,
My wife pleased me a day, the dutchess, two,
(And yet I must not say I have enjoy'd her,)
But now I care for neither: therefore, Graccho,
So far I am from stopping Mariana
In making her complaint, that I desire thee
To urge her to it. . . .

Grac. That may prove your ruin:
The duke already being, as 'tis reported,
Doubtful she hath play'd false.

Fran. There thou art cozen'd;
His dotage, like an ague, keeps his course,
And now 'tis strongly on him. But I lose time,
And therefore know, whether thou wilt or no,
Thou art to be my instrument; and, in spite
Of the old saw, that says, It is not safe
On any terms to trust a man that's wrong'd,
I dare thee to be false.

Grac. This is a language,
My lord, I understand not.

Fran. You thought, sirrah,
To put a trick on me for the relation
Of what I knew before, and, having won
Some weighty secret from me, in revenge
To play the traitor. Know, thou wretched thing,
By my command thou wert whipt; and every day
I'll have thee freshly tortured, if thou miss
In the least charge that I impose upon thee.
Though what I speak, for the most part, is true;
Nay, grant thou hadst a thousand witnesses
To be deposed they heard it, 'tis in me,
With one word, such is Sforza's confidence
Of my fidelity not to be shaken,
To make all void, and ruin my accusers.
Therefore look to't; bring my wife hotly on
To accuse me to the duke—I have an end in't,

Or think what 'tis makes man most miserable,
And that shall fall upon thee. Thou wert a fool
To hope, by being acquainted with my courses,
To curb and awe me; or that I should live
Thy slave, as thou didst saucily divine:
For prying in my counsels, still live mine. [*Exit.*

Grac. I am caught on both sides. This 'tis for a puisne
In policy's Protean school, to try conclusions
With one that hath commenced, and gone out doctor.[4]
If I discover what but now he bragg'd of,
I shall not be believed: if I fall off
From him, his threats and actions go together,
And there's no hope of safety. Till I get
A plummet that may sound his deepest counsels,
I must obey and serve him: Want of skill
Now makes me play the rogue against my will.
[*Exit.*

——— *to try* conclusions

With one that hath commenced, *and* gone out *doctor.*] To *try conclusions*, a very common expression, is, to try experiments: "God help them," says Gabriel Hervey, in his third letter, "that have neither hability to helpe, nor wit to pitie themselves, but will-needs *try conclusions* between their heads and the next wall." *Commenced*, and *gone out*, which occur in the next line, are University terms, and to be met with in most of our old dramas:

"How many that have done ill, and *proceed*,
"Women that *take degrees* in wantonness,
"*Commence*, and rise in rudiments of lust," &c.
The Queen of Corinth.

SCENE II.

Another Room in the same.

Enter MARCELIA, TIBERIO, STEPHANO, *and* Gentlewoman.

Marc. Command me from his sight, and with such scorn
As he would rate his slave!
Tib. 'Twas in his fury.
Steph. And he repents it, madam.
Marc. Was I born
To observe his humours? or, because he dotes,
Must I run mad?
Tib. If that your excellence
Would please but to receive a feeling knowledge
Of what he suffers, and how deep the least
Unkindness wounds from you, you would excuse
His hasty language.
Steph. He hath paid the forfeit
Of his offence, I'm sure, with such a sorrow,
As, if it had been greater, would deserve
A full remission.
Marc. Why, perhaps, he hath it;
And I stand more afflicted for his absence,
Than he can be for mine:—so, pray you, tell him.
But, till I have digested some sad thoughts,
And reconciled passions that are at war
Within myself, I purpose to be private.
And have you care, unless it be Francisco,
That no man be admitted. [*Exit Gentlewoman.*
Tib. How, Francisco!

Steph. He, that at every stage keeps livery mistresses;
The stallion of the state!
Tib. They are things above us,
And so no way concern us.
Steph. If I were
The duke, (I freely must confess my weakness,)

Enter FRANCISCO.

I should wear yellow breeches.[5] Here he comes.
Tib. Nay, spare your labour, lady, we know our duty,[6]
And quit the room.
Steph. Is this her privacy!
Though with the hazard of a check, perhaps,
This may go to the duke.
[*Exeunt Tiberio and Stephano.*
Marc. Your face is full
Of fears and doubts: the reason?
Fran. O best madam,
They are not counterfeit. I, your poor convert,
That only wish to live in sad repentance,
To mourn my desperate attempt of you,
That have no ends nor aims, but that your goodness
Might be a witness of my penitence,
Which seen, would teach you how to love your mercy,

[5] *I should wear* yellow *breeches.*] i. e. Be jealous; yellow, with our old poets, being the livery of jealousy: this needs no example.

[6] *Nay, spare your labour, lady, we know our* duty,
And quit the room.] *Duty* was inserted by Coxeter; that, or a word of similar import, having been dropt at the press. Both the quartos have, *we know our* exit, with this difference, that the last (1638) exhibits *exit*, as here, in italick characters.

Am robb'd of that last hope. The duke, the duke,
I more than fear, hath found that I am guilty.
Marc. By my unspotted honour, not from me;
Nor have I with him changed one syllable,
Since his return, but what you heard.
Fran. Yet malice
Is eagle-eyed, and would see that which is not;
And jealousy's too apt to build upon
Unsure foundations.
Marc. Jealousy!
Fran. [*Aside.*] It takes.
Marc. Who dares but only think I can be tainted?
But for him, though almost on certain proof,
To give it hearing, not belief, deserves
My hate for ever.
Fran. Whether grounded on
Your noble, yet chaste favours shewn unto me;
Or her imprisonment, for her contempt
To you, by my command, my frantick wife
Hath put it in his head.
Marc. Have I then lived
So long, now to be doubted? Are my favours
The themes of her discourse? or what I do,
That never trod in a suspected path,
Subject to base construction? Be undaunted;
For now, as of a creature that is mine,
I rise up your protectress: all the grace
I hitherto have done you, was bestow'd
With a shut hand; it shall be now more free,
Open, and liberal. But let it not,
Though counterfeited to the life, teach you
To nourish saucy hopes.
Fran. May I be blasted,
When I prove such a monster!
Marc. I will stand then
Between you and all danger. He shall know,

Suspicion overturns what confidence builds;
And he that dares but doubt when there's no ground,
Is neither to himself nor others sound. [*Exit.*

Fran. So, let it work! Her goodness, that denied
My service, branded with the name of lust,
Shall now destroy itself; and she shall find,
When he's a suitor, that brings cunning arm'd
With power, to be his advocates, the denial
Is a disease as killing as the plague,
And chastity a clue that leads to death.
Hold but thy nature, duke, and be but rash
And violent enough, and then at leisure
Repent; I care not.
And let my plots produce this long'd-for birth,
In my revenge I have my heaven on earth. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter SFORZA, PESCARA, *and three* Gentlemen.

Pesc. You promised to be merry.
1 *Gent.* There are pleasures,
And of all kinds, to entertain the time.
2 *Gent.* Your excellence vouchsafing to make choice
Of that which best affects you.
Sfor. Hold your prating.
Learn manners too; you are rude.
3 *Gent.* I have my answer,
Before I ask the question.
Pesc. I must borrow
The privilege of a friend, and will; or else

I am like these, a servant, or, what's worse,
A parasite to the sorrow Sforza worships
In spite of reason.
Sfor. Pray you, use your freedom;
And so far, if you please, allow me mine,
To hear you only; not to be compell'd
To take your moral potions. I am a man,
And, though philosophy, your mistress, rage for't,
Now I have cause to grieve, I must be sad;
And I dare shew it.
Pesc. Would it were bestow'd
Upon a worthier subject.
Sfor. Take heed, friend!
You rub a sore, whose pain will make me mad;
And I shall then forget myself and you.
Lance it no further.
Pesc. Have you stood the shock
Of thousand enemies, and outfaced the anger
Of a great emperor, that vow'd your ruin,
Though by a desperate, a glorious way,
That had no precedent? are you return'd with honour,
Loved by your subjects? does your fortune court you,
Or rather say, your courage does command it?
Have you given proof, to this hour of your life,
Prosperity, that searches the best temper,
Could never puff you up, nor adverse fate
Deject your valour? Shall, I say, these virtues,
So many and so various trials of
Your constant mind, be buried in the frown
(To please you, I will say so) of a fair woman;
Yet I have seen her equals?
Sfor. Good Pescara,
This language in another were profane;
In you it is unmannerly.—Her equal!
I tell you as a friend, and tell you plainly,

(To all men else my sword should make reply,)
Her goodness does disdain comparison,
And, but herself, admits no parallel.[7]
But you will say she's cross; 'tis fit she should be,
When I am foolish; for she's wise, Pescara,
And knows how far she may dispose her bounties,
Her honour safe; or, if she were averse,
'Twas a prevention of a greater sin
Ready to fall upon me; for she's not ignorant,
But truly understands how much I love her,
And that her rare parts do deserve all honour.
Her excellence increasing with her years too,
I might have fallen into idolatry,
And, from the admiration of her worth,
Been taught to think there is no Power above her;
And yet I do believe, had angels sexes,

[7] *Her goodness does disdain comparison,*
And, but herself, admits no parallel.] The reader who has any acquaintance with the literary squabbles of the last century, cannot but recollect how Theobald was annoyed by the jests levelled at him for this line in *the Double Falsehood:*

"None but himself can be his parallel."

He justified it, indeed, at some length; but "it is not for gravity," as Sir Toby well observes, "to play at cherry-pit with Satan;" his waggish antagonists drove him out of his patience, and he, who had every thing but wit on his side, is at this moment labouring under the consequences of his imagined defeat. With respect to the phrase in question, it is sufficiently common; and I could produce, if it were necessary, twenty instances of it from Massinger's contemporaries alone: nor is it peculiar to this country, but exists in every language with which I am acquainted. Even while I am writing this note, the following pretty example lies before me, in the address of a grateful Hindoo to Sir William Jones:

"To you there are many like me; yet to me *there is none like you, but yourself;* there are numerous groves of night flowers; yet the night flower sees nothing *like the moon, but the moon.* A hundred chiefs rule the world, but thou art an ocean, and they are mere wells; many luminaries are awake in the sky, but which of them can be compared to the sun?" See *Memoirs of his Life,* by Lord Teignmouth.

The most would be such women, and assume
No other shape, when they were to appear
In their full glory.
Pesc. Well, sir, I'll not cross you,
Nor labour to diminish your esteem,
Hereafter, of her. Since your happiness,
As you will have it, has alone dependence
Upon her favour, from my soul I wish you
A fair atonement.[8]
Sfor. Time, and my submission,

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

May work her to it.—O! you are well return'd;
Say, am I blest? hath she vouchsafed to hear you?
Is there hope left that she may be appeased?
Let her propound, and gladly I'll subscribe
To her conditions.
Tib. She, sir, yet is froward,
And desires respite, and some privacy.
Steph. She was harsh at first; but, ere we parted, seem'd not
Implacable.
Sfor. There's comfort yet: I'll ply her
Each hour with new ambassadors of more honours,
Titles, and eminence: my second self,
Francisco, shall solicit her.
Steph. That a wise man,
And what is more, a prince that may command,
Should sue thus poorly, and treat with his wife,
As she were a victorious enemy,

[8] *A fair* atonement.] i. e. as Mr. M. Mason observes, a reconciliation. To *atone* has often this sense in our old writers: so Shakspeare:

"He and Aufidius can no more *atone*,
"Than violentest contrarieties." *Coriolanus.*

At whose proud feet, himself, his state, and country,
Basely begg'd mercy!
Sfor. What is that you mutter?
I'll have thy thoughts.
Steph. You shall. You are too fond,
And feed a pride that's swollen too big already,
And surfeits with observance.
Sfor. O my patience!
My vassal speak thus?
Steph. Let my head answer it,
If I offend. She, that you think a saint,
I fear, may play the devil.
Pesc. Well said, old fellow.
Steph. And he that hath so long engross'd your favours,
Though to be named with reverence, lord Francisco,
Who, as you purpose, shall solicit for you,
I think's too near her.
Pesc. Hold, sir! this is madness.
Steph. It may be they confer of winning lordships;
I'm sure he's private with her.
Sfor. Let me go,
I scorn to touch him; he deserves my pity,
And not my anger. Dotard! and to be one
Is thy protection, else thou durst not think
That love to my Marcelia hath left room
In my full heart for any jealous thought:—
That idle passion dwell with thick-skinn'd tradesmen,[9]

[9] *That idle passion dwell with thick*-skinn'd *tradesmen,*] *Thick*-skinn'd is the reading of both the quartos; the modern editors wantonly, and, I may add, ignorantly, displaced it for *thick*-skull'd. It is not to a want of understanding, but to a bluntness of feeling, that the speaker alludes.

The undeserving lord, or the unable!
Lock up thy own wife, fool, that must take physick
From her young doctor upon her back,[1]
Because thou hast the palsy in that part
That makes her active. I could smile to think
What wretched things they are that dare be jealous:
Were I match'd to another Messaline,
While I found merit in myself to please her,
I should believe her chaste, and would not seek
To find out my own torment; but, alas!
Enjoying one that, but to me, 's a Dian,[2]
I am too secure.
Tib. This is a confidence
Beyond example.

Enter GRACCHO, ISABELLA, *and* MARIANA.

Grac. There he is—now speak,
Or be for ever silent.
Sfor. If you come
To bring me comfort, say that you have made
My peace with my Marcelia.
Isab. I had rather
Wait on you to your funeral.
Sfor. You are my mother;
Or, by her life, you were dead else.
Mari. Would you were,
To your dishonour! and, since dotage makes you
Wilfully blind, borrow of me my eyes,

[1] *From her young doctor upon her back,*] This break, which is found in both the quartos, the modern editors have filled up with *and:* it was probably a monosyllable of more importance. Whatever it might be, however (for I will not enquire into it) it is but justice to the original to print it fairly.

[2] ——— *that, but to me, 's a* Dian,] A contraction of *Diana.* M. MASON. And so it is!

Or some part of my spirit. Are you all flesh?
A limb of patience only? no fire in you?
But do your pleasure:—here your mother was
Committed by your servant, (for I scorn
To call him husband,) and myself, your sister,
If that you dare remember such a name,
Mew'd up, to make the way open and free
For the adultress, I am unwilling
To say, a part of Sforza.

Sfor. Take her head off!
She hath blasphemed, and by our law must die.

Isab. Blasphemed! for calling of a whore, a whore?

Sfor. O hell, what do I suffer!

Mari. Or is it treason
For me, that am a subject, to endeavour
To save the honour of the duke, and that
He should not be a wittol on record?
For by posterity 'twill be believed,
As certainly as now it can be proved,
Francisco, the great minion that sways all,
To meet the chaste embraces of the dutchess,
Hath leap'd into her bed.

Sfor. Some proof, vile creature!
Or thou hast spoke thy last.

Mari. The publick fame,
Their hourly private meetings; and, e'en now,
When, under a pretence of grief or anger,
You are denied the joys due to a husband,
And made a stranger to her, at all times
The door stands open to him. To a Dutchman,
This were enough, but to a right Italian,
A hundred thousand witnesses.

Isab. Would you have us
To be her bawds?

Sfor. O the malice
And envy of base women, that, with horrour,

Knowing their own defects and inward guilt,
Dare lie, and swear, and damn, for what's most false,
To cast aspersions upon one untainted!
Ye are in your nature's devils, and your ends,
Knowing your reputations sunk for ever,
And not to be recover'd, to have all
Wear your black livery. Wretches! you have raised
A monumental trophy to her pureness,
In this your studied purpose to deprave her:
And all the shot made by your foul detraction,
Falling upon her sure-arm'd innocence,
Returns upon yourselves; and, if my love
Could suffer an addition, I'm so far
From giving credit to you, this would teach me
More to admire and serve her. You are not worthy
To fall as sacrifices to appease her;
And therefore live till your own envy burst you.

Isab. All is in vain; he is not to be moved.

Mari. She has bewitch'd him

Pesc. 'Tis so past belief,
To me it shews a fable.

Enter FRANCISCO, *speaking to a* Servant *within.*

Fran. On thy life,
Provide my horses, and without the port
With care attend me.

Serv. [*within.*] I shall, my lord.

Grac. He's come.
What gimcrack have we next?[2]

[2] *What* gimcrack *have we next?*] It may be that Coxeter has hit upon the right word; but the first syllable is omitted in the old copies; probably it was of an offensive tendency. Besides the terrour of the law that hung over the poet's head about this

Fran. Great sir.
Sfor. Francisco,
Though all the joys in woman are fled from me,
In thee I do embrace the full delight
That I can hope from man.
Fran. I would impart,
Please you to lend your ear, a weighty secret,
I am in labour to deliver to you.
Sfor. All leave the room. Excuse me, good Pescara,
Ere long I will wait on you.
Pesc. You speak, sir,
The language I should use.
Sfor. Be within call,
Perhaps we may have use of you.
Tib. We shall sir.
[*Exeunt all but Sforza and Francisco.*
Sfor. Say on, my comfort.
Fran. Comfort! no, your torment,
For so my fate appoints me. I could curse
The hour that gave me being.
Sfor. What new monsters
Of misery stand ready to devour me?
Let them at once dispatch me.
Fran. Draw your sword then,
And, as you wish your own peace, quickly kill me;
Consider not, but do it.
Sfor. Art thou mad?
Fran. Or, if to take my life be too much mercy,
As death, indeed, concludes all human sorrows,
Cut off my nose and ears; pull out an eye,

time, the Master of the Revels kept a scrutinising eye upon every passage of an indecent (indecent for the times) or profane tendency. It is Massinger's peculiar praise, that he is altogether free from the latter.

The other only left to lend me light
To see my own deformities. Why was I born
Without some mulct imposed on me by nature?
Would from my youth a loathsome leprosy
Had run upon this face, or that my breath
Had been infectious, and so made me shunn'd
Of all societies! curs'd be he that taught me
Discourse or manners, or lent any grace
That makes the owner pleasing in the eye·
Of wanton women! since those parts, which others
Value as blessings, are to me afflictions,
Such my condition is.

Sfor. I am on the rack:
Dissolve this doubtful riddle.[3]

Fran. That I alone,
Of all mankind, that stand most bound to love you,
And study your content, should be appointed,
Not by my will, but forced by cruel fate,
To be your greatest enemy!—not to hold you
In this amazement longer, in a word,
Your dutchess loves me.

Sfor. Loves thee!

Fran. Is mad for me,
Pursues me hourly.

Sfor. Oh!

Fran. And from hence grew
Her late neglect of you.

Sfor. O women! women!

Fran. I labour'd to divert her by persuasion,

[3] *Dissolve* this doubtful riddle.] Our old writers used *dissolve* and *solve* indiscriminately; or, if they made any difference, it was in favour of the former:

"——— he is pointed at
"For the fine courtier, the woman's man,
"That tells my lady stories, *dissolves riddles.*"
The Queen of Corinth.

Then urged your much love to her, and the danger;
Denied her, and with scorn.
Sfor. 'Twas like thyself.
Fran. But when I saw her smile, then heard her say,
Your love and extreme dotage, as a cloak,
Should cover our embraces, and your power
Fright others from suspicion; and all favours
That should preserve her in her innocence,
By lust inverted to be used as bawds;
I could not but in duty (though I know
That the relation kills in you all hope
Of peace hereafter, and in me 'twill shew
Both base and poor to rise up her accuser)
Freely discover it.
Sfor. Eternal plagues
Pursue and overtake her! for her sake,
To all posterity may he prove a cuckold,
And, like to me, a thing so miserable
As words may not express him, that gives trust
To all-deceiving women! Or, since it is
The will of heaven, to preserve mankind,
That we must know and couple with these serpents,
No wise man ever, taught by my example,
Hereafter use his wife with more respect
Than he would do his horse that does him service;
Base woman being in her creation made
A slave to man. But, like a village nurse,
Stand I now cursing and considering, when
The tamest fool would do!—Within there! Stephano,
Tiberio, and the rest.——I will be sudden,
And she shall know and feel, love in extremes
Abused, knows no degree in hate.[4]

[4] ——*no degree* in *hate.*] For *no degree* in *hate*, the modern editors very incorrectly read, *no degree* of *hate.*

Enter TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

Tib. My lord.
Sfor. Go to the chamber of that wicked woman—
Steph. What wicked woman, sir?
Sfor. The devil, my wife.
Force a rude entry, and, if she refuse
To follow you, drag her hither by the hair,
And know no pity; any gentle usage
To her will call on cruelty from me,
To such as shew it.—Stand you staring! Go,
And put my will in act.
Steph. There's no disputing.
Tib. But 'tis a tempest, on the sudden raised,
Who durst have dream'd of?
[*Exeunt Tiberio and Stephano.*
Sfor. Nay, since she dares damnation,
I'll be a fury to her.
Fran. Yet, great sir,
Exceed not in your fury; she's yet guilty
Only in her intent.
Sfor. Intent, Francisco!
It does include all fact; and I might sooner
Be won to pardon treason to my crown,
Or one that kill'd my father.
Fran. You are wise,
And know what's best to do:—yet, if you please,
To prove her temper to the height, say only
That I am dead, and then observe how far
She'll be transported. I'll remove a little,
But be within your call. Now to the upshot!
Howe'er I'll shift for one. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TIBERIO, STEPHANO, *and* Guard *with* MARCELIA.

Marc. Where is this monster,
This walking tree of jealousy, this dreamer,
This horned beast that would be? Oh! are you here, sir?
Is it by your commandment or allowance,
I am thus basely used? Which of my virtues,
My labours, services, and cares to please you,
For, to a man suspicious and unthankful,
Without a blush I may be mine own trumpet,
Invites this barbarous course?' dare you look on me
Without a seal of shame?

Sfor. Impudence,
How ugly thou appear'st now! thy intent
To be a whore, leaves thee not blood enough
To make an honest blush; what had the act done?

Marc. Return'd thee the dishonour thou deservest;
Though willingly I had given up myself
To every common letcher.

Sfor. Your chief minion,
Your chosen favourite, your woo'd Francisco,
Has dearly paid for't; for, wretch! know, he's dead,
And by my hand.

Marc. The bloodier villain thou!
But 'tis not to be wonder'd at, thy love
Does know no other object:—thou hast kill'd then,
A man I do profess I loved; a man
For whom a thousand queens might well be rivals.
But he, I speak it to thy teeth, that dares be
A jealous fool, dares be a murderer,
And knows no end in mischief.

Sfor. I begin now
In this my justice. [*Stabs her.*
Marc. Oh! I have fool'd myself
Into my grave, and only grieve for that
Which, when you know you've slain an innocent,
You needs must suffer,
Sfor. An innocent! Let one
Call in Francisco, for he lives, vile creature,
[*Exit Stephano.*
To justify thy falsehood, and how often,
With whorish flatteries, thou hast tempted him;
I being only fit to live a stale,
A bawd and property to your wantonness.

Re-enter STEPHANO.

Steph. Siginor Francisco, sir, but even now,
Took horse without the ports.
Marc. We are both abused,
And both by him undone. Stay, death, a little,
Till I have clear'd me to my lord, and then[6]
I willingly obey thee. O my Sforza!
Francisco was not tempted, but the tempter;
And, as he thought to win me, shew'd the warrant
That you sign'd for my death.
Sfor. Then I believe thee;
Believe thee innocent too.
Marc. But, being contemn'd,
Upon his knees with tears he did beseech me,
Not to reveal it; I, soft-hearted fool,
Judging his penitence true, was won unto it:
Indeed, the unkindness to be sentenced by you,
Before that I was guilty in a thought,

[6] *Till I have clear'd* me to *my lord, and then*] This is the reading of the first quarto: the second, which is that followed by the modern editors, gives the line in this unmetrical manner:
Till I have clear'd myself unto *my lord, and then!*

Made me put on a seeming anger towards you,
And now—behold the issue. As I do,
May heaven forgive you! [*Dies.*
Tib. Her sweet soul has left
Her beauteous prison.
Steph. Look to the duke; he stands
As if he wanted motion.
Tib. Grief hath stopp'd
The organ of his speech.
Steph. Take up this body,
And call for his physicians.
Sfor. O my heart-strings! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Milanese. *A Room in* EUGENIA's *House.*

Enter FRANCISCO *and* EUGENIA.

Fran. Why, couldst thou think, Eugenia, that rewards,
Graces, or favours, though strew'd thick upon me,
Could ever bribe me to forget mine honour?
Or that I tamely would sit down, before
I had dried these eyes still wet with showers of tears,
By the fire of my revenge? look up, my dearest!
For that proud fair, that, thief-like, stepp'd between
Thy promised hopes, and robb'd thee of a fortune
Almost in thy possession, hath found,
With horrid proof, his love, she thought her glory,

And an assurance of all happiness,
But hastened her sad ruin.
Eug. Do not flatter
A grief that is beneath it; for, however
The credulous duke to me proved false and cruel,
It is impossible he could be wrought
To look on her, but with the eyes of dotage,
And so to serve her.
Fran. Such, indeed, I grant,
The stream of his affection was, and ran
A constant course, till I, with cunning malice,
And yet I wrong my act, for it was justice,
Made it turn backward; and hate, in extremes,
(Love banish'd from his heart,) to fill the room:
In a word, know the fair Marcelia's dead.[7]
Eug. Dead!
Fran. And by Sforza's hand. Does it not move you?
How coldly you receive it! I expected
The mere relation of so great a blessing,
Born proudly on the wings of sweet revenge,
Would have call'd on a sacrifice of thanks,
And joy not to be bounded or conceal'd.
You entertain it with a look, as if
You wish'd it were undone.
Eug. Indeed I do:
For, if my sorrows could receive addition,
Her sad fate would increase, not lessen them.
She never injured me, but entertain'd
A fortune humbly offer'd to her hand,
Which a wise lady gladly would have kneel'd for.
Unless you would impute it as a crime,
She was more fair than I, and had discretion
Not to deliver up her virgin fort,

[7] *In a word, know* the *fair Marcelia's dead.*] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason omit the article, which utterly destroys the rhythm of the line.

Though strait besieged with flatteries, vows, and tears,
Until the church had made it safe and lawful.
And had I been the mistress of her judgment
And constant temper, skilful in the knowledge
Of man's malicious falsehood, I had never,
Upon his hell-deep oaths to marry me,
Given up my fair name, and my maiden honour,
To his foul lust; nor lived now, being branded
In the forehead for his whore, the scorn and shame
Of all good women.

Fran. Have you then no gall,
Anger, or spleen, familiar to your sex?
Or is it possible that you could see
Another to possess what was your due,
And not grow pale with envy?

Eug. Yes, of him
That did deceive me. There's no passion, that
A maid so injured ever could partake of,
But I have dearly suffer'd. These three years,
In my desire and labour of revenge,
Trusted to you, I have endured the throes
Of teeming women; and will hazard all
Fate can inflict on me, but I will reach
Thy heart, false Sforza! You have trifled with me,
And not proceeded with that fiery zeal
I look'd for from a brother of your spirit.
Sorrow forsake me, and all signs of grief
Farewell for ever. Vengeance, arm'd with fury,
Possess me wholly now!

Fran. The reason, sister,
Of this strange metamorphosis?

Eug. Ask thy fears:
Thy base, unmanly fears, thy poor delays,
Thy dull forgetfulness equal with death;
My wrong, else, and the scandal which can never
Be wash'd off from our house, but in his blood,

Would have stirr'd up a coward to a deed
In which, though he had fallen, the brave intent
Had crown'd itself with a fair monument
Of noble resolution. In this shape
I hope to get access; and, then, with shame,
Hearing my sudden execution, judge
What honour thou hast lost, in being transcended
By a weak woman.

Fran. Still mine own, and dearer!
And yet in this you but pour oil on fire,
And offer your assistance where it needs not.
And, that you may perceive I lay not fallow,
But had your wrongs stamp'd deeply on my heart
By the iron pen of vengeance, I attempted,
By whoring her, to cuckold him: that failing,
I did begin his tragedy in her death,
To which it served as prologue, and will make
A memorable story of your fortunes
In my assured revenge: Only best sister,
Let us not lose ourselves in the performance,
By your rash undertaking; we will be
As sudden as you could wish.

Eug. Upon those terms
I yield myself and cause, to be disposed of
As you think fit.

Enter a Servant.

Fran. Thy purpose?

Serv. There's one Graccho,
That follow'd you, it seems, upon the track,
Since you left Milan, that's importunate
To have access, and will not be denied;
His haste, he says, concerns you.

Fran. Bring him to me. [*Exit Servant.*
Though he hath laid an ambush for my life,

Or apprehension, yet I will prevent him,
And work mine own ends out.

Enter GRACCHO.

Grac. Now for my whipping!
And if I now outstrip him not, and catch him,
And by a new and strange way too, hereafter
I'll swear there are worms in my brains.
Fran. Now, my good Graccho;
We meet as 'twere by miracle.
Grac. Love, and duty,
And vigilance in me for my lord's safety,
First taught me to imagine you were here,
And then to follow you. All's come forth, my lord,
That you could wish conceal'd. The dutchess' wound,
In the duke's rage put home, yet gave her leave
To acquaint him with your practices, which your flight
Did easily confirm.
Fran. This I expected;
But sure you come provided of good counsel,
To help in my extremes.
Grac. I would not hurt you.
Fran. How! hurt me? such another word's thy death;
Why, dar'st thou think it can fall in thy will,
To outlive what I determine?
Grac. How he awes me!
Fran. Be brief; what brought thee hither?
Grac. Care to inform you
You are a condemn'd man, pursued and sought for,
And your head rated at ten thousand ducats
To him that brings it.
Fran. Very good.

Grac. All passages
Are intercepted, and choice troops of horse
Scour o'er the neighbour plains; your picture sent
To every state confederate with Milan:
That, though I grieve to speak it, in my judgment,
So thick your dangers meet, and run upon you,
It is impossible you should escape
Their curious search.

Eug. Why, let us then turn Romans,
And, falling by our own hands, mock their threats,
And dreadful preparations.

Fran. 'Twould show nobly;
But that the honour of our full revenge
Were lost in the rash action. No, Eugenia,
Graccho is wise, my friend too, not my servant,
And I dare trust him with my latest secret.
We would, and thou must help us to perform it,
First kill the duke—then, fall what can upon us!
For injuries are writ in brass, kind Graccho,
And not to be forgotten.

Grac. He instructs me
What I should do.

Fran. What's that?

Grac. I labour with
A strong desire to assist you with my service;
And now I am deliver'd of't.

Fran. I told you.
Speak, my oraculous Graccho.

Grac. I have heard, sir,
Of men in debt that, lay'd for by their creditors,
In all such places where it could be thought
They would take shelter, chose, for sanctuary,
Their lodgings underneath their creditors' noses,
Or near that prison to which they were design'd,
If apprehended; confident that there
They never should be sought for.

Eug. 'Tis a strange one!
Fran. But what infer you from it?
Grac. This, my lord;
That, since all ways of your escape are stopp'd,
In Milan only, or, what's more, in the court,
Whither it is presumed you dare not come,
Conceal'd in some disguise, you may live safe.
Fran. And not to be discover'd?
Grac. But by myself.
Fran. By thee! Alas! I know thee honest, Graccho,
And I will put thy counsel into act,
And suddenly. Yet, not to be ungrateful
For all thy loving travail to preserve me,
What bloody end soe'er my stars appoint,
Thou shalt be safe, good Graccho.—Who's within there?
Grac. In the devil's name, what means he![8]

Enter Servants.

Fran. Take my friend
Into your custody, and bind him fast;
I would not part with him.
Grac. My good lord.
Fran. Dispatch:
'Tis for your good, to keep you honest, Graccho:
I would not have ten thousand ducats tempt you,
Being of a soft and wax-like disposition,
To play the traitor; nor a foolish itch
To be revenged for your late excellent whipping,

[8] Grac. *In the devil's name, what means he!*] The second quarto omits the adjuration and tamely reads,—*what means he?* The licenser, in many cases, seems to have acted capriciously: here, as well as in several other places, he has strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel. The expression has already occurred in *the Unnatural Combat.*

Give you the opportunity to offer
My head for satisfaction. Why, thou fool!
I can look through and through thee; thy intents
Appear to me as written in thy forehead
In plain and easy characters: and but that
I scorn a slave's base blood should rust that sword
That from a prince expects a scarlet die,
Thou now wert dead; but live, only to pray
For good success to crown my undertakings;
And then, at my return, perhaps, I'll free thee,
To make me further sport. Away with him!
I will not hear a syllable.

[*Exeunt Servants with Graccho.*

We must trust
Ourselves, Eugenia; and though we make use of
The counsel of our servants, that oil spent,
Like snuffs that do offend, we tread them out.—
But now to our last scene, which we'll so carry,
That few shall understand how 'twas begun,
Till all, with half an eye, may see 'tis done.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Milan. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter PESCARA, TIBERIO, *and* STEPHANO.

Pesc. The like was never read of.
Steph. In my judgment,
To all that shall but hear it, 'twill appear
A most impossible fable.
Tib. For Francisco,
My wonder is the less, because there are
Too many precedents of unthankful men
Raised up to greatness, which have after studied
The ruin of their makers.

Steph. But that melancholy,
Though ending in distraction, should work
So far upon a man, as to compel him
To court a thing that has nor sense nor being,
Is unto me a miracle.

Pesc. 'Troth, I'll tell you,
And briefly as I can, by what degrees
He fell into this madness. When, by the care
Of his physicians, he was brought to life,
As he had only pass'd a fearful dream,
And had not acted what I grieve to think on,
He call'd for fair Marcelia, and being told
That she was dead, he broke forth in extremes,
(I would not say blasphemed,) and cried that heaven,
For all the offences that mankind could do,
Would never be so cruel as to rob it
Of so much sweetness, and of so much goodness;
That not alone was sacred in herself,
But did preserve all others innocent,
That had but converse with her. Then it came
Into his fancy that she was accused
By his mother and his sister; thrice he curs'd them,
And thrice his desperate hand was on his sword
T'have kill'd them both; but he restrain'd, and they
Shunning his fury, spite of all prevention
He would have turn'd his rage upon himself;
When wisely his physicians looking on
The dutchess' wound, to stay his ready hand,
Cried out, it was not mortal.

Tib. 'Twas well thought on.

Pesc. He easily believing what he wish'd,
More than a perpetuity of pleasure
In any object else; flatter'd by hope,
Forgetting his own greatness, he fell prostrate
At the doctors' feet, implored their aid, and swore,

Provided they recover'd her; he would live
A private man, and they should share his duke-
dom.
They seem'd to promise fair, and every hour
Vary their judgments, as they find his fit
To suffer intermission or extremes:
For his behaviour since——
Sfor. [*within.*] As you have pity,
Support her gently.
Pesc. Now, be your own witnesses;
I am prevented.

Enter SFORZA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, Doctors *and* Servants *with the Body of* MARCELIA.

Sfor. Carefully, I beseech you,
The gentlest touch torments her; and then think
What I shall suffer. O you earthy gods,
You second natures, that from your great master,
Who join'd the limbs of torn Hippolitus,
And drew upon himself the Thunderer's envy,
Are taught those hidden secrets that restore
To life death-wounded men! you have a patient,
On whom to express the excellence of art,
Will bind even heaven your debtor, though it
pleases
To make your hands the organs of a work
The saints will smile to look on, and good angels
Clap their celestial wings to give it plaudits.
How pale and wan she looks! O pardon me,
That I presume (died o'er with bloody guilt,
Which makes me, I confess, far, far unworthy)
To touch this snow-white hand. How cold it is!
This once was Cupid's fire-brand, and still
'Tis so to me. How slow her pulses beat too!
Yet, in this temper, she is all perfection,
And mistress of a heat so full of sweetness,

The blood of virgins, in their pride of youth,
Are balls of snow or ice compared unto her.
Mari. Is not this strange?
Isab. Oh! cross him not, dear daughter;
Our conscience tells us we have been abused,
Wrought to accuse the innocent, and with him
Are guilty of a fact——

Enter a Servant, *and whispers* PESCARA.

Mari. 'Tis now past help.
Pesc. With me? What is he?
Serv. He has a strange aspect;
A Jew by birth, and a physician
By his profession, as he says, who, hearing
Of the duke's frensy, on the forfeit of
His life will undertake to render him
Perfect in every part:—provided that
Your lordship's favour gain him free access,
And your power with the duke a safe protection,
Till the great work be ended.
Pesc. Bring me to him;
As I find cause, I'll do. [*Exeunt Pesc. and Serv.*
Sfor. How sound she sleeps!
Heaven keep her from a lethargy!——How long
(But answer me with comfort, I beseech you)
Does your sure judgment tell you, that these lids,
That cover richer jewels than themselves,
Like envious night, will bar these glorious suns
From shining on me?
1 *Doct.* We have given her, sir,
A sleepy potion, that will hold her long,
That she may be less sensible of the torment
The searching of her wound will put her to.
2 *Doct.* She now feels little; but, if we should wake her,

To hear her speak would fright both us and you,
And therefore dare not hasten it.
Sfor. I am patient.
You see I do not rage, but wait your pleasure.
What do you think she dreams of now? for sure,
Although her body's organs are bound fast,
Her fancy cannot slumber.
1 *Doct.* That, sir, looks on
Your sorrow for your late rash act, with pity
Of what you suffer for it, and prepares
To meet the free confession of your guilt
With a glad pardon.
Sfor. She was ever kind;
And her displeasure, though call'd on, short-lived
Upon the least submission. O you Powers,
That can convey our thoughts to one another
Without the aid of eyes or ears, assist me!
Let her behold me in a pleasing dream
Thus, on my knees before her; (yet that duty
In me is not sufficient;) let her see me
Compel my mother, from whom I took life,
And this my sister, partner of my being,
To bow thus low unto her; let her hear us
In my acknowledgment freely confess
That we in a degree as high are guilty
As she is innocent. Bite your tongues, vile creatures,
And let your inward horrour fright your souls,
For having belied that pureness, to come near which,
All women that posterity can bring forth
Must be, though striving to be good, poor rivals.
And for that dog Francisco, that seduced me,
In wounding her, to rase a temple built
To chastity and sweetness, let her know
I'll follow him to hell, but I will find him,
And there live a fourth Fury to torment him.

Then, for this cursed hand and arm, that guided
The wicked steel, I'll have them, joint by joint,
With burning irons sear'd off, which I will eat,
I being a vulture fit to taste such carrion;
Lastly——

1 *Doct.* You are too loud, sir; you disturb
Her sweet repose.

Sfor. I am hush'd. Yet give us leave,
Thus prostrate at her feet, our eyes bent downwards,
Unworthy, and ashamed, to look upon her,
To expect her gracious sentence.

2 *Doct.* He's past hope.

1 *Doct.* The body too will putrify, and then
We can no longer cover the imposture.

Tib. Which in his[9] death will quickly be discover'd.
I can but weep his fortune.

Steph. Yet be careful
You lose no minute to preserve him; time
May lessen his distraction.

Re-enter PESCARA, *with* FRANCISCO *and* EUGENIA *disguised.*

Fran. I am no god, sir,
To give a new life to her; yet I'll hazard
My head, I'll work the senseless trunk t'appear
To him as it had got a second being,
Or that the soul that's fled from't, were call'd back
To govern it again. I will preserve it
In the first sweetness, and by a strange vapour,
Which I'll infuse into her mouth, create

9 Tib. *Which in* his *death will quickly be discover'd.*] I know not how the modern editors understood this line, but for *his*, they read, *her death*: a strange sophistication!

A seeming breath; I'll make her veins run high too,
As if they had true motion.
Pesc. Do but this,
Till we use means to win upon his passions
T'endure to hear she's dead with some small patience,
And make thy own reward.
Fran. The art I use
Admits no looker on: I only ask
The fourth part of an hour to perfect that
I boldly undertake.
Pesc. I will procure it.
2 Doct. What stranger's this?
Pesc. Sooth me in all I say;
There is a main end in't.
Fran. Beware!
Eug. I am warn'd.
Pesc. Look up, sir, cheerfully; comfort in me
Flows strongly to you.
Sfor. From whence came that sound?
Was it from my Marcelia? If it were,
I rise, and joy will give me wings to meet it.
Pesc. Nor shall your expectation be deferr'd
But a few minutes. Your physicians are
Mere voice, and no performance; I have found
A man that can do wonders. Do not hinder
The dutchess' wish'd recovery, to enquire
Or what he is, or to give thanks, but leave him
To work this miracle.
Sfor. Sure, 'tis my good angel.
I do obey in all things; be it death
For any to disturb him, or come near,
Till he be pleased to call us. O, be prosperous,
And make a duke thy bondman!
[*Exeunt all but Francisco and Eugenia.*
Fran. 'Tis my purpose;

If that to fall a long-wish'd sacrifice
To my revenge can be a benefit.
I'll first make fast the doors;—so!
Eug. You amaze me:
What follows now?
Fran. A full conclusion
Of all thy wishes. Look on this, Eugenia,
Even such a thing, the proudest fair on earth
(For whose delight the elements are ransack'd,
And art with nature studied to preserve her,)
Must be, when she is summon'd to appear
In the court of Death. But I lose time.
Eug. What mean you?
Fran. Disturb me not. Your ladyship looks pale;
But I, your doctor, have a ceruse for you.
See, my Eugenia, how many faces,
That are adored in court, borrow these helps,
[*Paints the cheeks.*
And pass for excellence, when the better part
Of them are like to this. Your mouth smells sour too,
But here is that shall take away the scent;
A precious antidote old ladies use,
When they would kiss, knowing their gums are rotten.
These hands too, that disdain'd to take a touch
From any lip, whose honour writ not lord,
Are now but as the coarsest earth; but I
Am at the charge, my bill not to be paid too,
To give them seeming beauty. So! 'tis done.
How do you h.. my workmanship?
Eug. I tremble:
And thus to tyrannize upon the dead
Is most inhuman.
Fran. Come we for revenge,
And can we think on pity! Now to the upshot,

And, as it proves, applaud it. My lord the duke,
Enter with joy, and see the sudden change
Your servant's hand hath wrought.

Re-enter SFORZA *and the rest.*

Sfor. I live again
In my full confidence that Marcelia may
Pronounce my pardon. Can she speak yet?
Fran. No:
You must not look for all your joys at once;
That will ask longer time.
Pesc. 'Tis wonderous strange!
Sfor. By all the dues of love I have had from her,
This hand seems as it was when first I kiss'd it.
These lips invite too: I could ever feed
Upon these roses, they still keep their colour
And native sweetness: only the nectar's wanting,
That, like the morning dew in flowery May,
Preserved them in their beauty.

Enter GRACCHO *hastily.*

Grac. Treason, treason!
Tib. Call up the guard.
Fran. Graccho! then we are lost.
Grac. I am got off, sir Jew; a bribe hath done it,
For all your serious charge; there's no disguise
Can keep you from my knowledge.
Sfor. Speak.
Grac. I am out of breath,
But this is——
Fran. Spare thy labour, fool,—Francisco.[2]

[2] Fran. *Spare thy labour, fool,—Francisco.*] Francisco's bold avowal of his guilt, with an emphatical repetition of his name,

All. Monster of men!
Fran. Give me all attributes
Of all you can imagine, yet I glory
To be the thing I was born. I AM Francisco;
Francisco, that was raised by you, and made
The minion of the time; the same Francisco,
That would have whored this trunk, when it had life;
And, after, breathed a jealousy upon thee,
As killing as those damps that belch out plagues
When the foundation of the earth is shaken:
I made thee do a deed heaven will not pardon,
Which was—to kill an innocent.
Sfor. Call forth the tortures
For all that flesh can feel.
Fran. I dare the worst:
Only, to yield some reason to the world
Why I pursued this course, look on this face,
Made old by thy base falsehood; 'tis Eugenia.
Sfor. Eugenia!
Fran. Does it start you, sir? my sister,
Seduced and fool'd by thee: but thou must pay
The forfeit of thy falsehood. Does it not work yet!
Whate'er becomes of me, which I esteem not,
Thou art mark'd for the grave: I've given thee poison
In this cup,[3] (now observe me,) which thy last

and the enumeration of his several acts of villainy, which he justifies from a spirit of revenge, in all probability gave rise to one of the most animated scenes in dramatick poetry. The reader will easily see, that I refer to the last act of Dr. Young's *Revenge*, where Zanga, like Francisco, defends every cruel and treacherous act he has committed from a principle of deep resentment. DAVIES.

3 ——— *I've given thee poison*
In this cup, &c.] i. e. in the lips of Marcelia. This is a terrible scene, and has the air of being taken from some Italian

Carousing deeply of, made thee forget
Thy vow'd faith to Eugenia.
Pesc. O damn'd villain!
Isab. How do you, sir?
Sfor. Like one
That learns to know in death what punishment
Waits on the breach of faith. Oh! now I feel
An Ætna in my entrails.—I have lived
A prince, and my last breath shall be command.
—I burn, I burn! yet ere life be consumed,
Let me pronounce upon this wretch all torture
That witty cruelty can invent.
Pesc. Away with him!
Tib. In all things we will serve you.
Fran. Farewell, sister!
Now I have kept my word, torments I scorn:
I leave the world with glory. They are men,
And leave behind them name and memory,
That wrong'd, do right themselves before they die. [*Exeunt Guard with Francisco.*
Steph. A desperate wretch!
Sfor. I come: Death! I obey thee.
Yet I will not die raging; for, alas!
My whole life was a frenzy. Good Eugenia,
In death forgive me.—As you love me, bear her
To some religious house, there let her spend
The remnant of her life: when I am ashes,
Perhaps she'll be appeased, and spare a prayer
For my poor soul. Bury me with Marcelia,
And let our epitaph be—— [*Dies.*
Tib. His speech is stopt.
Steph. Already dead!
Pesc. It is in vain to labour

history. I would not interrupt the reader's attention to it by verbal criticisms, or slight remarks on grammatical inaccuracies, which, perhaps, may be accounted for by the state of the speaker's mind.

To call him back. We'll give him funeral,
And then determine of the state affairs:
And learn, from this example, There's no trust
In a foundation that is built on lust. [*Exeunt.*

[4] Mr. M. Mason, contrary to his custom, has given an account of this play; but it is too loose and unsatisfactory to be presented to the reader. He has observed, indeed, what could not easily be missed,—the beauty of the language, the elevation of the sentiments, the interesting nature of the situations, &c. But the interiour motive of the piece,—the spring of action from which the tragick events are made to flow,—seems to have utterly escaped him. He has taken the accessory for the primary passion of it, and, upon his own errour, founded a comparison between *the Duke of Milan* and *Othello*.—But let us hear Massinger himself. Fearing that, in a reverse of fortune, his wife may fall into the possession of another, Sfor. gives a secret order for her murder, and attributes his resolution to the excess of his attachment:

"'Tis more than love to her, that marks her out
"A wish'd companion to me in both fortunes."
Act I. sc. iii.

This is carefully remembered in the conference between Marcelia and Francisco, and connected with the feelings which it occasions in her:

"——— that my lord, my Sforza, should esteem
"My life fit only as a page, to wait on
"The various course of his uncertain fortunes;
"Or cherish in himself that sensual hope,
"In death to know me as a wife, afflicts me."
Act III. sc. ii.

Upon this disapprobation of his selfish motive, is founded her reserve towards him,—a reserve, however, more allied to tenderness than to anger, and meant as a prudent corrective of his unreasonable desires. And from this reserve, ill interpreted by Sforza, proceeds that jealousy of his in the fourth act, which Mr. M. Mason will have to be the groundwork of the whole subject!

But if Massinger must be compared with somebody, let it be with himself: for, as the reader will by and by perceive, *the Duke of Milan* has more substantial connexion with *the Picture* than with *Othello*. In his uxoriousness,—his doting entreaties of his wife's favours,—his abject requests of the mediation of others for him, &c. &c. Sforza strongly resembles Ladislaus; while the friendly and bold reproofs of his fondness by Pescara and Stephano prepare us for the rebukes afterwards employed against

the same failing by the intrepid kindness of Eubulus. And not only do we find this similarity in some of the leading sentiments of the two plays, but occasionally the very language of the one is carried into the other.

As to the action itself of this piece, it is highly animating and interesting; and its connexion, at the very opening, with an important passage of history, procures for it at once a decided attention. This is, for the most part, well maintained by strong and rapid alternations of fortune, till the catastrophe is matured by the ever-working vengeance of Francisco. Even here, the authour has contrived a novelty of interest little expected by the reader: and the late appearance of the injured Eugenia throws a fresh emotion into the conclusion of the play, while it explains a considerable part of the plot, with which, indeed, it is essentially connected.

The character of Sforza himself is strongly conceived. His passionate fondness for Marcelia,—his sudden rage at her apparent coolness,—his resolute renunciation of her,—his speedy repentance and fretful impatience of her absence,—his vehement defence of her innocence,—his quick and destructive vengeance against her, upon a false assertion of her dishonour,—and his prostrations and mad embraces of her dead body,—shew the force of dotage and hate in their extremes. His actions are wild and ungoverned, and his whole life is made up of frenzy.

One important lesson is to be drawn from the principal feature of this character. From Sforza's ill-regulated fondness for Marcelia flows his own order for her murder. The discovery of it occasions the distant behaviour of the wife, the revenge of the husband, and the death of both.—Let us use the blessings of life with modesty and thankfulness. He who aims at intemperate gratifications, disturbs the order of Providence; and, in the premature loss of the object which he too fondly covets, is made to feel the just punishment of unreasonable wishes, and ungoverned indulgence. Dr. Ireland.

END OF VOL. I.

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